

THE *Country* GUIDE



JUNE, 1945

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B.C. Strongly Supports Jap War

Relaxation of controls welcomed—Potato shortage looming

By CHAS. L. SHAW

FARMERS of British Columbia have had plenty on their minds during the past month besides crops and the shortage of labor. With a national election campaign under way they couldn't help giving an occasional thought to politics, but while the qualifications of the competing parties and candidates did concern them to some extent, the dominant theme of discussion in agricultural circles has been the probable effects of the newly restored peace in Europe.

In a sense, British Columbians probably feel that they are still in war far more deeply than the average Canadian who lives east of the Rockies. There is, on the west coast, a keen appreciation of the fact that there is still a serious conflict under way and that it must be won before there can be any thought of the return of the old ways of easy living if, indeed, they are ever to return.

Just as the presence of Japanese has been in the past the exclusive problem of British Columbia, so is British Columbia particularly conscious of the necessity of whipping the war lords of the Far East as well as those of Europe. For that reason there was during the political campaign a good deal of criticism—especially in such places as Vancouver and Victoria—of the statements attributed to government spokesmen, to the general effect that Canada would play only a moderate part in the battle against the Nipponese.

In these days all sorts of opinions are expressed about the virtue or demerit of government policy, but many British Columbians have been frankly distressed by the possible effect of publicity in the United States indicating that Canada does not intend to pull her full weight in the Pacific war. This sentiment was expressed to the writer a few days ago by a correspondent in San Francisco:

"The headlines given to the Zombie riots were bad enough. Then along came the reports, many of them untrue, that Canadians had an abundance of meat and other foods while Americans were being rationed. And finally, the more or less official statement that Canada intends to stand on the sidelines and let the Tommies and the Yanks beat the Japs."

No one in Canada is a more astute judge of public opinion than Prime Minister Mackenzie King and he quickly took cognizance of the situation at the opening of the campaign. When he arrived in Vancouver on his return from the San Francisco Conference he declared that Canada would play a strong role in the Pacific and would not pull her punches. This was comforting information for British Columbians, who had been led to believe by other speakers that Canada's participation might be of a rather half-hearted nature.

Labor Getting High Priority

Regardless of the continuing war in the Orient, British Columbia reasonably anticipates that there will be a general relaxation of control over manpower, material and economic power. This has already been made manifest in several fields.

Agricultural production in the west coast province, even though it has increased greatly during the war years, has been seriously impeded by lack of experienced labor, and farmers in the Okanagan, Fraser valley country and on Vancouver Island were cheered to know that men for the orchards and fields are among the first to be made available by National Selective Service. In other words, farm labor has been given a high priority in terms of post V-E Day requirements.



The forest and mining industries appear to be even more severely handicapped by lack of men. Despite removal of some restrictions, there is currently on the Pacific coast a considerable excess of jobs over the number of men and women to fill them.

As for the release of equipment and materials, it seems likely that the farmer will be among the first to benefit, for the demand for food is pressing everywhere, and production can be increased, especially in view of labor shortage, only by the installation of more and better machinery and equipment.

As this is written, British Columbia cities are faced with a scarcity of potatoes. Three years ago the cause was blight which all but ruined the crop. But this year the reason for the shortage appears to be the simple fact that insufficient acreage was planted.

In view of this situation there has been some criticism of the growers, especially because of their ability to dispose of their excess production to glucose and dehydrating plants. The argument is offered that while in previous years the grower might be taking a big gamble in planting more than the regular market seemed likely to absorb such risk no longer existed. Consumers are protesting that they, as well as the growers, need some protection from agencies for stabilized marketing.

In a few days, it is hoped, farmers will have some definite announcement as to the location of the machinery depots to be established in the province under the farm extension and land clearing scheme. Evidently the government intends to follow the pattern set in the United States and its experts have been studying application of the system there. Applications have already been made to the priorities board for the purchase of the necessary machines.

"Water Pits" vs. Wells

One of the latest requests from the Peace River country, which is soon to have a direct highway from Prince George, is that pits be dug by the government at various strategic points to provide water for cattle. This was made a forceful plea during the election campaign.

Some people misinterpreted the demand as being for irrigation ditches. The fact is that many wells drilled in the Peace River valley have been so impregnated with iron, oil and other mineral substances that cattle won't drink from them. On the other hand, pits excavated by the United States corps of engineers during the building of the Alaska Highway to provide sterile clay for ballasting have proved of considerable value as water reservoirs. The water has been hauled long distances from these pits for the use of cattle.

Cattlemen contend that if such pits could be scooped up for road construction, they could just as easily be dug by bulldozer and tractor for livestock and that, if this work is done, the cattle population of the valley might quite easily be trebled.

At the beginning of this letter it was recounted that British Columbia's farmers have been concentrating on politics and the consequences of peace in Europe. It might have been added that, as usual, the weather has not been overlooked. This has been an unusually late spring, and in some localities the situation has caused real anxiety.

Fraser Valley pioneers say they cannot recall a longer wait for settled warm weather. The result is that many springtime chores have been delayed. Even at the beginning of May many dairy herds were still in the barns.

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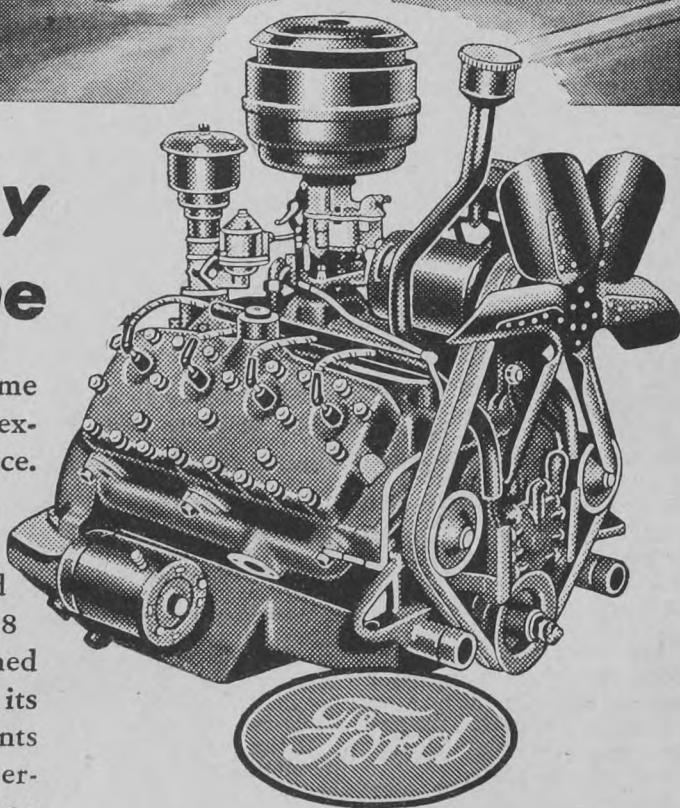
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dependable power, the same saving of fuel, with low expense for repairs and service.

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TIME Marches Past

THE Country GUIDE

Nazism Was Brittle

THOSE who said that Nazism was brittle, that it would finally crash, were right. They did not know how the end would come, but they guessed correctly. More than one reputation for penetrating the future has been built on as narrow a base.

Instead of long drawn out, bitter-end, hand-to-hand conflicts in a dozen areas—in Holland, Denmark, Norway, the Bavarian Alps, Northern Yugoslavia, the Biscay Ports, the Channel Islands, Dunkerque, the Greek Islands—it was all over in a week. There was no death stand in the mountains; suicide squads of Nazis didn't have to be grenade out of every culvert and from behind every stone fence and hedgerow. The German war machine broke down and there were no spare parts. Unconditional surrender was accepted. The total war, which had become total defense, became total defeat. It is a mere matter of curiosity to know how Hitler died. His head butcher, Himmler, cheated the gallows by swallowing potassium cyanide, a well known bug poison. So did the club-footed, arch-liar Goebbels. The garran-tuan Goerring, stripped of his medals, is in a prison pen, so are all the other still living Nazi highest-ups except the former wine vendor Ribbentrop, who thought the British were too soft to fight. Five million German soldiers "passed under the yoke" as the Romans used to say. The warships were surrendered, the U-boats slunk back from their prowlings and merchant ships again sail the Atlantic alone and with their lights on.

Scores of thousands more of the young liberators from across salt water will come home alive and unmarred because Nazism was brittle. Untold multitudes of all ages in Europe have been saved from slow and agonizing death by starvation and maltreatment because it was brittle—brittle as a piece of cut glassware which shatters at the blow of a hammer. The final blow came and the mighty Wehrmacht was no more. The nations it set out to subjugate and enslave can do just what they like with it. How far they can agree what to do with it and the train of problems it left in its wake is another matter.

On Conquerors

ONE hundred and thirty years ago a European conqueror fought—and lost—his last battle. Nearly half a century later a great Frenchman gave a great work to the world. Victor Hugo, in the seclusion of his quiet villa on Guernsey Island had written *Les Misérables*. In it he has some chapters on the field of Waterloo which every lover of the sublime in literature should read. This short extract contains some thoughts which may not be without their application, now that we have seen the fall of another European conqueror:

"Was it possible that Napoleon should win this battle? We answer no. Why?

Because of Wellington? Because of Blucher? No. Because of God.

"For Bonaparte to be conqueror at Waterloo was not in the law of the nineteenth century. Another series of facts were preparing in which Napoleon had no place. The ill-will of events had long been announced.

"It was time that this vast man should fall.

"The excessive weight of this man in human destiny disturbed the equilibrium. This individual counted, of himself alone, more than the universe besides. These plenitudes of all human vitality concentrated in a single head, the world mounting to the brain of one man, would be fatal to civilization if they should endure. The moment had come for incorruptible, supreme equity to look to it. Probably the principles and elements upon which regular gravitations in the moral order as well as in the material depend, began to murmur. Reeking blood, overcrowded cemeteries, weeping mothers—these are formidable pleaders. When the earth is suffering from a surcharge, there are mysterious moanings from the deeps which the heavens hear.

"Napoleon had been impeached before the Infinite, and his fall was decreed.

"He vexed God.

"Waterloo is not a battle; it is the change of front of the universe."

End of Sawdust Caesar

LESS than four years after Mussolini stabbed France in the back he was shot in the back. It is the Italian method of execution-in-disgrace and is quite deadly. He got drumhead justice in an obscure little place on the Swiss border and his cadaver was trucked to Milan, where it was exposed to view on the curb of the square for Italians to revile. With him were executed his mistress

and most of his puppet cabinet. He died shouting No! No! but the rifles sang out Yes! Yes! Thus closed the career of the man who ruled Italy for 21 years and who set the pattern for Fascist dictators.

Mussolini collapsed like a toy balloon when the Allies were about half way across Sicily. He was arrested, but was rescued later by German paratroopers under circumstances that will not be fully revealed until the *Now It Can Be Told* books are written. He set up a puppet government in Milan but the truth is he had been little more than a puppet ruler after the Nazis took over the African campaign. Wavell had been tripping up the Italian army in Tripoli. Italian soldiers had been joyfully surrendering by scores of thousands there. The Nazis sent Rommel, with his Afrika Corps, to run the Sahara show while in Rome the Germans began pushing the Italians around all over the place. The most fashionable hotel in the Eternal City became the Nazi military headquarters. In its corridors Nazi sentries clicked their heels as Nazi officers strode by. From this centre orders went out to all departments of the Italian government. Mussolini wasn't even used for window dressing. It was a push over when he was eliminated by the palace revolution in July, 1943.

But there are some things about Mussolini which should be remembered. Bombastes Furioso, as Gunther called him, was a man of parts. He spoke several languages, had an intimate knowledge of history and had founded and was editing a prosperous Socialist newspaper when Schickgruber was painting postcards and living in a flop house. He put more about Fascism in a 12-page pamphlet than Schickgruber got into 600 pages of *Mein Kampf*. For years he had an income of \$1,500 a week from the Hearst papers. Whatever can be said against the methods of his squadristi with their castor oil and clubs, and a lot can be said, he saved Italy from disintegration after the last war. He had no political system when he marched on Rome except to seize and retain power. But though we do not like it, he had at least brains enough to evolve the Corporate system. He set the pattern for inter-war dictators. He built up the national spirit and did far more for his country than merely make the trains run on time.

But success went to his head. He lost touch with realities and got grandiose notions about restoring the grandeur of the ancient Roman Empire. He tried to make Romans out of the Italians and became the Sawdust Caesar. The man who had trumpeted bombast from the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia lay with his head on the curb, his face kicked into unrecognizability by the mob. It may have been justice but it is not the way the British people administer it.

The Twain Are Meeting
NOW that Mussolini and Hitler are not pushing the world around any longer the searchlight which picks up the war news has swung around to the Distant East. Japan is the only fragment of the Axis left and the Nips can now see the shape of things coming to them. Hard times are settling down on the Co-Prosperity Sphere. After they started returning the scrap iron at Pearl Harbor, they took in a lot of territory. Some of the islands they expropriated for their own use and benefit have been retaken. Others were bypassed and the Jap garrisons left to wither on the vine. Instead of withering they settled down and started to grow their own groceries. The Australians have been given the mucky job of cleaning up some of them and are not particularly happy about it.

There has been a long series of D-Days and beachhead landings, followed



by tough and bloody campaigns of occupation. The drive has been ever toward Japan, to get airfields close enough to provide fighter protection for those sky battlewagons, the B-29's. Okinawa is the latest. It is only 330 miles from Japan and will supply airfields for between 1,000 and 2,000 Super Flying Fortresses. It is a valuable acquisition and should be, for it has cost plenty.

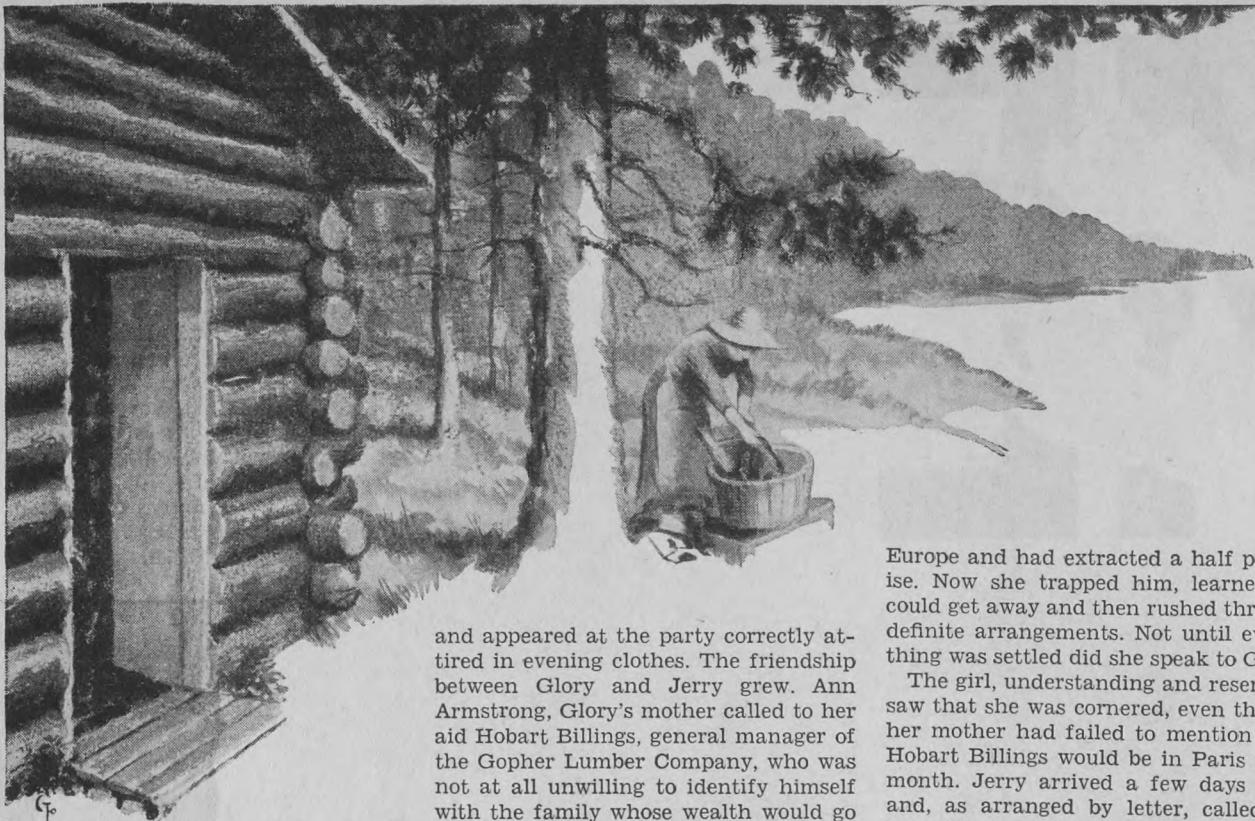
But Okinawa is only 330 miles from Japan. That is significant. Here we add still another war word to our war vocabulary—Kaminaze. It means suicide, which the Japs are good at. Kaminaze attacks on shipping, airfields and ground forces have become serious, for a Jap pilot, in any kind of flying crate, can commit a lot of mayhem when he steers his bomb load until he blows up with it. Seriously damaged warships have to be brought back to the U.S. for repairs and it is a 12,000-mile round trip. It is now the Battle of Repairs. Singapore would come in handy at this stage.

Okinawa is 400 miles from Foochow, on the China coast, captured in May by the Chinese army. With the exception of the ports, the Chinese hold a vast area from Hong Kong north to Shanghai. Whether the Allied landing will be there or on Japan, or on both, is still a military secret. In southern China the Chinese with American assistance have cut the Japanese overland route to Indo-China, Thailand and the Malay peninsula. Japan has about three million trained effectives on the Asiatic mainland and on the islands and as she is practically isolated by sea, the Rising Sun is becoming pretty well clouded over. There are indications that a general withdrawal from southern Asia is under way. Perhaps the stand will be made north of the Yangtze Kiang River and in Manchukuo.

In the meantime another earthquake like the one in 1925 would scarcely be noticed in what is happening to Japanese cities.



On the graves of the fallen a grateful country places a wreath of remembrance



The Story Thus Far:

JERRY Mead was the son of Jack Mead, a logging contractor operating on Swift River. Jack was popularly known as "Hell And High Water," a title earned through the man's implacable force and fighting heart. Jack Mead's victories in personal combat were countless and he was the acknowledged king of the lumberjacks of the Swift. The story, set in the middle nineties, in the days when the automobile had not yet displaced the horse, opened with Jerry's arrival in Minneapolis on business of his own choosing.

He went to the office of Jean Dean, owner-manager of a large mill and told him that he wanted insurance of the payment of \$60,000 which Abner Simpkins had offered the Meads for the logs they were to deliver to him by June 1. Joe Dean recognized the worth of a man quickly, he had heard much of Jack Mead and he had his own private estimate of Abner Simpkins' honesty. Joe got the certified check from Simpkins for Jerry and Simpkins departed with the two logging contracts in his pocket—one for ten million feet on the South Fork and another for ten millions on the North.

But in the interval things happened to Jerry, who had come to raise funds to work the Perkins timber. Outside Joe's office on that first day he had met Glory Armstrong, Joe Dean's niece. Jerry a few minutes later saved Glory's life by stopping the runaway team hitched to her carriage. Joe saw to it that the story of the young logger saving the millionaire's daughter got into reporters' hands and it was played up in the newspapers. Word got round that Glory had invited the young logger to the grand social function, which was being held for her in the city's best hotel. Everyone wondered if he would appear in riverman's togs and calked shoes. But Jerry left town to Joe's dismay and to Mrs. Armstrong's delight as she frowned upon her daughter's new-found hero friend. Later he quietly returned

and appeared at the party correctly attired in evening clothes. The friendship between Glory and Jerry grew. Ann Armstrong, Glory's mother called to her aid Hobart Billings, general manager of the Gopher Lumber Company, who was not at all unwilling to identify himself with the family whose wealth would go so far to help him achieve his ambition and the fair hand of Glory herself.

PART II.

JERRY came back to Minneapolis that summer, several times. It was on his third visit that he encountered Hobart Billings in the lobby of his hotel. Jerry smiled, held out his hand.

Billings stared coldly for a moment. "Oh, yes! Mead," he said stiffly, and his fingers remained locked about the head of his cane at his back. "From Swift River."

Jerry was only amused. He was too exuberant to be affected otherwise, and that mood, in his world, always prompted the inevitable invitation.

"I drink, Mead, with my friends," Billings replied stiffly. "I have never countenanced the western custom of promiscuous treating."

Jerry's eyes twinkled. "I see," he said. "And how long have I got to know you before our feet can share the same bar rail?"

Billings surveyed him with an expression that in another would have been insolence. "Until doomsday," he said in a level tone. "No doubt you derived considerable amusement from permitting me to make a useless trip to Chippewa Falls last month. It was a despicable trick."

"So that's what's bothering you."

"There could be nothing else."

Jerry looked at the man and grinned. "You trying to dare me or scare me or what?" he asked.

Billings turned and walked away.

Jerry's frequent presence in Minneapolis did not in itself disturb Ann Armstrong. Young men had always flocked around Glory. What did disturb her was the fact that Glory welcomed the young lumberman's visits. It was evident, perhaps, only to the keen perceptions of a mother, and Ann Armstrong saw straws turned by the breeze.

Characteristically, she acted at once. For several years she had tried to induce her husband to spend a winter in

Europe and had extracted a half promise. Now she trapped him, learned he could get away and then rushed through definite arrangements. Not until everything was settled did she speak to Glory.

The girl, understanding and resentful, saw that she was cornered, even though her mother had failed to mention that Hobart Billings would be in Paris for a month. Jerry arrived a few days later and, as arranged by letter, called for her with a driving team.

"I am going to Europe for the winter," she began as soon as they had driven away.

"I'm sort of glad you are," Jerry said after a moment.

"Glad! What do you mean?"

"Well," he hesitated, "I will be pretty well tied up over in Wisconsin and, with you gone, it's going to be a lot easier when I can't get away."

"You mean you couldn't come to Minneapolis?"

"Not after the first of September."

"But it's the middle of August now!" There was dismay in her voice and Jerry felt his heart stop beating. Glory, startled by what she had said, glanced at him quickly and met his steady gaze. It held hers for a moment, while she remembered what Joe Dean had told her, how those same eyes had looked into his fathers' without "batting a lash" even as the great fist rose to his jaw.

"Jerry!" she burst forth in sudden panic. "You never tell me anything about yourself. Rather, about what you are doing. That day the horses ran away—

—I thought you were a lumberjack. Uncle Joe led me to believe you were."

"I guess I am yet," Jerry laughed.

"But you're not working for wages, I mean. You said you and your father were contracting."

"That's what Billings guessed. We are partners."

"There you go again!" Glory exclaimed. "You don't tell anything. Is there any reason?"

"No," Jerry replied after a moment's consideration. "Only there's not much to tell."

Jerry Mead becomes aware of strong forces thrown against his plans

"But there is!" she protested indignantly. "That first day you came to tea, when Hobart Billings told of going to Chippewa falls to buy some valuable timber from an old lady. You never said a word, though you had already bought it yourself."

"I see Joe Dean's been talking," Jerry remarked. "But I couldn't say anything to Billings. He didn't mention any names or anything and how was I to know what timber he meant?"

Glory laughed delightedly. "Uncle Joe didn't tell me," she said. "Dad did. And of course you didn't know what Hobart was talking about."

Jerry's heart leaped. He had not been blind to Ann Armstrong's attitude, hidden behind careful politeness, nor to Hobart Billings' venom in their second meeting in the lobby of the West Hotel. He had sensed the situation, and it had disturbed him, for he had always been afraid that Glory was being nice to him only because of that incident of the runaway.

Calked

by

Now he felt that he did not mistake her interest, that at last he was glimpsing the real person behind the lovely exterior. And in two weeks she would drop out of his life for an intolerably long time, become subject to all sorts of influences.

Without a word Jerry turned the team down a grass covered lane that led into thick cedar and birch. Glory, a little startled, glanced at him but remained silent. At last a fence stopped the horses in a small secluded opening. Jerry turned to the girl. "Pretty place, isn't it?" he said.

She nodded.

"When you're in Europe I want you to think about it once in a while, will you?"

"Think about it! By why?"

"Because next summer we're coming here again, and . . . and . . ."

Jerry couldn't understand it. He believed he had the courage but now, with Glory looking directly at him, he was appalled by his own audacity.

Glory glanced about the little opening and then back at him. She smiled

and suddenly Jerry knew that she would never be found wanting in courage! "I think," she said steadily but in a low voice, "that you had better not wait until next year!"

WHEN Jerry left Minneapolis for Kettle Falls the next morning it was with the determination to cut seventy-five million feet of timber that winter and clean up the Perkins stumpage in two years. As never before he had an incentive, was confident he could handle any task.

And he felt the need of doing so. He must make money, a great deal of money. Rather than dreading the winter's separation from Glory, he now reveled in the thought of it, in the opportunity to establish himself as he knew he must be established.

For Jerry was not the sort that considered for an instant the money Glory Armstrong would have as anything except a sum he must match or exceed. His life and his viewpoint, the success he had experienced and the feeling of power the last few years had given him, these forbade any other attitude. He may have been a lumberjack when he met Glory, but he intended to be a lumber baron when he married her.

His determination to log the Perkins timber in two years did not survive

And Hell And High Water Jack had never found such zest in preparing for a winter's work. Sam's Place in Kettle Falls, where he generally spent the summer, saw little of him. The taciturnity and gruffness, even the pugnacity grown notorious in twenty years, faded. He was known to smile, once had been heard humming a driving song.

When Jerry, going over the preparations with his father, expressed admiration for the thoroughness and ingenuity of the plans, Jack Mead grinned sheepishly. "Huh!" he snorted. "You and me—hell! Nothin' can stop us, lad!"

It was as near tenderness as he had ever come in his relations with Jerry, but the young man was wise enough not to show that he recognized anything different. Yet he thrived to it, felt it to be the culminating factor in his complete happiness.

EXULTANT and confident, Jerry returned to Minneapolis a week before Glory was to leave. They had agreed that no one was to be told until Glory's return in the spring and the girl's greeting was almost formal when Jerry called to take her riding.

"You almost made me believe it," he remarked as they turned into the winding road around the lakes.

"It's the hardest thing I ever did," she confessed, "except perhaps, to deceive mother. I don't like that part of it, Jerry. I like to come out in the open. It's more comfortable."

"All right," he conceded readily. "What do you want to do?"

"No, I can't help but feel

you are right. Men have strange ideas and I suppose they always will have. In the old days they had to show their physical strength and now they have to have money. Though I wouldn't mind living in a log cabin. I'd rather like it—with you."

"I'm not thinking about this year so much," Jerry said a little later. "The way I look at it, there's other things to being married than just you and me. If we were orphans nothing else would count, but you've got a mother and I've got to disappoint her just as little as I can."

"And I mustn't disappoint your father."

"You couldn't do that no matter how hard you tried," Jerry laughed. "And I know you would like to live in the woods this winter. But what I want to do is make you happy ten years from now."

"You're altogether too cautious," Glory laughed.

"Look at the stakes I'm playing for," he retorted.

"But you've won them."

"What I'm playing for is to have you never regret anything," he said so quietly that she did not speak but only reached out and touched his hand, and they drove on in silence for a while.

"There's one thing I want to tell you," Glory said at last. "I just learned it. Hobart Billings will be in Paris with us for a month this winter."

"Your mother certainly is thorough," Jerry laughed.

"But I may have to tell him."

"You do anything you think is right. But we're not going to be serious all afternoon, are we? This is the last time until next summer."

The memory of that afternoon persisted through the winter for Jerry. Naturally buoyant, he became exuberant. Jack Mead sensed a change but ascribed it to interest in the work. He had felt his own nature changing, expanding.

And for a time he did not have opportunity or cause to give further consideration to the subject. In September his old crew of sixty gathered at Kettle Falls, as did Jerry's band of younger men. There was no rivalry now. That meeting between their leaders the previous spring had welded them as well. The few fights that took place were purely expressions of elation.

Four camps were built, Jack and Jerry each retained his crew intact, and without additions. And though both father and son acted as walking bosses, visiting the other camps and directing operations, their own crews worked without foremen. The men would have sulked or quit under any other direction. Left alone, pride in their skill and a loyalty, purely personal, would drive them to a record performance.

And as the cutting progressed and the weekly tallies were chalked up that loyalty and pride began to manifest itself. Even Jack and Jerry were surprised by the figures. The Perkins timber was falling at an unprecedented rate. The other two crews, nondescript, ever changing, with no personal interest, showed the effects of the rivalry between the leading camps.

The winter had started with a rush. Jerry was certain of success. His own efficiency was robbing him of the struggle his spirit demanded.

AND then trouble came, though Jack did not know it. Jerry himself was unaware of it for a time. There had been a tremendous outlay for equipment and supplies and he had obtained as much credit as possible. This had been arranged satisfactorily, he believed. The last of December he received a peremptory demand for payment of the balance due on horses he had purchased.

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Shoes

ROBT. E. PINKERTON

cooler study, however. Too many things were against it. The mill could not saw that much in two seasons, the money he and his father had and what they had arranged to borrow from Joe Dean was not enough for a winter's operations. In fact, the more carefully Jerry made his estimates the more clearly he saw that things must run very smoothly indeed if he were to cut fifty million.

Jack Mead probably would have welcomed the opportunity to pit himself against the greater problem. He had spent most of the summer making plans and preparations, cutting a tote road and building a dam at the outlet of Bear Lake. Constant scheming had enabled him to lay out logging roads in such a manner that he would log the fifty millions as cheaply as possible and still be adequately prepared for the remaining hundred.





The "Little Big Three"—Molotov, Stettinius and Eden—in consultation at the Conference. Allied Nations' delegates around the Conference Table.

THE UNCIO conference at San Francisco is nothing more nor less than a Good Neighbor policy on a cosmic scale. It is just a question of the decent countries in the world trying to get along with each other. Some countries make better neighbors than others, but as is the case in your own home town, you have to live with your neighbors just the same. That includes Russia.

I find that far too much that has been written about Dumbarton Oaks, and its offspring, is so much double-talk. The Brain Trustees love to wrap all these big conferences in profundity. They try to make them seem deep, difficult, obscure. I think that the more you read the formal verbiage of Dumbarton Oaks and the San Francisco Conference, the less you know, particularly if you have a brain like mine.

Let's you and I throw away all the "whereases," let's give the involved language an afternoon off, and let's see if you and I can figure this Frisco business out together.

Now, after the last Great War, we had the League of Nations. It doesn't matter what you say, or who says it, the whole purpose of the League boiled down to one thing. It had to have power to jump on any country that wanted war.

The idea was, that any country might try to start a war, but the League was going to finish the war before it began. Anyway, that was the idea.

The League of Nations started bravely, even if it had two strikes on it. The two strikes were the failure of United States, for reasons which are now historic—and political—to join the League. It was apparent that if the League was to be any good, there had to be some laws which prevented countries from going to war. This was called "putting teeth into the League." The trouble of course was, that this was a very young League, and consequently what we had were baby teeth! Those of you who know about such things know that baby teeth are not very strong, and what is more important, that no baby teeth last very long.

So then, the League which was to end all wars, found its young jaws toothless just about the time the Japs took a notion they wanted Manchukuo. Now let me change the figure a bit and tell about those strange people, who because of unusual glands, live their lives very quickly, who are middle aged at 12, and who die of old age at 20. The League of Nations was dying of old age, as early as 1936, and so when Italy chose to invade Abyssinia, all the League of Nations could say in effect was, "Naughty, naughty."

You could say, that from then on, the League had failed. We went back to power politics, and that took us to Munich. The League couldn't settle anything important. It took individual leaders of countries to do it. When the League failed, we turned the clock back.

JAN CHRISTIAN SMUTS, premier of South Africa, in his moving speech at San Francisco, said that while high hopes had been held for the permanency of the League, it turned out to be only "a milepost." In other words, it was a step, or a mile, if you will, in the right direction, but it was no magic carpet taking the world to perpetual peace.

So we passed a milepost.

Along last summer, after D-Day, when it was seen to be only a matter of time before Hitler folded, the big powers got together at Dumbarton Oaks, and tried to dream up a new league. This was like an out-of-town trial of a play, before the seasoned product is given to a metropolitan audience. Make what comparisons you like, this was just a squad of important, able, non-headliners drafting a blueprint of a world to come.

There are those who say that at the Oaks, the Russians were tough. Perhaps they were. Thus we got saying that it was "Dumbarton Oaks or nothing." I think that perhaps Stalin might later have gone a little further at Yalta, but since that was a private triumvirate, and not a plenary, press-attended session, we may never know all that happened there, but we shall have to be satisfied with what we are told inspired.

But no matter how you look at it, the fact is that Dumbarton Oaks was a

Peace In Our Time

At San Francisco they are working out a Good Neighbor policy for the World

fairly rigid instrument, rather uncompromising in its character, and not altogether satisfactory. But it was as far as the Russians would go.

I don't care how they wrap it up, Dumbarton Oaks like every other such conference in the last analysis resolves

lin, when the Tovaritches were told that any time Russia didn't please Britain and United States, they could expect landing parties in Leningrad and Odessa. I may have over-labored this point, but it seems clear to me that none of the big powers are having the other big powers gang up on them.

There are some who profess to be disappointed in Dumbarton Oaks, and I may have missed its point entirely. But for the life of me I cannot see that there ever was, and ever is, and ever will be any other issue than war. If you stop war, you accomplish all the objects of any league. Because with peace, all the other projects, like the world court, world trade, world morality, and all the rest of them, flourish. With war, they all die an international death. Therefore, Dumbarton Oaks, stripped of everything but its stark, grim bones, consists of a scheme to keep the peace. The Russians just don't happen to want anybody telling them what to do, and that's as far as we have been able to go with them. To me, and to many, the very fact the U.S.S.R. was at the Oaks at all, and agreed to anything, was a major triumph.

NOW we move out to San Francisco.

This was not a peace parley. It was perhaps, a preview of peace. UNCIO, or United Nations Conference on International Organization, to give it the full name, was not a supreme tribunal. It had the No. 2's of all the nations there. Hence, one saw Anthony Eden and not Winston Churchill; Vachylof Molotov and not Josef Stalin; Edward R. Stettinius, jr., and not Harry Truman.

This conference was designed to draw up a formula for peace; its purpose was not to re-allocate the spoils of war. Nor was it conceived to re-draw boundary lines, re-shuffle populations, re-mould the world. A blueprint for a house is something you can follow whether you want to put up your home on Wellington Crescent, Winnipeg, or Wellington street, Ottawa. It is a plan for a house, not the actual house. Thus UNCIO is the plan for a permanent league, while the final peace conference will be that plan put into effect, or, to keep up the comparison, it will see the actual house of peace built.

There were two problems facing UNCIO when the delegates stepped into the Opera House. Actually, there were many more, notably the Polish Question, of which more later. But before anybody could tackle anything, they had to settle (a) Argentina (b) more votes for Russian satellites.

by

AUSTIN F. CROSS

and realized that perhaps he could count on support from labor governments within that empire, from time to time. More important, having made a concession, he was in a good position to get a *quid pro quo* later. Sometime perhaps, he could make a real swap for something worth while.

Many wonder why Argentina had to be in the conference. Axis-lover that she seemed to be, not a few thought she had no more right there than Hitler himself. But the first fact to remember was that most of the Argentinians are reputedly pro-ally. Secondly, even official

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Dobbin is Not Done Yet



By H. S. FRY

The 5000-year-old history of the domesticated horse is not likely to be terminated by a machine. The horse industry must, however, adapt itself to a machine age. Farming will continue to offer a large market for good horses of suitable size and quality

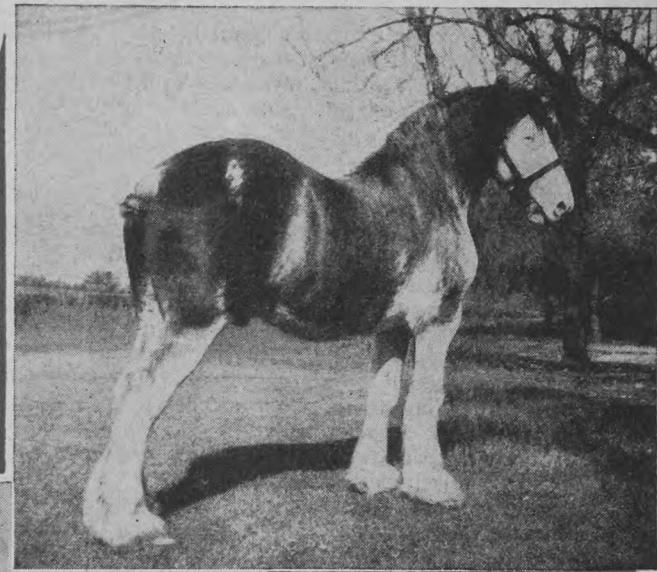
SOme years ago a United States Customs Court judge paid a tribute to the reputation of a Canadian horse trader, and caused this reputation to be preserved imperishably on the pages of United States law and justice.

"It is a mistake," he said, "to believe that all horse dealers are horse traders. Horse traders are born, not made. Horse trading is an art. It is not a vocation. It is an avocation. To the genuine horse trader, the horse traded is a diversion, and he can get more pleasure out of it than out of a trip to Europe. The facts disclosed marked the Canadian as a past-master in the horse trading profession. He purchased a horse from an American for \$75, and sold it to another American for \$725. That establishes his reputation for all time."

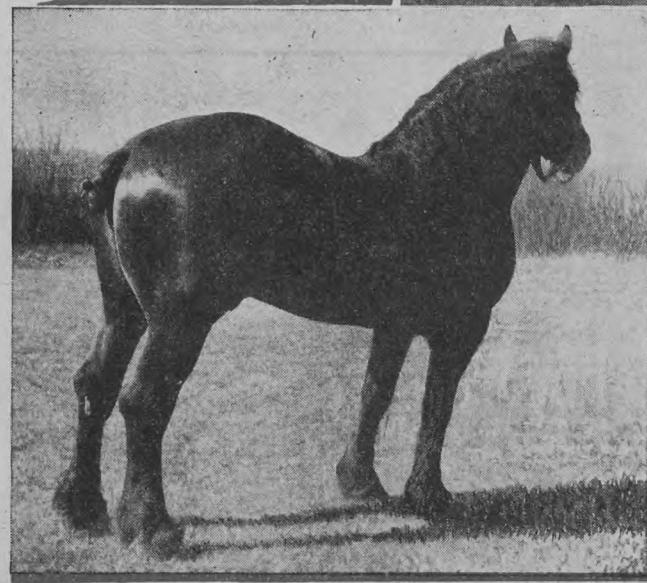
This incident is not without its significance today, when so many heads are shaken, whenever cause is found to compare the ability of the horse and the machine to do farm work. Few, if any, heads were shaken when the horse displaced the teams of patient oxen on the prairies in the earlier years of the century, notwithstanding that oxen, sheep and pigs were probably domesticated many centuries before the horse. Back of these more humble denizens of the barnyard, history reveals no long record of trusty friends and companions; no similar intelligence and adaptability; no children's pets to vie with the pony, the trained saddle horse and the dog; no similar speed and usefulness in transport; no such variety of breeds, indicative of a response to man's interest in them; and finally, no profession of pig traders and ox traders and sheep traders.

To meet the needs of commerce in these

Varying size and dispositions cause large teams to lose out in delivery of power. Here smaller outfits of bigger horses have the advantage.



Muirton Sensation (28739), by Muirton Tide, out of Sunnydale Lady Lochinvar, is the Clydesdale stallion at the Brandon Insemination Centre.



Few men can ever drive a tractor with the pride and pleasure that is experienced behind a well-cared-for team; nor will they plow as well.

lesser animals, only dealers have developed.

It is believed that the wild horse was first domesticated in central Asia. Later, its use spread eastward, and by 2,000 B.C. was used in Babylonia. Still later, the shepherd kings who conquered lower Egypt in the 17th century B.C.

Glen Valley Wallace (16417), the Brandon breeding centre Percheron stallion, by Refiner, by Koncar-calypso.

introduced horses into Egypt. In all probability, it was nomadic peoples of this kind who first appreciated the greater comfort of riding on horseback, and the added protection against enemies from the use of horses. Conquering peoples found the horse a very decided advantage; and maximum dependence on the horse in battle was reached in the age of Chivalry, when knights heavily encased in armor were borne on the backs of great, strong chargers, and if dismounted and thrown on the ground, were unable to rise. The present day Shire horse, which is the chief agricultural horse in England, is descended from the English Great Horse, or Black Horse, fostered by English kings from the evil John to Henry the Eighth, because of its size and strength.

Whatever the tale of history may be in all its details, the horse has followed the more enterprising among mankind for at least 5,000 years. It has facilitated conquests and settlement. From the days of earliest record until World War II the horse has played its part in the history of civilization and conquest. It has provided comfort, protection, transportation, speed, amusement, power, companionship, and a multitude of satisfactions to mankind.

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Want To Buy a Family Farm?

By H. S. FRY



The soil and its productivity determine farm land values. Buildings must be regarded as part of the farm as a producing unit.

So you are thinking of buying a farm! Perhaps not you, but your son, or your son-in-law. That is interesting—in fact, just about as interesting and important as anything that could happen to any farm family in a generation. Actually, farm property does change hands on the average about once every 30 years, so that if these were normal times, and there were not so many young men absent on war duty, the probability is that about 10,000 farms would change hands in the four western provinces in 1945. Averages, however, are only averages. The number of farms changing hands varies greatly from year to year, because the fact is that most farm land sales take place when crops are good. With low prices for farm products, and during years of low yield, fewer people want to buy, and those who would like to sell are reluctant to do so at going prices.

In the foregoing paragraph are hidden two basic facts of the utmost importance to those who contemplate buying farms. The first lies in the statement that land changes hands about once every 30 years. This means in effect that the purchaser is pledging his future and that of his family to that piece of land until it is paid for, in much the same way that the land itself is pledged to a mortgage company, or other lender. Farm lands are seldom bought for cash—but of that, more later. The second fundamental is carried in the statement that most land changes hands when prices are rising. This means, in effect, that if a man is going to operate a farm for 30 years, and buys on rising prices, he tends to discount the lower prices that are bound to follow, and to buy on going prices rather than on farm land values in the locality. There is a difference between price and value and, in effect, that is what this article is really about.

When you buy your farm, what kind of farming do you plan to do? Why do you want to buy a farm anyway? Is it because you believe there is good money to be made in farming, or because you believe a farm is a good place to live and raise a family? Many mistakes are made in farm buying because buyers fail to settle this point in their own minds before they buy. Farming is often said to be a way of life. Other people regard it as a business. The fact of the matter is that it is both. Nevertheless, at the time of purchase, and remembering that the purchaser is pledging himself and his family to that land for an indefinite period of years and, therefore, to a particular way of life for himself and his family, it is of the greatest importance that he approach his selection of his farm in a business-like and thorough fashion.

THESE underlying factors of future happiness and success mean that the kind of farming you like best and believe you are best at, and the kind of farm and home surroundings you have visualized for ten years in the future, are important decisions to make before

Buying a farm is a serious business. This article indicates how serious it may be for you, if you are not careful

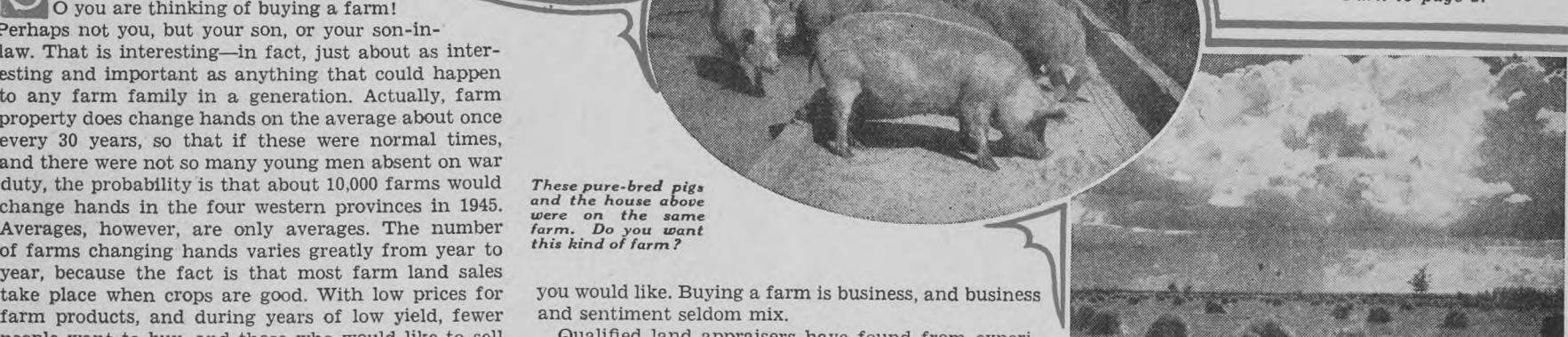
you actually begin to look for a farm. Perhaps you haven't even thought of looking for a farm, but have planned to take over a farm in your home community. Perhaps again, you ought to think this over before doing so, because there may be a farm 25 miles away, or in another community 50 miles away, which will enable you to farm as

average yearly increase in net worth of \$233. Those who started between 1921 and 1923 averaged \$56 net gain per year. But those beginning between 1924 and 1929 lost an average of \$84 in net worth each year; while those starting after 1934, when land prices and general price levels had decreased, had made an average net gain per year of \$86. If 1941-1944 crops and prices could be included for the period since 1934, the difference between starting in the two periods would be even more striking. It is hard for the individual to offset these variations due to external and general conditions, but the very fact that such differences exist, due to the time at which one starts farming, points to the necessity, under present conditions, of buying land carefully on the basis of value rather than of price.

Bearing on this point, the survey revealed that the approximate upper limit in price which could be paid for land in Saskatchewan, if one expected to make

moderate progress, or receive a moderate annual increase in net worth, was about \$7 for light soils such as sands and sandy loams, \$15 per acre for loams and medium soils, and about \$35 per acre for heavy soils such as clays and silty clay loams. Land would need to be secured

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These pure-bred pigs and the house above were on the same farm. Do you want this kind of farm?

you would like. Buying a farm is business, and business and sentiment seldom mix.

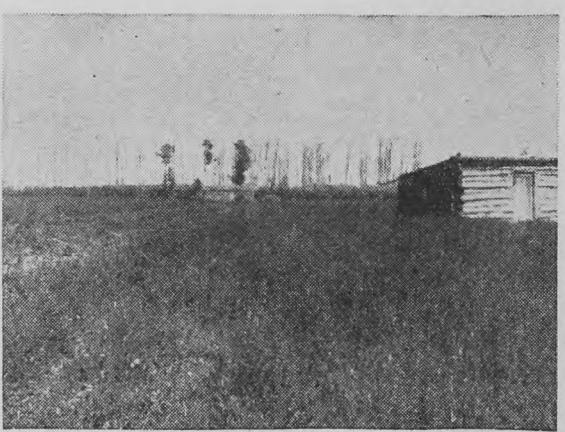
Qualified land appraisers have found from experience that it is better to proceed from the general to the particular, rather than the other way around. That is to say, before making up your mind what an individual farm may be worth to you, it is important to first settle in your own mind all of the general questions as to what is involved in buying a farm; and secondly, what are the general surroundings and circumstances of the farm you have in mind. Some years ago, for example, the Department of Farm Management at the University of Saskatchewan analyzed the records of 1,700 farms in districts in which Farm Management surveys had been conducted in previous years. They measured the financial success of these 1,700 farmers by the net worth of the farmer from the time he started farming, until 1939 or 1940 when most of the surveys were made. They took his total assets at the start, less his debts, and compared them with the corresponding figure at the time the survey was made. The difference was gain in net worth for the farmer and, divided by the number of years he had farmed on that particular farm, showed the average yearly gain in net worth.

The average time these owners had occupied their farms was about 15 years. The results of the study indicated that the degree of success which the farmer is likely to achieve is determined to a very great extent by his original choice of land. For example, the most productive soils of the prairie park belt gave farmers average yearly gains of from \$350 to \$400, whereas those farmers on sand or sandy loam soils were no better off at the end of 15 years than when they started. Among other things, the survey proved that young people starting to farm are likely to begin in the district they know best. This decision may be wise, if the home district is a good one and the soil is productive. If it is not a good district, the young farmer and his wife are likely to be handicapped for all the years they remain in that district, primarily because poor land tends to be over-priced, and good land under-valued. This survey only verifies in this respect what many other experienced appraisers and farm management authorities have discovered, namely, that it is better as a rule to buy good land and pay more for it, than to buy poorer land because it appears cheap.

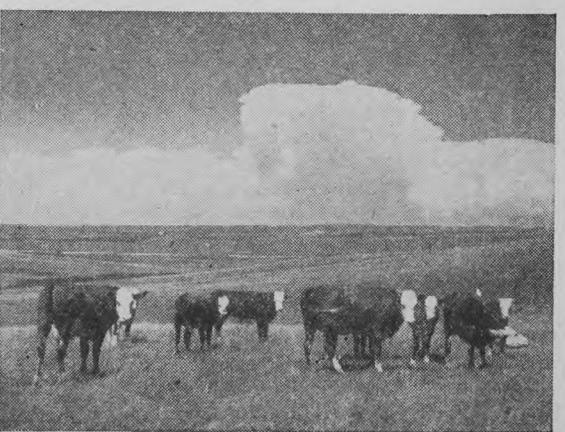
THE Saskatchewan survey also indicated that the time one starts farming is important. For instance, those who started farming before 1914 showed an



Or this? The district is newer, the soil subject to erosion and the community more or less isolated.



Or this? The land must be cleared of forest growth, roads are poor, and the grey-wooded soil needs careful handling to bring it into full productivity.



Or this? It takes quite a few acres to support one of these cattle, neighbors are few, rainfall is limited and the soil is light and comparatively unproductive.

LOOKOUT GIRL

By HAROLD CHANNING WIRE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT RECK

ART BRADY halted his fast pace at the ragged edge of timberline, swung crosswise on the steep trail and let his horse blow. This was nine thousand feet on the roof of the Sierra Nevadas, and for another fifteen hundred the mountain thrust up a barren cone of granite into the late afternoon sky. He had to hold his head far back to see the top of it, and to make out the square glass house perched on the very peak.

The loneliness and isolation of this lookout post never failed to stir in him a queer cold feeling. In his four years as District Ranger of the Whitney National Forest, he had known one man who had gone completely spooky in a month's time up here, and one who had grabbed only his shirt and shoes in a lightning storm and ran ten miles down to a patrol station. Others had tried it and quit in a week. It was a tough job that way; too much view, too much time day and night with only yourself as company. And yet, for three months now, this loneliest of all mountain jobs had been held by a girl!

Art scowled as he thought of Jerry McCann, who might be up there at a window watching him, although she had not waved as she usually did. Jerry was the forest supervisor's daughter. That explained how she could get the job; but nothing, in Art Brady's way of thinking, could explain why she would want it. It was no place for a twenty-year-old girl. He told her so each time he came up. Yet she only laughed and refused to listen, knowing the other place—down in his ranger cabin—where he did think she ought to be.

His trip to the peak this late in the afternoon was something special; he had seen her yesterday and the day before that. Before going on up, he turned in his saddle, and a troubled look came into his deep-set brown eyes. For a long moment he searched the country below him, squinting, as if to penetrate the dark, slashed canyons and hidden pockets of the range.

Art Brady was twenty-five, young for the District Ranger's job that he held, but unmistakably fitted to handle it. The stamp of a mountain man was upon him, in his big and rugged shape, lean, weathered face and in the deliberate way he moved. He was dressed in rough trail garb of khaki breeches, high boots and a leather jacket. A service thirty-eight lay in a holster against his right thigh. There was also, now, a rifle thrust into a saddle scabbard beneath his left leg.

The dun-colored horse gots its wind back and Art brought his gaze from the canyons. "All right, boy," he said, "up you go!"

The trail was steep and winding, making the horse scramble, hoofs clattering on rock. Still there was no sign of life at the lookout windows. Art leaned forward, urging the little beast on up. Nothing could have happened. He knew it was only a fear that had hounded him this past week. Every day he had talked with Jerry over his patrol telephone, and then at evening he had stood out in front of his cabin ten miles north, getting reassurance from the tiny pin-point of her light.

Rising suddenly up the last steep pitch of trail, he shouted, "Jerry!" Then he rolled from his saddle, climbed two steps and was at her door.

It opened as his hand reached for the

latch. She stood there, small, flushed, staring at him.

"For heaven's sake," she demanded, "what's the matter? You almost made me drop it!"

He grinned with his sudden relief, and hugged her. "Drop what, Jerry?"

She drew away from him and looked up, smiling. Her eyes were the warm blue of his mountain lakes, her light hair curled closely around a neat little head. She was as sweet and feminine as a man could wish, and yet there was a stubborn independence about her. It showed in the way she was determined to hold this lookout job through at least one summer, and in her repeated refusal to become Mrs. Art Brady. She cared for him; Art knew that. And there was no other man. His only answer had been that she was having too good a time being her own free self. Once, laughing, she had said, "When I do need you, Art, I'll let you know." And in a joking way they had arranged for that.

She took his arm and pulled him across the room to her cookstove, bent and drew him down to the oven door.

"This is what you almost made me drop. I was just putting it in when I heard you shout." She opened the door. "Cake!" Her blue eyes danced. "It's my birthday. I made it for myself."

"And I had forgotten!" he said reproachfully. "What a dumb fool I am!"

"Maybe that's the trouble with you, Art." She stood up. She was still smiling.

"You mean that's why you don't marry me—I'm too dumb?"

"Not dumb! No. Just not romantic enough."

"Romantic!" he scoffed. He had to look down into her small warm face that hardly came to his shoulders. "Romantic I always thought meant knights in armor, killing dragons and rescuing fair ladies out of towers."

"Well, I'm in a tower, Art, almost."

HE grinned at her. "So that's it! I've got to kill a dragon and carry you off by force and make you marry me. Is that what you want?"

"You never can tell," she laughed. "I might like it." Then she sobered. "Why are you up here so late?"

"To see you, for one thing. And to use your telephone."

"All right. Go ahead."

He glanced once around the room as

Her blue eyes danced. "Cake! It's my birthday. I made it myself."



A young lady who persisted in staying in her mountain tower, and a man who disapproved of her choice of a lonely job

Well, I'll call you again from my station in about an hour."

He turned from the telephone to find the girl's puzzled eyes fixed upon him. "What news?" she demanded. "What were you asking Dad about?"

"Oh, that," he said easily. "Just a couple of campers who got themselves lost. We expect them to turn up at one of the patrol cabins."

She seemed convinced, and yet added, "Funny I hadn't heard."

"It was north of my district," Art explained. "I guess that's why."

HE picked up his hat preparing to go. But he hated to leave her. The dread he had felt this week had grown stronger with Tom McCann's news. Still, her father was probably right. She was too high up here, off the main trails and away from the passes that crossed the mountains. And it was no use worrying her with the thought of trouble that might never come.

He parted from her as he always did, standing in the open doorway which his big shape almost filled, smiling as he asked, "Are you going to send for me tonight, Jerry?"

She laughed up at him. "Not tonight, Art. I'm happy here, really."

He scowled at that; for it was so true. She was happy here, and she did not need him at all.

His grin came again as he stepped

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THE Country GUIDE

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No. 6

Casablanca Vindicated

The final collapse of Germany left little to be desired. The nation which arrogantly set out to brutally enslave the world went down completely broken in body and spirit. Most of its leaders destroyed themselves or are now prisoners of war. Five million German soldiers laid down their arms. Within one week of the agreement by the High Command to surrender unconditionally, the last pocket of resistance had been cleaned up. The defeat could not have been more complete or humiliating.

Casablanca was vindicated. There, under the African sun, Churchill and Roosevelt decreed unconditional surrender of the Axis powers as the objective of Allied arms. The decree was later reiterated by the Big Three at Teheran. Some quibblers thought the pronouncement was ill advised because it might prolong the war. Now it is clear, in the light of events, that if the Allied war leaders had been gifted with omniscience their decision would have been that no compromise would be tolerated with the Nazi brigands. There was no long drawn-out hedge and ditch defense. The mighty Wehrmacht went down in utter collapse.

Nazi minded Germans of the future will have no ground on which to erect a heroic legend regarding the close of this great struggle. There was no twilight of the gods about it. Their vaunted Fuehrer died — if he is dead — in an underground hideout. Nazi supermen had failed to take Stalingrad or Leningrad, but Russian infantrymen subjugated Berlin. Millions of deflated German soldiers being herded into prison camps or started on their long walk back as forced labor to the Russian soil from which they had been previously chased is not a heroic picture. Neither will there be anything godlike about Nazi high criminals expiating their crimes by swinging from gallows. The desolators lived to see their own homeland laid desolate, every vestige of their government destroyed and their 65 million people lying prostrate and submissive at the feet of the nations they despised. History records no victory more complete and no defeat more encompassing and abject.

Planning the Peace

The fates seem strangely adverse in these critical peacemaking times. Just when the greatest need for continuity of experienced leadership exists, regrettable if not indeed calamitous events have intervened. The first was the death of President Roosevelt. That powerful figure stood as a strong conciliatory force between Churchill and Stalin who by temperament, background and political philosophy are at opposite poles. He already had the experiences of two conferences of the Big Three. At those conferences two overruling issues were discussed. The first was the conduct of the war on which there was a great common ground to stand on. Nazism must be destroyed. To concert policies for its destruction was comparatively easy. The other great overruling issue was the settlement after the peace. In this, great divergencies of interest and conviction were sure to arise. The force and experience of that great man were lost to the world just when they were most sorely needed.

In Britain a political crisis has been precipitated. It is ten years since the British people went to the polls in a general election. When

THE COUNTRY GUIDE

Churchill was called to head the government five years ago he formed a coalition which included a strong Labor representation. Mr. Churchill believed that the coalition should remain in power until after the defeat of Japan. The Congress of the Labor Party held in May, made it certain that the rank and file of the Labor party were becoming restive. They believed that the life of parliament should not be prolonged beyond this fall. Mr. Churchill accepted this as a challenge to his government. The coalition has been dissolved and the election will be held in July. Just when the European settlement is demanding all that the Allied Nations can give, the diversion of a general election has arisen with the possibility of the defeat of the government and the removal of Mr. Churchill from the counsels of the Allied Nations.

The sudden collapse of Germany reduced the status of the San Francisco Conference to a meeting of experts. Molotov and Eden had to hurry home to deal with urgent matters precipitated by the sudden cessation of hostilities. Bideault, foreign secretary for France, an important figure at the Conference, also had to rush away. In addition the heads of the Canadian delegation came home to participate in the general election, so that Canada had to relinquish, for the present, her position at the Conference as the leader of the intermediate powers.

The European settlement presents issues of stupendous magnitude and of unimaginable import for the future of the world. Never in its history has the world been faced with a more fateful period than this. Not even at Stalingrad nor on D-Day did the future more surely hang in the balance than it does at the present moment. All that ordinary people can do is to hope and pray that what looks like a deterioration of the international situation may be repaired. Perhaps in the long run it will be found that the peace

Acknowledgment and Tribute

The European agony is over. The greatest visitation which ever overtook western civilization has run its course. Like a hideous nightmare it recedes into the past. Over the broken bodies of those who died, either as helpless victims or as valiant soldiers of liberation, the fortunate living place a wreath of remembrance. Now only the pains of convalescence will disturb the rest of those who suffered but survived. The healing process has begun.

By their valor and sacrifice, and with the help of Almighty God, the forces of liberty and justice have triumphed. One thing can be said in reverend thankfulness: In their darkest hour the Christian nations never lost faith that it was not in the purposes of God that this evil should prevail. In the fullness of victory let us not forget that at more than one crucial moment, when all they were fighting and toiling for hung in the balance, some unexpected event not to be fully explained on military grounds, turned the tide in their favor. In the hour of triumph, complete and overwhelming, we can rejoice that Field Marshal Montgomery did not forget to say: "We must remember to give the praise and thankfulness where it is due. This is the Lord's work and it is marvelous in our eyes."

Of the young manhood who gave all that justice and freedom should prevail, among whom were nearly 40,000 of our own, the words of the poet of another war, Rupert Brooke, can fittingly be quoted:

*"These laid the world away; poured out
the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years
to be
Of work and joy, and that unloved
serene,
That men call age; and those that would
have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality."*

organization will be more enduring if it is gradually evolved so that it will partake more of the nature of an organic growth than of a pre-fabricated structure.

Political Line Fences

Prime Minister Mackenzie King's belief in the two party system has one thing to support it. On the whole it provides stable government. There have been instances when an even balance between parties resulted in political seesawing and corrupt practices, but they are instances and not the rule. With the introduction of a strong third party, political instability is more than likely to appear, as it did in Ontario and would have done in B.C. if the two old parties had not formed a coalition.

Under the two party system, however, it is important that the line of demarcation be in the right place. Mr. Mackenzie King thinks that one of the parties should be advanced—but not too advanced—in its political views and should be balanced by a more conservatively minded party ready to take over when things begin to move too fast. That idea is reminiscent of the Victorian era when "freedom strongly broadened down from precedent to precedent." It is completely out of date in the present era of political thought in Canada. The choice is now between progressive reform and experiments in state socialism. Mr. Coldwell was on the beam when he said, in Vancouver, that all who advocate private enterprise should get together in one party.

There is certainly no realism about the present line fence between the two historic parties of Canada. What difference would it make if they swapped policies and platforms over night? Mr. Bracken and Mr. Mackenzie King got along fine together until Mr. Bracken became leader of the federal opposition. They would no doubt be getting along well enough today if he had not accepted that position. They may have to get together yet. Both are opposed to socialism and if the choice had to be made between forming a coalition and allowing a socialist government to assume office, the choice would not be long delayed. The line of political demarcation would then be realistic.

Another Victory

There is no letup in realism by the Canadian people when it comes to financing their share of the war. They know that just because the guns have ceased to bark in Europe, it does not mean that the war has ceased to cost money. The Eighth Victory Loan campaign was a great success. The target was \$1,350,000,000 which is a lot of money no matter how you say it. Subscriptions overshot the mark by around \$200 million. The entire campaign was conducted while German power was in the throes of dissolution. V-E Day came smack in the middle of the drive. Yet the people of Canada came through with this magnificent response.

One of the bright auguries for the postwar years in this country, particularly the prairie provinces, is the sane and sensible way in which the people, and particularly the farmers, have handled the increased revenue they have received. In the last Great War period, when inflation ran rampant, instead of getting out of debt many of them got deeper into it. Farm land prices soared into the stratosphere. The postwar depression strewed the prairies with financial wreckage. This time a far different story is being told. Farm mortgage indebtedness has been halved. Hundreds of millions have been salted away in Victory Bonds. There the money is in a liquid form where it can be used for farm and home improvement or held as a back log against crop failure or a period of hard times. There is a widespread feeling, based on previous experience, that wartime prosperity is not going to last forever. If, in spite of all that can be done to prevent it, a postwar depression sets in, the farmers are in a better position to face it than they were at the close of the last war, even though the prices of their products have been held down to half the level reached in the inflation year of 1919.

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- ✓ High tensile steel beads for extra strength.
- ✓ Goodyear quality, skill and experience for long, trouble-free mileage.

OUTSTANDING FEATURES OF GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES

- ✓ Diamond All-Weather tread for four-way traction and cooler running.
- ✓ Greater resistance to bruises due to greater body strength.
- ✓ Greater resistance to tread cracking, chipping, cutting.
- ✓ Greater resistance to heat fatigue and fabric fatigue.
- ✓ Greater resistance to separation of tread and body.
- ✓ Greater resistance to heat blowouts.
- ✓ Less "tire growth".

FP41

GOOD~~Y~~YEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

NEWS of AGRICULTURE

Will Process 70,000 Horses

THE contract first mentioned some months ago for approximately 7,500 tons of horse meat from western Canada to go to Belgium, has now been signed by the Belgian government and the Saskatchewan Horse Co-operative Marketing Association. As signed, the contract is for 10,000 tons of pickled meat, and is to be completed by January, 1947.

Construction of a plant at Swift Current will begin immediately at a cost of about \$90,000, assisted by a guarantee of \$50,000 from the Saskatchewan government. The Red Top Products plant at Edmonton, which has been under option since last fall, will be purchased and remodelled to meet requirements for processing meat for human consumption. The present contract will require about 70,000 horses, each of which will yield approximately 300 pounds of processed meat, in addition to portions suitable only for the fox-meat market. It is reported that both plants will eventually process a combined total of about 875 horses weekly, of which 375 will be handled at Edmonton and 500 at Swift Current. The Edmonton plant, at present, has a capacity of about 75 horses weekly.

The contract was negotiated by the Department of trade and commerce at Ottawa, and L. B. Thomson, superintendent of the Dominion Experimental Station, Swift Current, who has acted as organizer and secretary of the Horse Co-operative Marketing Association, is to be succeeded as secretary by S. F. Shields, Eastend, Saskatchewan, while A. Burns, Calgary, will be manager of the co-operative. It is expected that the contract with Belgium will provide a market for surplus horses at approximately \$30 per head, and that it will involve a total in the neighborhood of \$2,000,000.

FAO Is Guaranteed

THE first permanent peace organization to achieve United Nations approval during the war is FAO (Food and Agriculture Organization, arising out of the Hot Springs Conference at

Hot Springs, Virginia, May, 1943). That conference recommended the setting up of an interim commission on food and agriculture for the principal purpose of drawing up a constitution for a permanent organization, which would come into being after 20 of the United Nations had approved it. The Interim Commission announced the completion of the constitution in August, 1944, and since that time, the necessary 20 nations have given approval to it. The House of Representatives of the United States Congress approved the necessary resolution on April 30, and it is expected that FAO will be formally set up before the end of 1945.

When organized, FAO will have, as its chief aim, freedom from want through the expansion of world economy in the direction of adequate production and distribution of foodstuffs. It will provide international services in agriculture and nutrition; bring together the results of research having to do with agriculture and nutrition from all parts of the world; and, generally, work in the direction of improved standards of nutrition, increased levels of farm incomes, and avoidance of agricultural surpluses. It will foster international co-operation and development of the optimum use of resources of land, labor and science. It will assist in improving the marketing of agricultural products; will include fisheries and forests within its scope; and, in agriculture, concern itself with both food and non-food products.

As an organization it will be primarily technical and advisory, but, in the words of the late President Roosevelt, "It is in no sense a relief organization." Also, in the words of the late President of the United States, "Under its constitution the organization will have no powers of direction or control over any nation. It

will recommend agricultural policies and advise nations on their food and agricultural problems, but it will have no power to coerce or command. The Constitution provides that all member nations shall have equal representation in the conference of the organization, each being entitled to one vote."

Canadian Holsteins In Britain

IT is expected that a committee to be appointed by the British Friesian Cattle Society, will visit Canada this year in order to study the general type and production of Canadian Holsteins, and also to select approximately 100 head, principally high class bulls, for importation into Britain. G. M. Clemons, secretary-manager of the Holstein-Friesian Association of Canada, spent two months in Great Britain and arrived at a satisfactory arrangement with the British Friesian Cattle Society to allow re-registration in the British society's herd book, of Canadian and United States Holsteins imported into Britain.

This arrangement was necessitated at this time by the fact that 11 Canadian Holstein cattle, including ten heifers and a bull, Ajax Snowden Inka, purchased in Ontario by J. Down, Yorkshire, arrived in England early in April. Mr. Clemons was in England at the time, but it was reported in the British farm press that the British society "would not, in its present mood, at least, admit any of the progeny to the herd book, although the cattle were all registered with the Canadian Holstein Association.

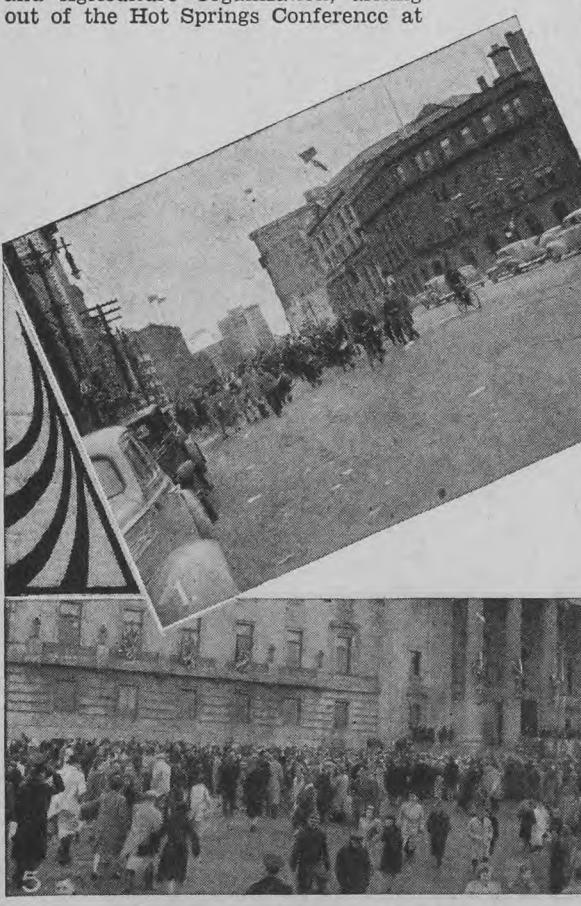
Some Canadian Holsteins were shipped to Britain just prior to the war, and have been found to be very satisfactory producers. Among others, Lord

Beaverbrook is reported interested in Canadian Holsteins, and hopes to secure about 25 head of foundation animals this year.

Minister Adds To Department Staff

DURING the month of May the Honorable L. F. MacIntosh, Saskatchewan Minister of Agriculture, announced several appointments to the department. One of these was the appointment of C. M. Learmonth, for the past four years Warden of the Prince Albert jail, and formerly Superintendent of Institutional Farms, to the Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture, where his wide experience and scientific training will be devoted to implementing agricultural policies now in the process of development. Mr. Learmonth has served with the Departments of Agriculture and Public Works in Saskatchewan for the past 28 years, and is widely known across Canada as a specialist in problems of swine production. He was a member of the Joint Swine Committee of Canada set up in 1921, and has also been a member of the Advanced Registry Board for Swine. Actively interested in the development of hog grading, Mr. Learmonth is not only a member of the Saskatchewan Swine Committee at present, but is also Honorary President of the Saskatchewan Livestock Board.

Four new agricultural representatives in Saskatchewan have also been appointed. All are young Saskatchewan farmers and graduates of the College of Agriculture in the University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon. J. Ivan Clark, who has had a varied experience in Manitoba and Saskatchewan, will have headquarters at Maidstone, and will serve the district north and west of North Battleford. Robert H. Cooper will be located at Estevan, after having had experience since graduation in the Extension Department of the University. W. Langford Oddie, born and raised in the Milestone district will serve the district east and north of Assiniboia. Fred A. Snell, a veteran of this war who was discharged in the fall of 1944, has been serving as agricultural representative in the district west of Swift Current.



How Winnipeg celebrated V-E Day on May 7: 1. A Kiltie band marches up Main Street; 2. Portage and Main, the heart of the City; 3. Paper-strewn Portage Avenue after most of the waste paper baskets had been emptied out of upstairs windows; 4 and 5. The immense crowd

attending the official V-E Day celebration on the grounds of the Legislative Building, conducted by high dignitaries of church and state from the flag-decked steps assisted by bands of the armed forces and community singing of hymns and patriotic songs.

THE COUNTRY GUIDE



He peered into the Unknown

Galileo, (1564-1642), invented an improved telescope, carried on research in magnetism and gravitation, discovered the principle of the pendulum. Contrary to previous teaching, he maintained that bodies of different weights fall with the same velocity. When challenged to prove this theory, he dropped a ten-pound shot and a one-pound shot from the top of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. To the amazement of the University students and faculty gathered to see the experiment, both weights reached the ground at the same time.

IN our own day, as in Galileo's time, research has opened the door to discoveries which have had far-reaching results.

In 1921, sales of Canadian Nickel were discouraging. Then the Nickel industry intensified its research endeavours. Year after year new ways were sought in which industry could use Nickel to make better products.

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Thus will science and industry, working together, build a wider use of Canadian Nickel so that still more benefits will come to Canada.

FORWARD THROUGH RESEARCH
Canadian Nickel



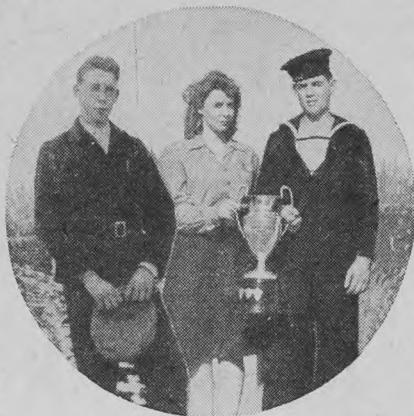
A Champion Family

WHEN any junior farm boy or girl wins a provincial championship in any agricultural competition, it is something of an achievement. But when three members of the same family win the same championship in three successive years, the achievement is very real indeed. It is, in fact, a family achievement, and in this case one of which Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Lowen, Drumheller, Alberta, can be justly proud.

In 1943, Jack Lowen of the Drumheller Junior Wheat Club, won the spring wheat championship at the Provincial Junior Seed Fair. In 1944, his sister Barbara also won the championship; and in 1945, Chris, a younger brother, won the same championship for the third time, and also an additional

prize of a handsome gold watch. Both Jack and Barbara have graduated from the club, according to the announcement made by the Alberta Department of Agriculture, but Chris still continues as a member and has been joined this year by Gwen, a younger sister.

According to the announcement by the department, the Morrin club, just north of Drumheller, was the highest in club standing in the province, Drumheller running a close second. In 1944, Drumheller took top place, with Morrin second, the two clubs together winning seven of the top eight places in wheat. More remarkable still, these seven places were won by three families, the Lowens, Montgomerys and Storchs.



Chris, Barbara and Jack Lowen

Alberta Agricultural Appointments

THE expansion of work undertaken by the Alberta Department of Agriculture has led to some shifts and promotions in the personnel of the department, according to an announcement by the Hon. D. D. McMillan, Minister of Agriculture. R. M. Putnam, Director of Extension, has been appointed assistant to the deputy minister in addition to his work as supervisor of district agriculturists and other extension work of the department. Mr. Putnam is a graduate of the University of Alberta in arts and agriculture, and has his Master's degree from the University of Wisconsin. For five years after 1933, he was engaged with the field crops branch of the department, and took over the extension work in 1938.

A new position in the Alberta department has been created with the appointment of S. H. Gandier, Supervisor of Youth Activities, as superintendent of schools of agriculture. Mr. Gandier will exercise general supervision of the schools of agriculture, including the designing and co-ordinating of the courses offered, and will continue his direction of the junior work of the department. He will be secretary to the Board of Agricultural Education, and in all matters relating to agricultural education and involving other govern-

ment departments, he will act as liaison officer. Mr. Gandier has been in the employ of the Alberta Department of Agriculture since 1921, when he became an instructor at the Raymond School of Agriculture. He was principal of the School of Agriculture at Claresholm until 1931, and at the time the Vermilion School of Agriculture was closed in 1941, he was principal of that institution.

N. N. Bentley, for the past two years Supervisor of the Crop Improvement Service in Alberta, has been appointed principal of the Vermilion School of Agriculture which will be reopened this fall for the first time since 1941 when it was closed as a wartime measure. Mr. Bentley is a graduate of the University of Alberta in agriculture, who taught in high schools for a time, until he became an instructor in science at the Vermilion School of Agriculture in 1936. Since the closing of the Vermilion school he has served for two years as district agriculturist in the Edmonton district.

F. N. Miller, district agriculturist at Edmonton for the past 2½ years, has been appointed Supervisor of Junior Activities and Youth Training under S. H. Gandier. Mr. Miller is a graduate of the Olds School of Agriculture and of the University of Alberta. He was appointed district agriculturist in 1943.

The Hunger Born of War

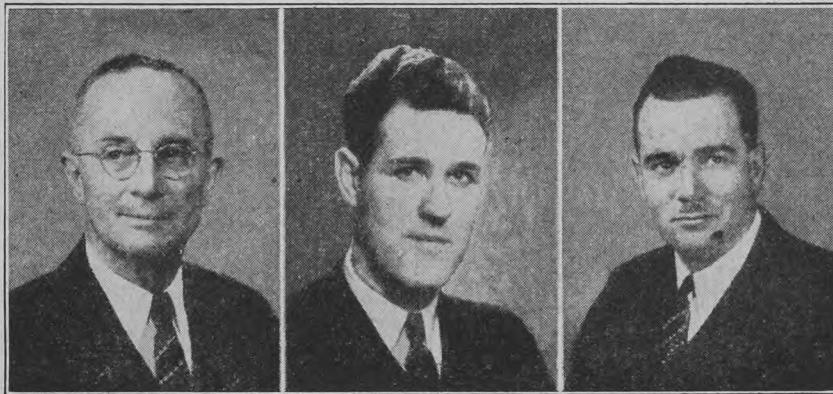
IT will not be until long after the war with Japan has been finally wound up that the cost of the terrible years since 1939 can be calculated with accuracy. Nevertheless, we know already something of the elements of this cost, and something of their approximate size. It has been estimated that, by the end of the war in Europe the cost in lives of fighting men had reached the figure of 8,500,000, or a number equal to the losses on the battlefields of World War I. Of this figure, Germany and Russia are each estimated to have lost three million men, as compared with 1,750,000 each during the last war. Britain's losses are estimated to have been 325,000 killed in this war, as compared with 900,000 in World War I. For some other

countries the estimates are, France, 160,000, this time, and 1,300,000 last time; Italy, 250,000 and 650,000; United States, 250,000 and 126,000; Japan, 650,000 this time and very few last time, China, about 250,000 since 1939.

In the last war, 65 million men were mobilized, and 21 million came out of the war with wounds. The number mobilized has been greater in this war, in addition to which civilian deaths as a result of disease and starvation, which ran into millions 20 years ago (perhaps as many as the number killed in battle), may easily exceed that figure in this war.

Already the cost in productive effort has been estimated at more than \$800

Turn to page 54



S. H. Gandier R. M. Putnam N. N. Bentley
Alberta Department of Agriculture officials given enlarged responsibilities.

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[Guide Photo.]

Cattle, shade and water go well together. These milking Shorthorn cattle are on the Dominion Experimental Station, Lacombe, Alta.

There Is Money in Quality

The market hog of the future must be a good hog if the farmer is to be well rewarded

By R. D. SINCLAIR

Dean, Faculty of Agriculture and Prof. of Animal Husbandry, University of Alberta, Edmonton

CANADIAN farmers have done an excellent job of hog production during these war years. The people of Canada have been comfortably supplied with pork products and, in addition, bacon has been shipped to Great Britain in such volume as was not thought possible in prewar times. In terms of volume, Canada has virtually captured the British bacon market.

While we are entitled to give ourselves a pat on the back for what has been accomplished, is it possible that we have become a little too self-satisfied about achievement? If we are to be fair to ourselves we will have to admit that our performance has, to a considerable extent, been the result of having a free hand on both the domestic and British markets. There has not been any real competition. We have not been bargaining with buyers who have been in a position to compare the products of a number of exporting countries and deal on a basis of quality as well as price. It has been a little one-sided. When food is scarce, quantity is more important than price.

There would seem to be no doubt that we shall return again to a day when we will be faced with keen competition on the British bacon market and more discriminating buying on the part of Canadian consumers. Having consolidated our position as far as volume is concerned, we should take stock of the quality of our product at the present time and see if we are satisfied with our performance from that point of view.

This is an extremely important question as far as western Canada is concerned. It will be to our advantage to maintain pig production at as high a level as possible during the years that lie ahead. Livestock production should occupy an important position in our agricultural program and, from the point of view of pig raising, we appear to have certain natural advantages. We are in a position of comparative security as to a supply of grains naturally adapted to the production of bacon hogs. We have a reasonable supply of dairy by-products; and deficiencies in this connection may be made up by locally produced supplies of protein and mineral supplements. We really have an important stake in our pig business.

How do we stand on quality? Roughly speaking, 25 per cent of our hogs in western Canada are grading A in the carcass and not all of these carcasses fall within the most desirable weight ranges. If we assume that A-grade carcasses supply bacon and pork cuts of the quality necessary to satisfy the desires of those who want a comparatively lean product, then it follows that approximately 75 per cent of our customers have to take a product that is less desirable than our best. Some of these customers are in Great Britain and some are in Canada. It is only fair to our customers, wherever they may be, that a larger percentage of them should be able to get a top quality product.

It is true that our B-grade hogs are better than our "thick smooth" and

"shop hogs" of 1923, when live grading of hogs came in effect. Nevertheless, B-grade carcasses carry a surplus of fat, lack proper proportion and, in general, are not good enough to cater to a high-class trade. About 50 per cent of our marketings fall into the B grades. We may relieve our consciences at times by saying that approximately 75 to 80 per cent of our carcasses fall into the two top grades and by adding the comment that there is a greater profit on the B grades than on the A grades anyway. If we will face up to the facts, we will realize that a second-grade product will not satisfy good customers and that there is ample experimental evidence to show that hogs of the type which yield A-grade carcasses are just as economical producers as those which yield carcasses of lower grades.

We cannot afford to be satisfied with from 25 to 30 per cent Grade A performance. The general rank and file of our breeding stock has been improved tremendously as compared with the 1923 population. A general check-up all along the production line should boost the percentage of A grades significantly and bring about greater uniformity in our product in a comparatively short time. The following suggestions are offered in connection with this check-up.

Careful attention to breeding stock.—On the basis of experiments conducted at the University of Alberta, it may be stated that in the main such factors as length, proportion of shoulder, ham and middle, proportion of fat and lean, and distribution of back fat are determined by breeding rather than by feeding. Feeding will influence the amount of finish, but if we want to produce Wiltshire sides of the proper type, the main characteristics must be present in the sows and boars which are to produce hogs for market. Too often, poor quality and poor type are explained on the basis of bad feeding and poor management. There is no real substitute for good breeding stock.

Proper feeding methods and greater uniformity in feeding.—Feeding is of tremendous importance in obtaining the proper amount of finish at the correct weights and also for rapid and economical gains. We must use the results of experimental work to the very best advantage and attempt to develop more uniformity in our feeding methods. Much of Denmark's success in the production of high-class bacon was due to a high degree of uniformity of breeding and feeding methods throughout the entire country.

Adequate housing and good management methods. On many farms the pigs have hardly had a square deal in the matter of housing accommodation. While it may not be necessary to erect elaborate buildings for pigs, it is fair to say that they are entitled to as much consideration in this respect as other classes of livestock on the farm. Too often the pigs have been overlooked when building plans were being discussed. Such conditions as over-crowding, sun-burning, exposure to sudden changes in tem-

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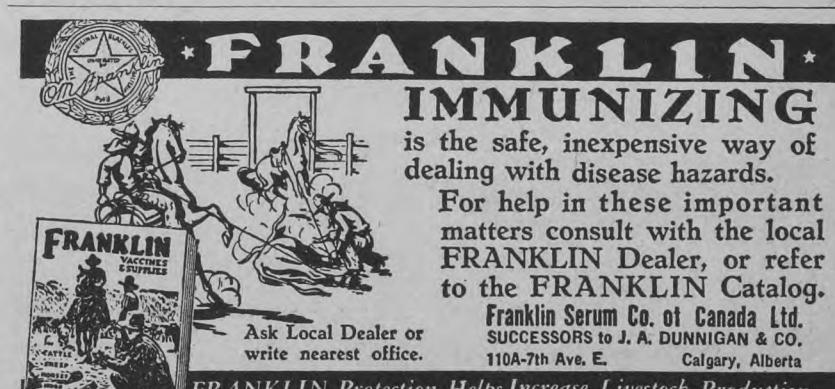
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HOG PRODUCERS!

A Steady Volume of BACON on the British Market REQUIRES PLANNING

DURING the war years a very large bacon trade with Britain has been developed. A satisfactory market for all that can be produced until the end of 1946 is assured.

A steady export outlet for a large volume of bacon every year is vital to a sound Canadian hog industry.

A lasting place on the British market and one which will be of greatest value to hog producers can be assured only by the continued producing of bacon hogs in large volume.

Retaining the British market will require planning ahead by every hog producer.

If you are a hog producer ask yourself these questions:

1. Have I made my plans to produce hogs regularly?
2. Am I making the best use of feeds?
3. Is my equipment designed for convenience and to save labour?
4. Am I raising as many hogs as my farm practice warrants?
5. Am I producing a high percentage of Grade A hogs?

Can you answer "yes" to these questions? If you can, you are helping Canada and yourself to retain a place of value on the British bacon market.

AGRICULTURAL SUPPLIES BOARD
Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa
Honourable James G. Gardiner, Minister

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perature, all affect the condition of the skin and the appearance of the carcass and thus lower carcass quality. Better housing would improve this situation and at the same time assist in preventing excessive losses at certain seasons of the year.

Checking weights of hogs before marketing.—The weight of the carcass depends upon the weight of the live hog when he leaves the farm. The weight of the Wiltshire side available for export depends upon the weight of the carcass. Uniformity of weight of export sides is, therefore, absolutely dependent upon the weight of the pigs when they leave the feeding pen. A suitable scale and weighing arrangement will pay big dividends. If all of our pigs were to leave the farm at weights of from 200 to 210 pounds, there is no doubt that the percentage of A-grade carcasses could be increased materially. Maximum weight is leading to over-finish in many cases.

It is realized that lack of labor and other handicaps make it difficult or impossible to do all of the things that we know should be done to insure the production of hogs of the very highest quality. Many of these obstacles will soon be removed. Then we should leave undone nothing that will help to increase the percentage of carcasses of the top grade. The best will be none too good on the bacon market of the future.

Beef and Bacon Contracts

COMPLETED contracts with the British Ministry of Food for bacon, ham and beef, were tabled in the House of Commons by the Minister of Agriculture in April. They confirm the announcement made last December to the Dominion-Provincial Production Conference at Ottawa, that existing contracts would be extended to the end of 1946 on the same basis both as to price and quality. In the case of both beef and bacon contracts, as well as of eggs, Britain will take all that Canada can supply, though the contract specifies minimum figures of 450,000,000 pounds of bacon and ham, and 60,000,000 pounds of beef.

The bacon and ham contract provides that the Canadian Meat Board will try to supply at least 75 per cent of the contract in the form of Wiltshire sides, the balance to be filled with fresh pork. Prices being the same as those in effect for some time, Wiltshire grade A will be purchased by the Ministry of Food at \$22.50 per hundred pounds. This is an overall price basis applying specifically to grade A Wiltshires. It becomes the task of the Meat Board, when such a price is established, to work out differentials between various weights and selections, since Grade A consists of 12 qualities, and Grade B Wiltshires of a similar number. Grade A and B are each divided into first, second and third selections as to quality; and each selection into four weights, namely: 45 to 55 pounds, 55 to 65 pounds, 65 to 75 pounds, and 75 to 80 pounds. When the prices paid by the Meat Board to the packers are finally worked out, they will show a range of approximately \$3.20 per hundred pounds between A-1, 55 to 65 pounds, the highest quality, and B-3, 75 to 80 pounds, the lowest quality. Other spreads involve the price to be paid packers for such portions as hams, gammons, middles, rib backs, square foreshanks, and tinned hams, and will show differentials ranging as high as \$11 to \$12 per hundred pounds.

To get a Wiltshire side of the preferred weight, namely, 55 to 65 pounds, will require a live hog of from 175 to 230 pounds, depending on the dressing

Scottish Farmers Albums Arrive

MANY livestock men in western Canada appreciate each year the fine pictures and text in the annual Scottish Farmer Album. The issue for 1945 has now reached us, and a few copies are still available for those who may want them. The price is \$1.00 postpaid. If you missed your copy of the Scottish Farmer Album for 1944, there are still a few copies also of this issue available from The Country Guide office. Address The Country Guide, 290 Vaughan Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, and enclose \$1.00 per copy.

percentage. If the hog dresses 70 per cent, it may weigh between 200 and 230 pounds, and yield a Wiltshire side of from 55 to 65 pounds in weight. If it dresses 75 per cent, it may weigh from 185 to 220 pounds. If it dresses 80 per cent, it may weigh from 170 to 184 pounds. A Wiltshire side will weigh 78 per cent of half the hot carcass weight, and will gain 2½ per cent in weight during the curing process.

The usual contract basis with the British Ministry is for food products delivered f.o.b. seaboard, either at Montreal or Halifax, and since the Meat Board prices are based on delivery at these points, prices to producers must be calculated after allowing for transportation of the cured sides or finished product from the packing plant to seaboard. Export rates on bacon to the

United Kingdom in carload lots are approximately as follows to Halifax, with about two cents less if shipped to Montreal. Edmonton and Calgary, \$1.29 per 100 pounds; Prince Albert, \$1.21; Saskatoon, \$1.17; Moose Jaw, \$1.12½; Regina, \$1.08½; Winnipeg 85 cents.

Prices on the 60-million-pound beef contract (steer and heifer carcasses) are \$22.75 for choice quality Red Brand, \$21.75 for good quality Blue Brand, and \$20.75 for medium quality. If the freight costs, say from Winnipeg to Halifax, approximates \$1.50 per hundred pounds, the cost to the packer of choice steer beef, dressed and ready for shipment, cannot exceed \$21.25 per hundred pounds, which, in turn, may enable him to pay the farmer as high as \$12.75 per hundred pounds for choice quality steers that will dress out 60 per cent.

The Cow's Day at Home

THE question as to what cows do with themselves and how they spend their time, reminds one of the remark made by Josh Billings, one of the early American humorists, who said that "a certain amount of fleas is good for a dog, because it keeps him from thinking too much about being a dog."

Many dogs perform no economic function, but this is not true of cows, except in such countries as India where they are regarded as sacred. Nutrition of farm animals is a fast developing science, and the art of feeding cattle is one which requires considerable scientific knowledge together with long experience and close observation of individual animals.

Since all cattle are large consumers of cheap roughages, and since for many months of the year, they require, as a rule, no feed other than good pasture, quality of pasture and the way in which cattle utilize it is a matter of considerable importance. Scientists in both the United States and Britain have watched the grazing habits of cows for days on end, for 24 hours each day, and have clocked the time individual animals have spent in eating, lying down, chewing the cud, and other forms of behavior.

An American investigator recorded the habits of a particular Aberdeen-Angus cow and found that, by watching the cow's nose, he could see that she preferred tender grass and clover from four to five inches high. She took from 50 to 70 bites every minute, but sometimes speeded this rate up to 90. She lay down 12 hours out of the 24, and grazed eight hours, or one-third of the time. The other four hours she spent

They Co-operated For Warble Control

FORTY farmers in the Claresholm district of southern Alberta decided this year that they would make a mass attack on warble flies and that to do so it would be advisable to buy a power sprayer. A farmer with 50 cattle or less bought a share for \$12, and for each additional 50 head he paid an additional \$5.00. To have his cattle treated, he paid seven cents per head, and if he was a non-shareholder, it cost him ten cents. Most farmers had two treatments applied. A man was hired to operate the machine and treat all the stock in the area, for

in recreation and wandered around; apparently without anything in particular on her mind.

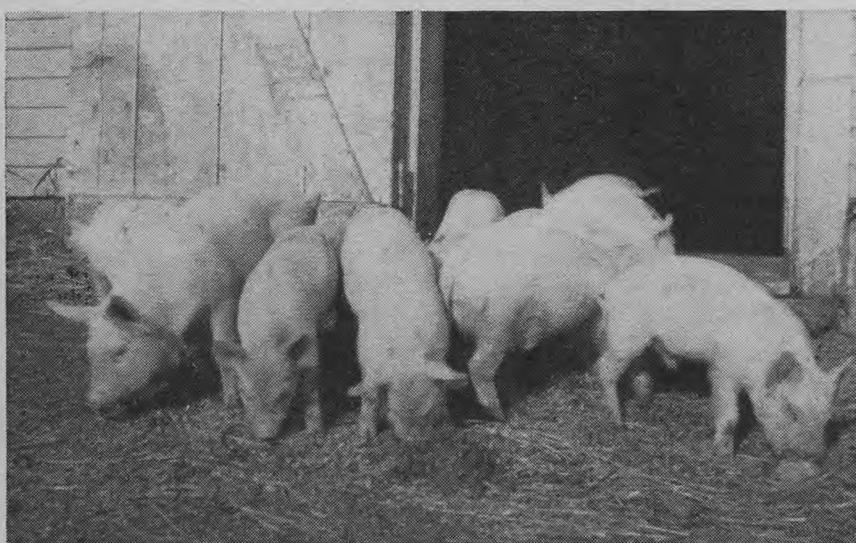
During the 24-hour period she walked 2½ miles, mostly during the day, but her grazing was about equally divided between day and night. Because the pasture was fresh and green, with a high moisture content she drank water only once; and since she had a calf at foot, the calf was given three meals a day, lasting 15 minutes each.

During each 24 hours she ate 150 pounds of grass and clover, or the equivalent of a pile three feet high and about six feet in diameter. The pasture grass had a dry matter content of 22 per cent, and the dry matter she consumed amounted to 32 pounds.

It was found that when a pasture field gets thinned down and the herbage is shorter, the cow eats less, until she may be able to eat no more than 50 pounds in a day. The same thing is true if the herbage is allowed to grow taller and head out. Here the feeding value is also reduced. Science has determined that 150 pounds of grass and clover per day means that the pasture itself contains about 3,000 pounds of green material to the acre while the cattle are grazing. Improved pastures can produce during the grazing season as much as 30,000 pounds of green herbage, but poor pastures often produce less than 3,000 pounds in a season. Working it out on a milk basis, it has been determined that the dairy cow could not produce more than about 40 pounds of milk per day on pasture alone, even if the pasture is first-class, and is assisted by the practice of alternate grazing.

which he was paid three cents per head. He moved the sprayer from farm to farm and treated herds varying from 15 to 450 head. In all, nearly 9,000 cattle were treated and the entire district made a very unhealthy place for warble flies.

This is something for groups of farmers in other districts to think over and work on between now and next spring. An individual farmer attempting to treat the warbles in his own herd cannot make very much progress unless his neighbors are equally keen on exterminating this pest. Entomologists point out that if a single nearby herd is



Carcass grading of Canadian market hogs shows that only about 25 per cent grade A. We can, and must, do better than this in the postwar years.—Photo: Animal Husbandry Division, C.E.F., Ottawa.



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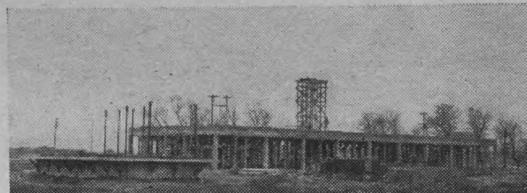
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[Guide Photos.]

The pilot plant for the study of fibre flax under construction at Portage la Prairie, Man., by the Dominion and a stack of de-seeded flax straw awaiting processing.



FIELD

How To Judge Seed Grain

A GREAT many fairs, both large and small, will be held in western Canada during the next two months. A substantial number of farmers, both old and young, will exhibit samples of grain at one or more fairs, and a much larger number of people will examine the exhibits with a critical eye, both as to the judgment of the exhibitor in bringing such grain to the show, and as to the excellence of the work done by the judges.

Whether a judge actually uses a score card or not during the process of judging, the chances are that he has in his mind some definite relationship between the values of the various factors contributing to the quality of seed grain. Moreover, while the same considerations apply to wheat as to barley, they may not have the same values.

In the judging of either wheat, oats or barley, size and plumpness, freedom from foreign seed, whether of weed seeds or other grains, and purity of variety are important. In the case of oats, thinness of hull is a consideration which is not met with in wheat and is not much of a factor in barley, because the hull on barley does not vary as much as in oats. For the same reason, the weight per measured bushel is a much more important factor with wheat and barley than of oats. In the case of barley, brightness of color is always emphasized, because it is the chief means of indicating freshness and the ability of barley to germinate evenly and quickly. When exposed to weather, or after it gets old, barely discolors very easily. Moreover, uniformity in size of barley is a more important factor than with either oats or wheat, and is therefore to be given special consideration, in addition to the size and plumpness of the kernel generally. In barley, too, there is another value generally called soundness, which is important because barley kernels are frequently broken in the threshing process. The seed breaks crosswise, so that the half of the kernel which contains the germ has an insufficient amount of starch, or plant food material to feed the young plant, in case it is sown and germinates. Broken seeds of barley are therefore discriminated against.

The amount and quality of the hull in oats is an important indication of the quality of the grain. Sometimes oats with thick hulls may have a heavy per bushel weight and sometimes the reverse is the case. Sometimes oats appear very plump, due, principally, to a thick hull. In other cases, plump oats have a thin hull; and to really examine two samples as to quality it is necessary to de-hull at least a dozen kernels of each and compare the amounts and quality of the hulls. The hulls on some oats are much tougher than on others, which means they will be harder to masticate and therefore would have a lower feeding value.

In the judging of wheat, the texture of the kernel is important. Every farmer knows the difference in appearance between a soft, starchy or piebald kernel and a hard, vitreous kernel. In the case of wheat, hardness indicates quality and it is necessary to either bite or cut some of the kernels, as well as to judge

by their appearance in order to determine kernel texture. Hard kernels are generally a little darker than those of poorer quality, and in addition there is a suggestion of transparency about them, or, in other words, they are described as "translucent."

The ability to germinate is, of course, very important in the seed, and could be given at least 20 points out of a 100, with as many as 25 points given for freedom from foreign seeds, in the case of oats and wheat.

Where sheaves of grain or forage crops are to be exhibited, it is important to remember that this material must be selected and prepared with the same care that is given to the preparation of seeds. Appearance is by no means the criterion in judging these exhibits, but it is, nevertheless, important to observe the regulations so that the judges will not be forced to decide between entries which lack uniformity in the way in which they have been prepared. Sheaves are usually required to be four inches in diameter at the centre. This provides a fair sample. Slender sheaves do not present sufficient material for comparison, while very large sheaves give an exhibit a very unbalanced appearance.

In the case of sheaves of cereal grains, the judges will, of course, try to visualize the crop represented by the sheaves they are judging. Thus, the length and strength of the straw will indicate the ease of handling the crop, while the stage of maturity and the indications of good yields will be related to the probability of early seeding and the profitableness of the crop. In many parts of the prairie provinces, and in portions of British Columbia, where the growing season is relatively short, the further advanced grain crops are, by a given date, the more satisfactory the yield is likely to be after allowances are made for differences in variety. Yield is indicated by large heads containing many spikelets and florets.

It is advisable, also, to show as much as possible of the full length of the straw, less only that which must be trimmed off to make a neat and tidy sheaf. The straw in a good sheaf will appear strong enough to hold up the heads until after harvest; and it must be long enough so that a crop of such grain could be handled with ordinary harvesting equipment, without inconvenience.

In the case of sheaves of fodder crops, such as grasses and clovers, they are judged for their value as fodder. Sometimes it is required that the material be cured, as for hay. This will mean that the material for the sheaf must be cut when the hay is cut and if the fair is held later, the sheaf must stand storage until fair time. Grasses will be cut before or just after flowering in order to get the largest yield of good quality hay. Alfalfa and other legumes will need to be cut when the plants are about 10 per cent in bloom. Also, because both yield and quality are so important in the case of fodder crops, the length of stems, as well as the fineness of the stalk, will receive considerable emphasis from the judges. Coarseness of stem is a worse defect than

shortness, although, of course, the judges will balance the two factors.

Cut Hay Early Enough

SINCE hay is grown for feed, it is logical that the crop should be cut when the grass or clover has reached the stage of growth at which the highest feeding value can be obtained. R. E. McKenzie, Dominion experimental station, Swift Current, suggests that the late cutting of hay crops results in the greatest loss which occurs in haymaking throughout the prairie provinces. This is because hay cut too late has less proteins and minerals, and more indigestible fibre than if it had been cut at the proper stage of maturity.

Mixed hay is more often grown for feed than single grasses or legumes. A mixture of brome and alfalfa should be cut when the grass has started to flower, and when mixed grasses are to be cut the grass making up the greater part of the mixture should be the guide.

The rule for alfalfa which is most generally recommended is that cutting when ten per cent of the crop is in bloom will give the best quality hay. From Swift Current it is suggested, nevertheless, that it is well to watch closely the starting of second growth from the bottom. If any new growth is starting, the crop should be cut, regardless of whether flowering has begun. Because alfalfa is of such high quality when properly cured as hay, the time of cutting is even more important than for most other crops.

Sweet clover, for a somewhat different reason, needs to be watched carefully also, because the longer sweet clover is left after the blossoms start to show, the more woody and less palatable the hay will be.

More, perhaps, than any other hay crop, crested wheat grass quality is injured by late cutting. This grass matures very rapidly. It is recommended that it should be cut when the field is fully headed. Failure to cut early enough is responsible for many disappointments in the quality of crested wheat grass hay. Timothy yields the highest quality hay when cut between the early and the full bloom stage. If left longer, it also loses quality and feeding value very rapidly. Brome grass and western rye grass may be cut a little later than crested wheat grass, but not later than the flowering stage.

Flax Bollworm a New Pest

SIX or seven years ago the flax bollworm was first noticed in Saskatchewan, and since then has been reported from Manitoba and Alberta. It is known to occur in Europe, Asia, and other parts of North America, but as far as Canadian entomologists are aware, it is only of economic importance in west central and southwestern Saskatchewan.

Flax is the only cultivated crop known to be attacked by this pest, which is a native climbing cutworm. During its early life as a larva it finds its way into the flax boll and eats out the seeds. The worm generally destroys every seed in the boll, but the bolls themselves are not chewed off, nor are the leaves eaten to any extent.

The flax bollworm during 1944 caused an average loss in the heavy flax producing areas of Saskatchewan of about three per cent, but in a few fields the damage was as high as 20 per cent. Moreover, the losses were greater than in 1943, although the area infested was about the same.

The adult of the flax bollworm is a moth which emerges from the pupa (in which form the insect winters over) in the early part of July. Egg-laying begins and the eggs are about the size of a pinhead, attached individually to the outside of the blossoming flax boll. In a few days hatching takes place and each tiny larva finds its way into the boll where it stays until all the seeds are eaten. It then chews through the side of the boll and finds another one, so that seven or eight bolls may be destroyed by a single larva. These are dull green color with four narrow white lines down the body, and are most frequently seen in the middle of August. About the latter part of August, they are full grown and drop off the plant. They change to a greenish-brown or brown pupa and winter over in the top inch or inch-and-a-half of soil.

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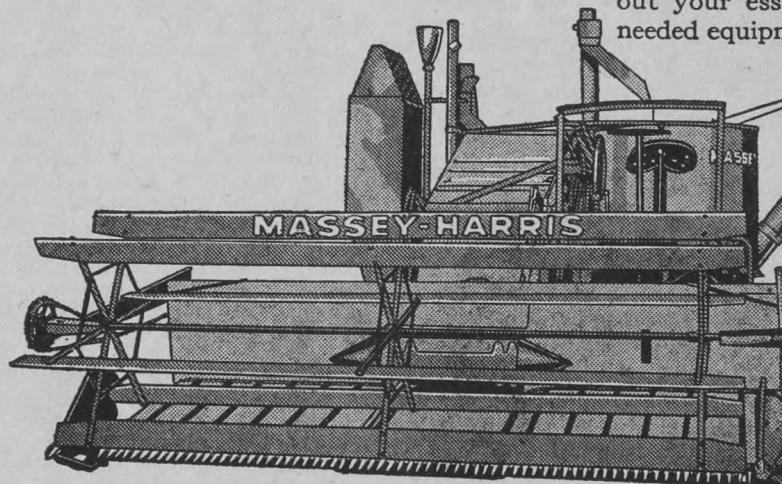
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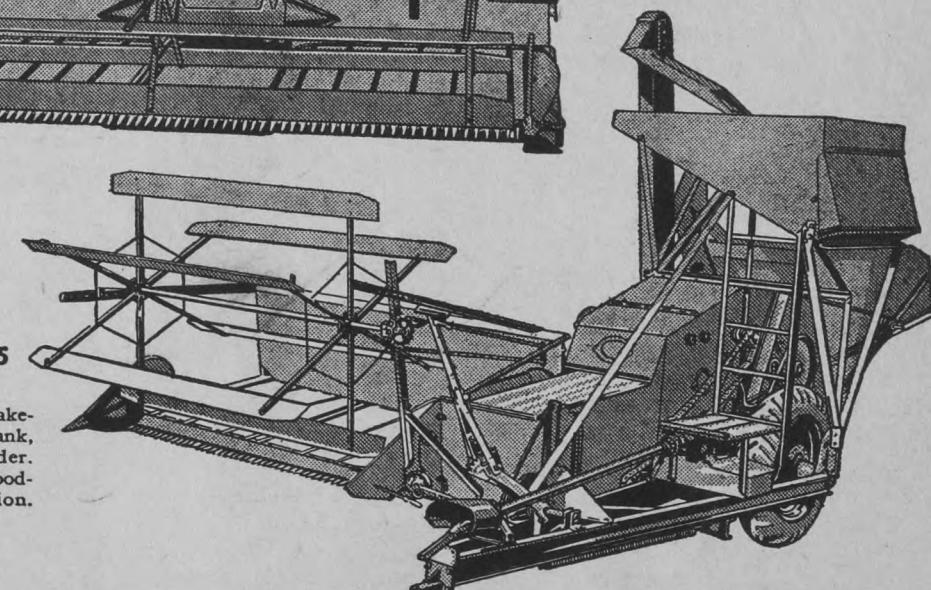
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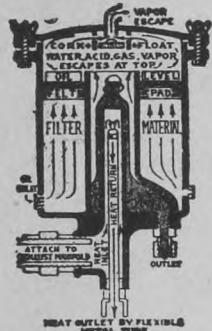
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because the flax bollworm has only very recently assumed economic importance. It is thought that shallow fall or early

spring tillage is beneficial, because it will reduce the number of pupae that survive the winter.

Barnyard Manure Has Many Values

THE amount of loss occurring in western Canada each year through failure to preserve the quality of farmyard manure, or even to use the manure at all, would be a surprising amount. Four or five tons of average farmyard manure will contain as much nitrogen as 250 pounds of nitrate of soda. In addition, there will be about as much phosphoric acid as in 100 pounds of 20 per cent superphosphate, and about as much potash as in 80 pounds of 50 per cent muriate of potash.

Cows will produce each year about 15 tons of manure per 1,000 pounds live weight; horses about 12 tons; sheep or fattening cattle about 10 tons; hogs 18 tons and chickens 4.2 tons. Manure from sheep and chickens will probably be about twice as high in nitrogen as from hogs or cattle, and about one-half of the nitrogen from cattle and sheep manure is in the urine. This is the reason why perhaps the most serious losses of fertility in manure occur when the liquid portion of the manure escapes, either because of fermentation, or because there has not been enough bedding to absorb the liquid. Ample bedding in feeding sheds or stables will prevent heating of the manure and loss of nitrogen into the air.

The value of manure, however, does not come solely, and in some cases even principally, from the plant food that it can provide. The amount of organic or vegetable matter which the soil contains is, generally speaking, a very fair index of its productive quality. Soils which have become impoverished and are low yielding are generally depleted in organic material, because manure has

not been used to replenish the fertility lost through continuous cropping, or because grasses and clovers have not been plowed down, or because stubble has been light and not sufficient to maintain the supply of vegetable matter in the soil.

One of the advantages of barnyard manure is that it is readily decomposed in the soil. This process of decomposition is carried on by millions of bacteria which are necessary to bring about the breaking-down process. Manure carries its own bacteria of decomposition, and when applied to soil, is the means of hastening the decomposition of other vegetable matter, such as crop residues and other materials from which humus can be formed in the soil.

Farmyard manure is comparatively low in phosphoric acid, and for this reason some men who are anxious to maintain the manure produced on their farms in the best possible condition, adopt the practice of sprinkling superphosphate in the stables at the rate of about 1½ pounds for each cow, steer or horse, 1/3 of a pound daily for each hog, or sheep, and one pound for each 100 hens. The superphosphate applied to the floors and gutters, helps to reduce odors by absorbing the gases. It keeps back the injurious fermentation process, and helps to lock in the nitrogen in manure which so frequently escapes into the air as ammonia. Barnyard manure is therefore a very definite asset to the livestock farm, and should be one of the first cares of the farmer who wishes to maintain his soil in a good state of fertility and in good heart.

Getting the Most From Grasslands

WHERE livestock are kept, grasslands for both hay and pasture are a necessity. After a field has been in grass for several years, it will deteriorate, usually from over-stocking. With proper management, the yield of pastures included in a rotation can be maintained and even increased, so that when the time comes to break them up, the amount of fibre to be turned under in preparation for the following crop will be at or near its maximum.

Over-stocking results in pastures being eaten down to the point where they become less and less productive. Weeds become more numerous and they occupy more space than the grass itself. Careful watching of the field is necessary to see when such weeds as pasture sage, cactus, golden aster, brown weed and yarrow are becoming more numerous. Soil erosion also takes place in depleted pastures and where there is insufficient grass to adequately maintain the stock running on it, the animals will turn to unpalatable shrubs, and will even eat certain poisonous plants, which results in losses. Such a pasture is of little value either for milk or beef.

Proper grazing means leaving a fair proportion of the current year's growth at the end of the season. This carry-over not only means that the pasture is

left in good shape for another season, but it provides a supply of cured grass for the following spring, which will be nutritious along with the new growth. The carryover also allows for some seed setting and to a certain extent some renewal from this source. Heavy grazing early in the spring is particularly injurious.

If livestock must travel more than about 1½ miles to water they will tend to overgraze the areas nearer the water. In some cases, the location of salt licks in various parts of the area will tend to avoid this; and shelter from heat and from insects well away from the water will have the same effect.

Where large areas of wild land or native pasture are used, special care is necessary in distributing the shelter, salt and water, because it is not often practicable to break these areas up. Manuring at from five to 15 tons per acre, where manures are available and the land is considered valuable enough, is very beneficial and often increases the yield of grass to a marked extent. Dividing the pasture into smaller areas and rotating the animals on them is sometimes practised. On large pastures this is seldom practicable because it requires special fencing and also water in each section to be grazed. On smaller



Burning a peaty field in northern Saskatchewan. Burning excess vegetable matter in this way means burning out the amount needed as well, and years may be required to put the field into really productive condition.

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pastures rotational grazing is seldom necessary if the grass is not overstocked. Ready access to water and the avail-

ability of electric fencing, together with an intensive livestock program on the farm, might make it desirable.

Commercial Fertilizers Replace Losses

FOR many years after the new land of western Canada was opened up for settlement, the use of fertilizers was considered unnecessary, and would have been, in fact, uneconomical. The vast stores of accumulated plant food resulting from an undisturbed grass cover, were lying ready for the pioneer settler. Continuous cropping accompanied by yields which were surprisingly good, year after year, led to the undesirable exploitation of these plant food reserves, and to charges of soil mining, which were in many cases only too true.

In more recent years, commercial fertilizers have come into more general use. They have been in limited supply during the war years, but even had the supply been generous, many men would have been reluctant to use them because of the feeling that, once started, the practice must be continued. This is probably true, since if it were not there would be no occasion to use them in the first place. When soils have been allowed to deteriorate in quality and cropping practices have led to a depletion of plant food in the soil, it is hardly to be expected that one or two applications of

some commercial fertilizer, applied at a rate which will give economical returns on the first crop harvested, will restore the natural fertility of these soils so that no more commercial fertilizers will be necessary. It is about as sensible to avoid the use of fertilizers for this reason, as to refrain from going to a doctor because, once started, one would have to continue for some time. If the natural fertility of the soil is depleted, the only profitable way of bringing yields up is to put more back into the soil.

This can be done by turning under grass or legumes, applying barnyard manure, or using commercial fertilizers. Since such a comparatively small percentage of farms in the prairie provinces have sufficient livestock to manure their comparatively large acreages even infrequently, and since we have not yet reached the point in farming practice where grass and legumes are grown regularly for the maintenance of soil fertility, there is no alternative but the use of commercial fertilizers where the depletion of soil fertility either threatens or has actually occurred.

Sudan Grass For Dry Season Pasture

DUUE to the lateness of the season this year, some farmers may have seeded or made plans to seed Sudan grass, which, even in a normal season, should not be planted until the last week in May or until the middle of June. It is a tall, fast growing sorghum, useful especially for pasture and hay. It will withstand considerable drought, and while in extreme dry weather the growth is slow, it remains green and responds quickly to rain and warm weather. Where conditions are ideal for its growth it is perhaps the fastest growing annual cultivated grass suitable for prairie soils.

Sudan grass does well on a variety of soils, but draws heavily on moisture, especially in dry seasons. It is, however, especially useful during July and August when other pastures have become brown and perhaps burned. The Dominion experimental station at Morden used Sudan grass during the very dry years of the '30's, and found that this pasture was green and luscious when all other pasture was very poor. It was found then that when cows were turned on Sudan grass, milk production increased as much as seven pounds per cow.

For seed, Sudan grass is better

sown in cultivated rows, the latter from 20 to 36 inches apart, and the seed used at from two to four pounds per acre. For pasture, however, drills six inches apart, and at the rate of twenty pounds per acre, can usually be secured by setting the drill to sow two pecks of wheat.

Sudan grass is ready for pasture from four to five weeks after seeding, under reasonably favorable conditions. When the first growth is eaten off, the stock should be turned off for a period in order to allow the grass to make additional growth. A note of caution must be sounded in connection with this grass, however, since in the green tender stage during the first weeks of pasturing, hybridized Sudan grass seed is poisonous. Morden has reported that all livestock relish Sudan grass, and there appears to be little dangers from bloat, though ordinary precaution should be exercised when pasturing for the first few days. Furthermore, stock should not be allowed to pasture Sudan grass that has been frozen down in the fall. There is a development of prussic acid in Sudan grass at this time which has been known to kill cattle, under certain conditions, within a very few minutes after eating the grass.

Save the Trash on Fallows

GRAIN growing areas where stubble from last year's crop was not very long, are likely to experience difficulty in keeping the soil from moving about with the wind. About 20,000,000 acres of land are summerfallowed each year, which means that the soil is pushed around by all kinds of machines; and the trash cover, which has proven to be the best protection against wind erosion, can easily be lost unless extreme care is taken.

It must be borne in mind that as much as possible of the trash cover must be kept on the surface of the ground until after seeding is completed in 1946. Experimental work has indicated clearly enough that excessive use of the one-way disc on summerfallows is a very excellent way of destroying the trash. Many farmers use a rod weeder after using the one-way disc lightly for the first operation. In areas where the blade weeder is in use, this is sometimes preferable to the one-way, since the latter, if used too deeply, can cover up the trash.

On many fields it is almost certain that the trash will have pretty well disappeared by the end of July. One way of wind-proofing such soil is to use the moldboard plow late in July as the final summerfallowing operation. On heavy clay or sandy land this plowing is not generally as satisfactory as listing late in the fall. The listing operation can be done with lister shovels on a duck-foot cultivator, spaced about five feet apart.

Even in those areas where the blade weeder is most commonly used and is considered as the best method of protecting the trash cover, the weeds are not always killed and the blade is sometimes used several times. In such cases, the trash is likely to be worked under, especially if the stubble is light.

Plowing Versus Surface Tillage

OVER the last seven years work done at the Dominion experimental farm, Brandon, and on experimental sub-stations in southwestern Manitoba indicates that the costs of plowing land intended for fallow, or preparing it exclusively by surface cultivation, are seldom significantly different. On the sub-stations during this period, wheat has yielded two bushels more per acre after plowing than after surface tillage, but on the Brandon farm, exclusive surface cultivation has tended to raise heavier crops than plowed fallow in dry seasons, while in wet seasons, a somewhat similar advantage was derived from plowing.

Authorities at Brandon conclude, therefore, that the recent years of ample moisture in southwestern Manitoba may be responsible for the increased yield from plowing. It is suggested that, after all, the main object should be to start sufficiently early in the season to control perennial weeds such as sow thistle and couch grass, and to prevent the maturing and distribution of weed seeds, while on the lighter soils the importance of maintaining an adequate trash cover is also a primary consideration.

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DOBBIN IS NOT DONE YET

Continued from page 9

Today, in an age of machinery, super-power and science generally, the horse is threatened with displacement in some of these fields of usefulness. Because fewer horses are now maintained on the nearly 325,000 farms of western Canada, there are those who argue that the horse will soon be more or less extinct as a farm work animal. They forget, for one thing, that no change-over of similar magnitude, either from natural to artificial products, from animals to machines, or from one type of implement to another, ever takes place quickly. Evolution, rather than revolution, is the underlying principle of progress. Revolutions, in fact, occur only when some agency or nation has flouted this underlying principle and has obstructed the pathway of evolution.

Horses then, are being subjected to evolution in farm power, to the impact of mechanization on agriculture, and to the special influence of economics which, in the case of wheat growing in the prairie provinces, has required larger farms, larger implements, the minimum of manpower, and the lowest possible cost of production. The horse has suffered on these larger farms, because he cannot deliver his power efficiently, by comparison with machines, when worked in teams of more than four animals.

The working horse exerts his power on the load by pushing against his collar, to which the load is attached by means of traces. The propelling force is in the hind quarters, and the most efficient horses for heavy draft work are short in the back, comparatively short-legged, and massive in size. A horse exerts his maximum power when starting a load, since all four feet are on the ground, and his equilibrium is stable. When walking, he can exert less power; when trotting, still less; and when running, hardly any at all, except that generated by his own momentum. Power in the draft horse is generated, of course, from the heavy muscles carried by such a horse, and if two or three feet are off the ground during movement, as in the case of trotting or running, the power plant operates less efficiently.

It has been calculated, however, that two horses working together do not produce the same power as if each were working separately, the loss in the team being two per cent. When three horses are worked together, only 87 per cent of their maximum power is furnished. With four horses, the figure is 80; five horses, 73; six horses, 67; seven horses, 55; and an eight-horse team delivers only 49 per cent of its maximum power. This loss in power is partly due to varying dispositions in the horses that make up the team, and the impossibility of regulating eveners to compensate exactly for this difference, and for differences in conformation.

This loss in efficiency probably accounts in considerable measure for the inroads which mechanical power has made into the work formerly done by six and eight-horse teams. Add to this the fact that mechanical power has become more dependable and efficient as the result of experience and the mounting on rubber of both tractors and equipment, and the additional fact that working horses require constant care, and no one need wonder at some decrease in the horse population. Then, too, there is the fact that manpower is costly, and during the war years has been extremely scarce. Speed, too, has become a factor—sometimes overestimated in importance. But where large acreages are operated, with a temperamental weatherman to contend with, and granting the difference between an optimum working speed of 2½ miles for draft horses and a speed of four miles or more for mechanical power, the appeal of the latter is understandable. Auxiliary power services, such as the grinding of feed, the sawing of wood and the hauling of grain have likewise attracted both the large and smaller farm operators.

As a result, the 16 years between 1930 and 1944 saw a decrease in the horse population of western Canada of more than 400,000. Some increase (about 14 per cent) occurred in B.C., but Alberta lost 95,000 head, Saskatchewan 252,000, and Manitoba 70,000. In spite of these losses, however, the horse population of the four western provinces remained at approximately 1,750,000, the other five provinces having between them about 960,600, making a total horse population of 2,735,000, of which 312,300 were foals and yearlings.

Of the 65 per cent of Canadian horses located in western Canada, a large number (estimated at from 250,000 upwards) consist of unbroken range horses, or "broncos" that do not enter into the farm picture except as they consume pasture which might be better used for cattle, and constitute a drag on the horse market, because of the over-emphasis that is attached to their existence. It was recently announced that a two million dollar contract has been signed for the supply of more than 10,000 tons of horse meat to be processed from these surplus horses for shipment to Belgium. Processing plants at Swift Current and Edmonton have been in process of development for some time, and it is expected that this market, together with the market for fox meat, will shortly reduce the numbers of these undesirable horses to manageable proportions.

Whatever the numbers of these surplus horses, it appears quite clear that their existence and the unusual publicity attendant on attempts to find a market for them, has served to cloud the danger of a real shortage of good horses for Canadian farms. This, together with the rapid pace of mechanization, has led to a serious under-appreciation of the place which the horse still occupies on the majority of Canadian farms. As pointed out by J. M. McCallum, Associate Chief, Livestock and Poultry Division, Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, not long ago, horses still do the work on 64 per cent of the farms in western Canada, and on 89 per cent of the farms of eastern Canada, where, according to the Dominion census of 1941, there are no tractors. Eastern Canada has for years drawn from 20,000 to 25,000 horses per year from the prairie provinces, and in 1944, the number shipped east was 28,586.

The horse has not been in the lime-light during the war years, primarily for the reason that, with emphasis laid so heavily on food animals (cattle, pigs, poultry and sheep), it was perhaps inevitable that the horse should be more or less out of the public mind, in spite of the fact that he furnishes the power with which to cultivate the land, and sow and harvest the crops from which dairy products and livestock have brought such increased revenue to Canadian farms since 1940.

MR. McCALLUM believes that there is cause for immediate concern in "the rapidity with which the numbers of colts and fillies under two years of age have decreased in the last three years." He has pointed out that since 1942 the total horse population has dropped 81,000 head, but the number of foals and yearlings has decreased by 106,800 head. Most of this decrease has occurred in western Canada, and it is expected that at June 1, 1945, the number of foals and yearlings on farms in Canada "will be considerably less than



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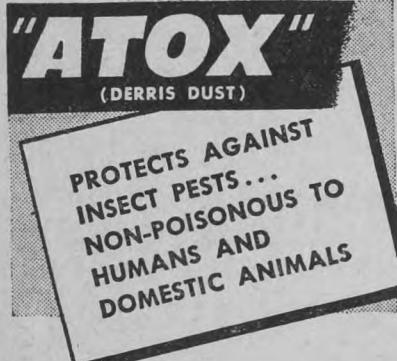


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300,000, of which less than 50 per cent will be foals."

More than 5,500 horses were disposed of at ten organized horse sales in the prairie provinces last spring. This is the largest number of horses ever sold at western Canadian sales. Averages were not high, Calgary, Stettler and Brandon averaging approximately \$70 for a total of 2,200 horses at the three sales, while Regina and Lacombe sold 2,200 horses for approximately \$65; and Red Deer 327 for \$66. Top prices, however, were satisfactory. The high team at Lacombe brought \$700, and the high single horse at both Lacombe and at Calgary \$350. The high team at Saskatoon brought \$500, at Regina \$550, and at Calgary \$590.

"A consideration of the over-all situation in the horse industry of Canada today," says J. M. McCallum, "would not justify the statement heard too often that the day of the draft horse in this country is done. Neither would it justify a belief that the horse business will boom in the future as it did in by-gone years. What is needed in the production of draft horses is not a program of indiscriminate breeding, but a program of selective breeding under which farmers would continue to raise draft foals from the best of their mares and the best sires available, in numbers sufficient to stop the dangerous decline which has taken place in the production of foals. It is to be hoped that six, eight or ten years hence, as the case may be, there will be a supply of good, mature draft horses for every need in this Dominion."

Thus speaks an official whose job is to see the horse industry in all its aspects from one Canadian coast to the other; and it is a safe enough bet that no forward-looking observer of the heavy horse breeding industry in Canada today would disagree with his statement.

MOST of the standard arguments for the horse on Canadian farms still exist, for the majority of farms. The horse can be raised on the farm, or it can be bought at a fair price. It can be worked from three to six years of age, with the likelihood that it will appreciate in value constantly during that period. His feed can be grown on the farm with the minimum money cost. In ordinary times horses consume coarse grains and home-grown roughage, some of which is not worth much if marketed. Raising horses on the farm avoids large cash outlays for mechanical power, and on many farms horses make it easier to adjust the amount of power available, to the actual needs of the farm, without loss of efficiency. The manure also has a value which is not to be denied, and in western Canada, horses can be wintered over very cheaply in a season when there is not much work for them to do. Waste in the use of horses can be avoided by raising fewer horses, of better types, and of a kind more suitable to economical farm power.

The need for more good horses immediately brings into focus, however, another problem facing the horse breeder. Some time ago this was stated as follows by T. P. Devlin, Secretary of the Clydesdale Horse Association of Canada: "A major problem confronting horse breeders these days is the lack of suitable sires of good enough quality to mate with the good mares still owned by breeders. Many breeders still possess several head of good mares who remain yeld because of the inability of their owners to purchase a sufficiently good stallion to mate with them. The reason is that money invested in a stallion is not recoverable, due to owners being unable to secure sufficient mares at reasonable terms within a suitable distance to make the keeping of a high-class stallion a sound, financial proposition."

"It is high time, therefore, that some serious, heavy thinking was being done in an effort to develop ways and means whereby breeders still owning good mares will be able to get the use of a high-class stallion at a reasonable service fee. In the opinion of some forward-thinking men, the only solution to this

problem is employing the system of artificial insemination."

THE Dominion government has, in fact, established within the last two months, an artificial insemination centre at the Dominion Experimental Farm, Brandon. Two good sires, one a Percheron and the other a Clydesdale, have been stationed at Brandon, and a technician will operate within a designated area for the benefit of breeders who may nominate mares for one or the other of these horses.

It is interesting to recall that in the year 1918 there were 5,738 stallions enrolled in the three prairie provinces, of which number all but 573 were pure-bred. By 1931 the number had decreased to 1,578, of which, moreover, all but about 100 were of the draft breeds. We do not have the number enrolled in the three prairie provinces for the year 1944, but in Saskatchewan, the total was 677 pure-breds and 24 grades, almost exactly the same number as in 1931. During the years in between, the number rose to as high as 1,378 pure-breds in Saskatchewan in 1940, with 126 grades, the most serious drop occurring in 1944, from a 1943 figure of 1,029 pure-breds.

These figures, however, are enrolment rather than population figures, since 1941 census figures give 5,959 Saskatchewan stallions two years and over. The problem facing the horse industry of western Canada, and particularly those who aspire to breed good horses, is one of adaptability. The experience of the last 200 years proves beyond any question that the horse can be bred to do almost any job that is required of him. It is arguable as to whether it is not easier in fact, to adapt the horse to changed conditions than the breeder. By whatever method the end is achieved, however, it will be by way of quality. Perhaps, too, the horse implements of the future will be rubber mounted in order that the horse may compete efficiently with power equipment. Also, the horse industry may really begin to study the situation in which it finds itself and, after satisfying itself as to the facts of the situation, will be able to formulate a plan by which it may compete fairly, in its own sphere, with its mechanical competitor.

WANT TO BUY A FAMILY FARM?

Continued from page 10

for less than these prices, if really good progress was to be made, but the prices quoted are for the entire farm, and not merely the improved land. It may well be, therefore, that it might be better to rent than to buy, if land prices are rising as a result of good yields and good prices such as have been experienced during the war years. Experience has indicated that such periods do not last indefinitely.

Another reason why it might pay better to rent than to buy lies in the fact that few purchasers are able to pay more than about 30 per cent in cash. The Saskatchewan survey indicated that out of 1,171 farms tabulated on this question, only 344 were bought for 30 per cent cash or more, the remaining 827 farms having been purchased on smaller down payments. Of 382 farms bought for nine per cent cash or less, the average result of 16 years of occupancy was an average annual loss in net worth of \$39. Those that paid from 10 per cent to 29 per cent each (445) showed an average gain in net worth of \$118 per year after 19 years. Cash payments at purchase time of 30 per cent and up to 69 per cent, for 221 farms occupied for 22 years, showed an increase in net worth per year of \$152, while on 123 farms, where cash down amounted to 70 per cent or more, the average yearly gain in net worth was \$219 over 24 years. It was concluded that the poorest soils should not be purchased at all unless all cash could be paid; that at least 50 per cent cash should be paid for

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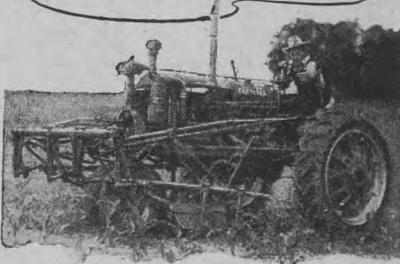
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medium soils; and from one-third to one-half cash for really productive land.

IT is not the purpose of this article to discuss the purchase of additional land by owners already established. In general, however, the Saskatchewan survey did show that it has paid Saskatchewan farmers to increase the size of their farms, provided it is done cautiously "after consolidating their position as they go along."

For the same reason, size of farm is also important at the time of purchase. Few men can afford to buy, at one time, the acreage that would be considered ideal, and at the same time retain sufficient working capital. Nevertheless, Saskatchewan farm surveys made between 1929 and 1940 indicate that, next to climate, the size of farm and yield per acre of wheat are the two most important factors determining the labor income of the farmer. In periods where yields and prices are comparatively low, very large farms may lose from five to six times as much money as small farms, but with average or better-than-average yields, even if prices are extremely low, the largest farms showed from five to eight times the amount of net farm income shown by farms averaging only one-third as large. Size of farm, therefore, has a definite bearing on ability to support the farm family. Buying too small a farm for the district will probably mean not only that the farm could not be paid for, but that the family would enjoy only the most meagre living, with no hope of enlarging the scale of operations to a more favorable basis. Buying too large a farm on limited cash resources might be equally disastrous, especially if years of low yields, or low prices, or both, should strike soon after purchase.

One other fact is worth considering here. That is the question of education. If you are one of those who believe that education is not necessary for successful farming, consider these figures carefully, and while you are doing so, consider also whether the low average labor income in agriculture may not be due as much as anything else to a low level of education. Remember also that the education of the farmer's wife is as important in relation to the average gain in net worth per year, as the education of the farmer himself. Of 1,641 farms from whom this specific information was gathered, the average standard of education of the farmer and his wife on 146 farms was grade three in public school, or less. Their average yearly gain in net worth was \$32 over 17 years. Of 1,121 farmers where the educational standard was between grade 4 and grade 8, the net worth figure averaged \$63 for 17 years, or almost exactly twice as much. Of 282 farms where average education was grade 9 or grade 10, and the period on the farm was exactly the same, the gain in net worth was \$133 per year, or four times that of the farm families with less than grade 3 education. There were 83 farms where the operator and his wife averaged grade 11 or grade 12 education. Their gain in net worth per year over 14 years was \$198, or more than six times those with grade 3 or less. Ten farm couples averaged more than grade 12 education, and averaged \$235 increase in net worth per year over 19 years, or 7.34 times the amount achieved by those with the minimum of education.

Perhaps this factor of education has comparatively little to do with the kind of farm you or your son should buy, but at least it warrants the suggestion that you, as an older person with sons and daughters growing up whom you would like to see successful farm folk 10 or 20 years from now, are probably desirous of doing something to help guarantee that success. If so, educate them, for without it they will have a slim chance.

NOW let us go from the very general to the general. Land appraisers are persons who are qualified to appraise property. They, like farmers, have become specialists, and, with the passage of years in western Canada, a sizable group of men have appeared who are specializing in the appraisal of farm land. In the early years of settlement it was not possible to distinguish clearly between price and value, because there were no standards by which to measure value. One acquired land any way one could get it—from

the government, or from someone who wanted to sell. One paid as little as possible for it and hoped for the best, because there were no records of yields for years back, and no weather records: Rust, drought, grasshoppers and other visitations were regarded as acts of God, and were included among the tribulations of pioneers.

With increasing settlement, land acquired some definite value. The land was worth more, but no one knew how much. Prices of land rose by guess and by golly and, along with a greater measure of stability, came the investor. He, too, took a chance, and sometimes it paid off. Money, however, is a coward, avoiding all foreseeable and unnecessary risks. Local investors were able to lend on the basis of personal experience. Larger companies, at a distance, were forced to employ men to appraise land and to distinguish between price and value. Gradually men were sought with a farming background, and, generally, a good agricultural education.

A new profession grew up among those who were expert land appraisers, and for the last few years there has existed the Canadian Appraisal Institute, composed of land appraisers who get together and study the problems of land appraisal. To qualify as accredited appraisers, they must pass stiff examinations, both written and practical. Once qualified, according to the standards set up by the Institute, discussion goes on in meetings, in literature and practical field demonstrations, in an endeavor to improve the methods of land appraisal, so that the conscientious member may be enabled to arrive more certainly at the true value of a piece of land. Gradually certain principles and methods have emerged, that are considered to be fundamentally sound.

The relationship of members of the Canadian Appraisal Institute to your problem of buying a farm is this: These men are largely employed by mortgage, insurance and trust companies, whose business it is to invest large sums of money belonging to other people, with the expectation of making a profit. They must invest with a minimum of risk. The chances are, therefore, that the methods of appraising land values considered sound by a member of the Canadian Appraisal Institute, are likely to produce valuations with a high degree of reliability. The farmer who proposes to purchase a piece of land can hardly fail to benefit himself if he attempts to follow the same method and approaches.

That, however, is rather too long a story for this article. It will mean getting down from the general to the particular in real earnest, so that if you care for that sort of thing, and believe that farming is a business, as well as a way of living, you might like to follow up the discussion and see where it leads next month.

(The Country Guide and the writer assume full responsibility for this article and the one to follow. A full measure of appreciation and credit for what sound advice the article may contain belongs, however, to A. R. Purchase, Investment Manager, Mutual Life Insurance Company of Canada, Winnipeg. Mr. Purchase has collaborated freely and fully in discussion of important points and in providing literature bearing on the question. Both articles would have been much less effective without his assistance.)



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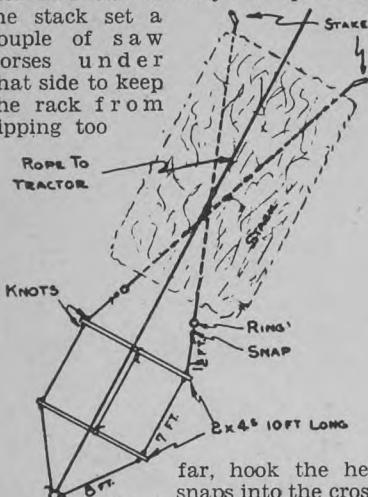


Various Farm Devices

Suggestions which may come in handy this summer

Roll-up Stacker

Remove one side of the rack and put the sling shown across the bottom of the rack and load the hay on top of it. At the stack set a couple of saw horses under that side to keep the rack from tipping too

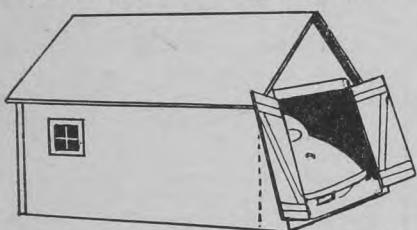


far, hook the heavy snaps into the crossed rope shown on the stack, put the tractor or guide rope over the load and tie it in to the ring on the opposite side of the sling, and roll it off the side of the load and right up on the stack. Get up on the stack after every load and straighten it a little and see that it is shaped properly and is kept full and well tramped in the middle. A team can be used instead of tractor if desired.

The 2x4x10-foot pieces can be bored near each end to put a $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch rope through, but the middle rope should be tied around the 2x4's so as not to weaken them. The 2x4's should be about 7 feet apart. The crossed ropes can be pulled from under the load when it is in place.

Lengthening Garage

Here is a simple way to lengthen the garage so that it will take a longer car.



Just extend it out at the bottom, without lengthening the roof. The doors will

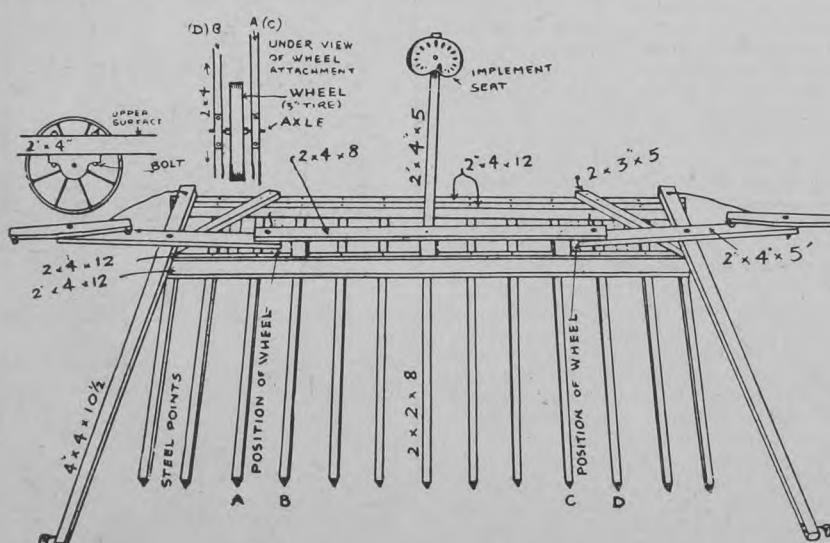
Horse Drawn Hay Sweep

By studying the drawing, and using the following bill of materials, anyone handy with tools can make this horse drawn hay sweep. It is from a model made by the Dominion Experimental Farm at Brandon.

Bill of Materials

Fingers: 13—2" x 4" x 8" tapering to about 2" square. Each finger is bolted at the back end of the frame and to the 2" x 4" set on edge at the front.
Tongues: 2—4" x 4" x 10' 6". These are offset from fingers.
Y Braces: 2— $\frac{5}{8}$ " round iron. The two ends extend through the pole. There is a ring at the outer end for the breast strap.
Corner Braces: 2—2" x 3" x 5' attached to the

frame at the back, front end is between tongue and frame.
Eveners: 2—and the piece for seat are 2" x 4" x 5'.
Guard Plank: 1—2" x 4" x 8" supported by three 2" x 4" x 8" high. This plank is bolted to main frame by two $\frac{3}{8}$ " x 18" bolts.
Iron Braces: 2— $\frac{5}{8}$ " x 20' from the inner end of evener back to the main frame.
Iron Braces: 2— $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 30' from outer end of evener back end of pole.
Double Eye Bolts: 4— $\frac{1}{2}$ ", two to bolt back end of tongue to frame; two for inner end of eveners.
Wheels: 2—16" in diameter with 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ " or more face. Wheels are between third and fourth fingers.
Axles: 2—1 $\frac{1}{2}$ " piping or similar material, ends to be bolted to fingers or carried on boxing attached to the third and fourth fingers.



stay either open or shut and they also lift clear of the snow. The drawing was made from a snapshot taken on the farm of John Stevens, Morrinvile, Alta.

Improvised Cant Hook

In getting out the wood supply a cant hook often comes in handy. One can easily be made by using the centre iron from an old neckyoke. The hook can be made from a piece of old iron. By allowing the handle to project below the hook the iron spike can be eliminated. Or a piece of iron

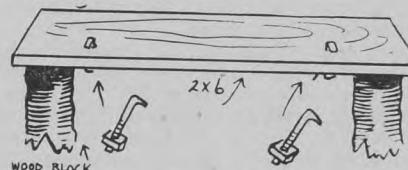
can be riveted on the side next the hook, as in a boughten cant hook. It is bent out at the bottom to face the point of the hook.

Fastening to Concrete Wall

Never use wood when lagging a screw to fasten anything to a brick or concrete wall. Drill the hole a little larger than the screw to be used and fill the hole with leather. Then insert the screw and turn it in tight. Wood rots or powders, but good leather will last indefinitely. This applies when ordinary screw nails are used. For lag screws, which take a larger hole, the leather is cut so that it will line the hole like a piece of hose.

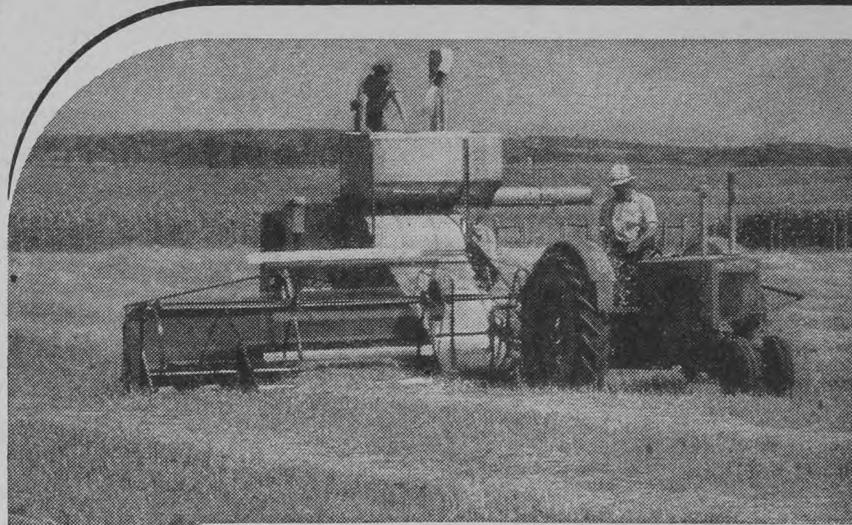
For Sharpening Mower Knives

This is a useful rig for sharpening mower knives by hand. It calls for a



piece of 2x6 a little longer than the knife. Two holes are bored 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches from one edge and spaced to come opposite the fifth section from each end. The heads are then cut from two bolts and the bolts flattened for about an inch back, then bent as shown. The knife is slipped under the clips and the nuts are tightened. The plank can be put on two blocks or posts and be sat upon when sharpening the knives, or can be raised to any height desired.—Chas. Richardson, Douglas, Man.

A Big Extra That Counts at Harvest

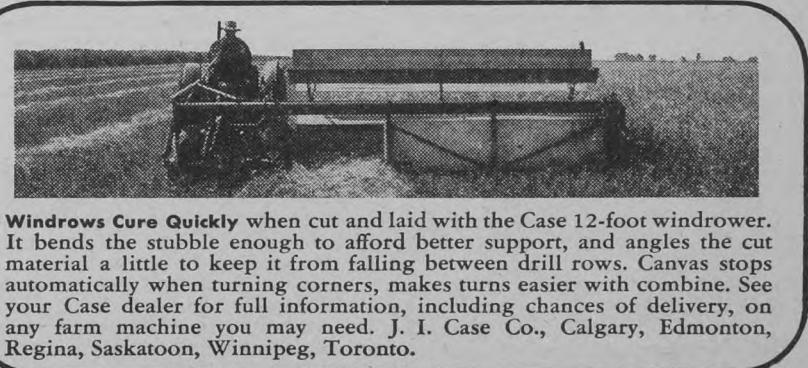


It's Not the Size of Scoop that tells how much a man can shovel, nor is cutterbar width the measure of combine capacity under the difficult conditions which so often hamper harvest in Canada. All Case combines are built with extra capacity where it counts—in the threshing, separating and cleaning mechanism. Model "M," above, has 9-foot cut, auger-type header, rub-bar cylinder, and "air-lift" cleaning. It is easy to operate, quick on the turns.

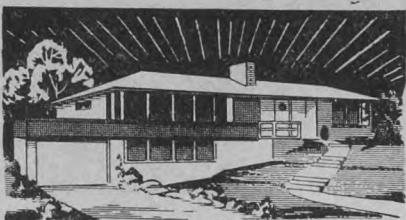


Geared to Go Faster, the 12-foot Case Model "K" combine works at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ or 4 miles an hour in ordinary conditions, makes use of the speed of modern tractors to do as much in a day as 16-foot or larger combines formerly could do. Like the similar "M" and the smaller Case combines, the "K" is a one-man machine, operated from the tractor seat. All are equally suited to working from the windrow or in standing grain.

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\$100 Bond—Ticket No. 8994A
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\$100 Bond—Ticket No. 35970
J. B. GLOVEN
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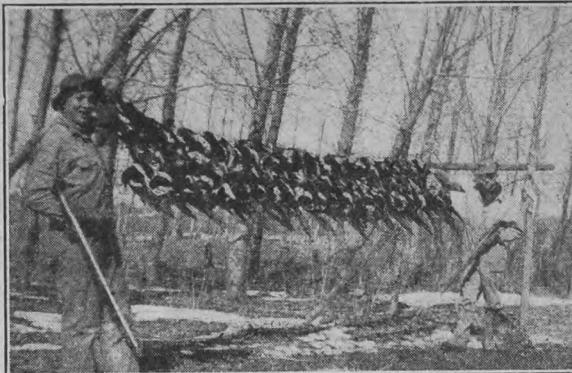
\$100 Bond—Ticket No. 143246
CPL. BIRD, M.A.
Currie Barracks, Calgary, Alta.

\$100 Bond—Ticket No. 15711A
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Sandwick, B.C.

Forty-five Magpies in Two Days

DURING Easter Holidays, Bill Tye, of Edmonton, who was visiting at my farm home, and I read the article written by Kerry Wood in the March edition of your paper. In it he stated it was a truly clever sportsman who could bag more than five or six magpies in a year, so Bill and I took up the challenge. We are enclosing a snap which shows just what we accomplished in a specialized hunt. In a two-day war on the black and white birds the result surprised ourselves and all the neighbors. We were equipped with a twelve-gauge shotgun and a twenty-two with a scope sight.

We started out on our magpie control measures Friday morning, and late that evening, had 25 in the bag. Satur-



day we accounted for 20 more. We were not aided by bait, and resorted to our savage instincts in the art of stalking to obtain our striking total. Our ammunition output was small compared to the havoc wrought on the wily thieves. We expended no more than 20 shotgun shells and about 75 twenty-two shells. This proves that the magpie is not invulnerable, as many people think, and that he can be bagged in numbers if the right technique is employed. — Robert Pharis.

Red Salmon for the King

The aristocracy of fish—By Walter K. Putney

WITH meat of all kinds scarce in many countries, people are turning more and more to fish. What would you say if, when you started to purchase a fish, the clerk asked, "How much are you worth? Can you afford to buy this fish?"

What would you think if the waitress in a restaurant refused to give you scallops, because she said that your social rank did not permit her to serve them to you?

Ridiculous? Yes, today, but we are fortunate. Not more than a century ago that happened frequently, in Europe, because fish used for food could be sold only to certain social classes of people. The most expensive and highly colored were reserved for members of royal families; the nobility had fish that were a little less costly and gorgeous; the middle classes had to eat the heavier, less attractive fish, while the working classes had the very humblest or common fish, such as ground fish, caught not far from land.

If a person was detected eating fish that belonged to a higher social class, he was not only severely punished but forbidden to eat fish for from a month to a year. The fish merchant who sold fish "out of class" was likewise penalized and his fish market was closed for a certain period of time. Yet either seller or eater of fish could handle fish that belonged to a lower class without fear of punishment.

Fish markets were open at different periods of the day for the various classes of buyers. The poor people came early in the morning, before those of wealthy or royal classes had arisen. The hour for selling was definitely set, although other goods might be sold there at any time.

For example, a market might open its doors at eight in the morning, although no fish could be sold until nine. A gong was struck, denoting that the selling hour had come and people hurried there to make their purchases. Perhaps the middle classes might buy at ten-thirty; the bell is struck again and they go to do their marketing for fish; then at noon, when the lower classes have been served, the gong is struck, sometimes, with more strokes, to indicate that it is time for the highest social classes to send their servants for fish. Sometimes those high class folks came themselves and when they did, no commoner was permitted near the places where the fish was sold. Members of royalty never went to the fish market unless there was some unusual display of fish to be seen, such as those very brilliant ones from tropical waters; and while they were present nobody at all was permitted to even enter the market.

The law permitted people to leave their places of employment in order to buy fish and they could not be punished by their employers for neglecting their work. This applied to the poor people who worked in the fields or did other

manual labor, and it also was applicable to those who did no manual work but were clerks, like the so-called white-collar men of today.

There were a few exceptions to the rules. For example, if there was an unusual supply of certain fish at hand, and enough for everybody to buy, a special gong was sounded and all classes except royalty could mingle at the market place to purchase their fish. Then, too, if some fish reserved for higher social classes was not all purchased, that fish could be sold late in the day because it might otherwise be spoiled.

There were special seasons for fish, as we know them today—mackerel, salmon, herrings and smelts—and announcement of their coming on the market, together with the price to be charged, was posted on a bulletin board. Those were ceiling prices and could not be raised, once they were put down, but they could be sold for less if trade in them was not brisk. With that came the rule that nobody could purchase fish unless he was well able to do so and the clerk or waiter asked some pretty pertinent questions of strangers with whom they were not acquainted—how much money he possessed, the value of his property and how many in his family. This was necessary, for no excuses were accepted when clerk or waiter made a mistake. After the wealthy people had the first run of new fish the prices declined and the next class could afford purchases, then the next and so on until the last in the season were low enough in price for the workingman and poor people.

In connection with this custom of ranking fish, socially, it is interesting to note that it was believed that plain fish or those that were of odd shape or marking might bring ill-health to the one who ate them. Hence the common people, who did not count as highly, could eat them and they were never sold to royalty or nobility. Likewise, tropical fish were supposed to bring the warmth of their waters to the homes, and their brilliant colors to give beauty to those who ate them. So why waste them on poor or common people? Beauty and comfortable homes were for those who could afford such luxuries.

These beliefs date back to the early Roman days and fabulous sums were paid for certain tropical fish of bright hues. Some of those Roman noblemen had channels dug from their estates to the sea so as to have sea water in which their fish might live until eaten. Tropical fish were always prescribed for ladies who were losing their charm and youth. In a similar manner there were other fish, generally reserved for the lower classes, that were prescribed for youths of nobility who wished to excel in horsemanship and feats of strength. Such fish included the fighters of the sea that were large, heavy and known for their strength and endurance.

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Comment on Recommended Varieties

IT is no longer necessary for anyone to speak only hopefully as to the possibility, in almost any district of the prairie provinces or of the more rigorous parts of B.C. as East Kootenay and the areas of Central B.C., of having sufficient tree fruit in crab apples, apples, and some of the different plum species and hybrids to provide plentifully for their family needs.

While much new knowledge and new varieties come up each year not yet wholly tested, there are, for those who want certainty, several varieties on which a wide agreement as to their qualities has been secured, that they can plant with assurance that, if they do their part as to care and location, returns will be ample.

While at the issue of Dr. C. F. Patterson's good book "Hardy Fruits" (1936), there was still much speculation as to varieties and their fitness over wide areas, Dr. Patterson could today revise his publication in the light of another nine years of "trial and error," with statements of definite reliability replacing "beliefs and hopes" on a number of varieties.

Today the approval of at least a small number of varieties by a jury of such candid and thorough experimentalists as Dr. Wheeler, John Lloyd, J. M. Dyck, W. Boughen, F. Skinner, P. D. Hargrave, W. R. Leslie and his staff, and A. Spancelo, who concur almost unanimously on the following few varieties at least, should give confidence to those who only wish to plant and harvest, leaving the further testing and trying out for a further period to those mentioned, and others like myself, who have a mania for such interesting, if not always profitable work.

Reviewing just a few varieties, almost anyone could buy these with confidence when supported by the following composite comments from the experienced horticulturists named above.

Pembina: "One of the best. Early, quite hardy, large to extra large, fine to eat or for preserves or sale, and bears at four years with a better-than-average crop nearly every year."

Mina: "Large, hardy, prolific tree, bearing large fruit of better quality than Pembina. Delicious raw, excellent cooked, splendid canned."

Tecumseh: "Fairly hard to hardy, tree bears at two years, very high quality, large, early fruit."

Grenville: "Equals Pembina in hardiness. Large, attractive, well-flavored fruit of excellent quality."

Bounty: "Tree hardy, bearing good crops each year. Fruit early, attractive, rich flavor, good to excellent quality for jam and preserves."

Dropmore Blue: "Vigorous and hardy tree, bearing heavy crops of firm fruit, excellent for preserves."

Mordel: "Tall, hardy, vigorous, strong tree. A seedling of Assiniboine, ripening in August. Fruit large and of fine distinctive raspberry flavor when canned. Good bearer."

Assiniboine is so generally recommended for hardiness and usefulness, both as fruit and as a pollinator, as not to need further comment.

With these widely approved varieties all so generally recommended, even those most uninformed should not now hesitate to provide themselves with this fruit, a treat fresh over several weeks with the use of spaced varieties, and a constant winter supply that obviates a lot of money spending at the grocery for canned goods and jams.

In cherry-plum hybrids there are also a wide range of reliable sorts, harder than that excellent jam fruit, Sapa, that have come to the front more recently. Of these, the old Opata is still a good one and the Dura, when the season is long enough, is most prolific. Dr. Wheeler's Ruby seems harder, but is not as fine a quality preserved. Morden, a tree rather than a bush, will load till it breaks down with a real good preserver, we think, after sampling it here. Mr. Leslie's M. 119 has been tested pretty widely now and all reports are to the good, while Mr. Boughen's Convoy is getting a reputation both for quality and hardiness.

Hardiness of varied nature is demanded to withstand not only intense cold by the fruit buds, and against bark split, but also against the mild weather we have had here in January and Feb-



TREE planting on the prairies would go forward much more rapidly if more labor were available, or if less labor were required. The pictures above show two systems of tree planting in use on the Portage Plains this spring.

One system used for the planting of approximately 7,000 trees involved 12 men, a team and wagon, and a plow outfit. The other, to plant approximately the same number of trees in about the same length of time, involved a tractor, two men, including the operator, and two women. In the later case, the tractor opened the furrows, the second man spaced the trees, making the hole in the loose earth with a stick, and the two women set and firmed them, while the tractor, running close along the row afterwards, packed them as shown in the lower right hand picture. The trees in this case were small. Only experience in wet and dry years will prove the reliability of the latter method.

ruary, the mid-day warmth in early March, down to zero or below at night recently, and now April 9, over a week of heavy snowfall and extreme cold nights again. This tries the resistance of all plantings, fruits or other.

I have not mentioned four or five varieties in tree plums I rate highly here, but that are not as surely hardy as the above list. They are Radisson, Underwood, La Crescent, Hennepin and Redcoat. In quality they are at the top, but fruit buds suffer at times and probably would suffer more on the open prairie. They are favorites with the Boy Scouts I find.—A. B. Smith, Cranbrook, B.C.

Fruit Bearing of Red Raspberries

RASPBERRIES bear fruit, for the most part, on one-year-old canes. This means that the suckers that appear in raspberry hills or rows early each spring are valuable because they will bear the crop of fruit from the raspberry patch next year.

The new growth that comes each year may reach a height of five to six feet by the end of the season. In the case of varieties that are fully hardy, each cane will winter over and produce a crop the following year. Where varieties are not fully hardy it is necessary to bend the canes over in the direction of the row and cover the tips with dirt to hold them down. This is likely to keep the cane below the snow line and carry them through the winter satisfactorily. If desired, in the case of specially tender varieties, or to make very certain that no winter injury occurs, the entire cane can be covered with earth, but this requires more time and labor. When this is done, the top most parts of the bent-over canes should be covered with at least two or three inches of soil.

The one-year-old raspberry canes which bear fruit, generally have their best fruits in the middle portion of the cane, the top and lower portions being weaker and bearing inferior quality fruit. The fruit is borne for the most part on short, lateral branches, and after the fruiting season is over, the cane dies, so that in the fall of the year a hill or row of red raspberries will show both healthy and dead canes.

Since the bearing canes die as soon as fruiting is completed, the best time for pruning red raspberries is immediately after the fruiting season. If raspberries are planted in hills, there should be from ten to twelve bearing canes in each hill, distributed over a circle about 18 inches in diameter. If the plants are grown in rows, it is desirable to develop

a double row of plants as nearly as possible, so that each bearing cane will be from 9 to 12 inches distance from any

Summer Care of Ornamentals

By W. R. LESLIE
Superintendent, Dominion Experimental Station, Morden, Manitoba

NEWLY planted trees, shrubs and vines will benefit from periodical watering until they have become well rooted. In hot, dry seasons, watering becomes essential. Soaking the root soil of evergreens in October may greatly decrease foliage scalding, which sometimes occurs in later winter. A good method of applying water is in trenches, or through weeping tiles set upright in the soil near the edge of the branch tips; and a supply of water equal in volume to three inches of rain should soak down to most of the feeder roots.

In prairie districts, the plant requirement most generally lacking is water. Where foliage is pale green or yellowish, applications of acid peat filled firmly in post holes dug two feet deep at the outer edges of the branches, will help. Chlorosis, or marked absence of green color, is frequently met with; and where this occurs a handful of iron sulphate can be mixed in each hole and the area watered freely. Generally, the average planting of ornamentals on prairie soils will remain thrifty, if given generous waterings when prolonged dry weather occurs, with applications of rotting stable manure about the older plants, as well as a moderate amount of fairly regular pruning.

Plants Grouped for Pruning Needs

Ornamentals differ widely in the amount of pruning required and the time when it can be best done. Some ornamentals, such as saskatoons, buffaloberry, barberry, cotoneaster, daphne, Russian olive, silverberry, wahoo, euonymus, shrubby cinquefoil, plums, buckthorn, sumac, currants, bush roses, elders (except the golden-leaved forms), and cherry prunus require no regular pruning each year. The only cuts necessary will be to remove broken branches and dead wood.

With such plants as the dogwood and purple osier willow, very little pruning is needed except to head back old branches in spring in order to keep the bushes low and shapely.

With honeysuckle, European red elder, European cotoneaster, and five-stamen tamarisk, pruning consists largely of thinning out the old wood every three or four years, after flowering.

Most of the spires that bloom on last

other. If too many suckers or new canes develop, care should be taken to eliminate the weakest ones, as the finest fruit is always borne on the strongest and best canes.

Strawberries in Hills or Rows

THERE are two common methods of planting strawberries, namely, by the hill system, and by the row system. The latter plan develops what is called a matted row, formed by the numerous runners put out by strawberry plants, which in turn make new plants and thus develop a thick bed of strawberry plants, leading to rows of more or less irregular width unless care is taken to train the runners.

Where strawberries are grown in hills, all the runners are removed. The result is that with less strain on the plant to make runners and new plants, the parent plant grows to much larger size and becomes bushier and produces more fruit than would otherwise be the case. By far the commoner system, however, is the matted row, which, if properly developed, will produce a solid row of plants which should not be more than about 18 inches in width. Runners from the plants originally set will grow out in any direction, and the grower's job is to train these runners so that they will make new plants that are evenly spaced. The spacing of the new plants set from runners should be as nearly as possible six inches apart in every direction, and the setting of new plants can often be hastened by covering the joint of the runner with soil where it is desired that a new plant is to start. Proper spacing of runners and setting of new plants is a matter of careful care during the growing season. For small patches in home fruit gardens, a few minutes spent every two or three days in looking over the rows and directing the runners as may be necessary, will be time well spent.

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year's wood, some of the flowering crab apples, and the double-flowering plum should be pruned immediately after flowering by cutting back the flower branch to a point where the strong, young growth is springing.

Neglected lilacs tend to become filled with old wood that produces few and small flowers. As soon as bloom fades, two of the oldest main stems are removed close to the ground. In their places, two strong young shoots are encouraged to grow. By continuing this work for three years, the bush will be made over into new wood. Similar treatment may be given to honeysuckles and red elders.

Climbers, such as honeysuckles, actinidia, clematis, bittersweet, wild hop and Ross rose, need very little pruning except to relieve the crowding of the vine when thinning is done after flowering. Other climbers, such as the native Virginia creeper and frost grape, require to have some of the old arms cut back, to induce a clean, vigorous new growth.

Pruning Shade Trees

ESTABLISHED shade trees require light pruning from season to season to maintain health and shapeliness. If these are planted in exposed locations, they may require staking in order to keep them upright. Three stakes are driven firmly into the ground at or soon after planting time and the tree supported to them by hammocks of canvas or burlap.

Established flowering trees need the removal of surplus inner branches to allow sunlight to be well distributed throughout the tree. Long, uneven branches need to be cut back to regain symmetry. When large branches are to be removed, two saw cuts are necessary to avoid splitting and bark peeling. First, the saw is drawn across the branch from below, at a distance of ten to twelve inches from the parent limb, and to the middle of the branch. The second cut is downward and close to the trunk or main branch. When the cut is more than half way through the branch, the outer weight causes the branch to split horizontally and topple over from the lower cut. The stub is then cut flush with the trunk, and the wound is dressed.

LOOKOUT GIRL

Continued from page 11

from the doorway. "You're just a stubborn little mule!"

He saw her small figure stand in one open window while he went rapidly down the twisting trail. At timberline he raked off his hat and waved it, then the gnarled growth of cedar and the taller foxtail pine shut him in.

A mile down, where a ridge of the mountain range shouldered against the lookout peak, he branched into a main trail, halted, and rolled from his saddle to have a close look at the ground. Daylight that had lingered on the high point was gone from this lower level.

There were no footprints, nor tracks of any animal in the powdered dust save those that his own horse had made. He rode on again, north toward his station, but felt only a little relief.

A murderer was loose somewhere in these mountains—that was what he had not told Jerry—a fiendish criminal, turned more brutal and cunning than ever because he was hunted on every side.

A week ago three convicts had broken from the state prison over toward the coast. Two had been captured. But the leader, and worst of the lot, had escaped into the High Sierras. Guards in Sequoia Park had blocked him from turning back west. Yosemite's men hemmed him in on the north. East toward the Mojave Desert all roads and canyons were being watched. It was left for the rangers on this high roof country to throw their barrier across the south.

Food was one thing the man must have, and his means of getting it had left a vicious trail. Lone campers were his victims; he had robbed them and silenced them with death.

Until McCann's report this afternoon, there had been no further sign for two days now. Art thought of Whitney Meadows, where this last killing had happened. As McCann had said, that was getting mighty close!"

THE swift mountain nightfall caught him within another mile. His trail snaked into a canyon, rose again to follow the side of a steep, rocky ledge. He looked back. Jerry's lamp would be lighted now. He searched across the velvet blackness and found it, like a yellow star hung low among the more brilliant ones of the heavens.

The horse beneath him had travelled on steadily, twenty paces perhaps in the time that Art watched the lookout light. The next instant, without warning, the animal jerked to a stop, reared and pivoted on the narrow ledge of trail. It caught Art off-guard, throwing him out of the saddle. He let the reins go, made a wild grab for the gun in his holster. From behind a trailside boulder almost under the horse's nose, he saw the huge shape that had lunged suddenly, making no sound.

All things were a blur in his vision then. He struck the ground hard on his side, rolled, saw the dark shape above him. He met it, rising. His gun was out of the holster, coming up, when a heavy weapon smashed down on to his right arm and his fingers in that hand went slack. With his left he aimed a driving blow at the gigantic body.

There came a moment's desperate knowledge of the trap he had fallen into. In a fleeting picture he saw Jerry alone, not more than two miles away. It put a savage strength in him. But his blow rammed into a thing as unyielding as rock. His right arm hung numb and useless. He tore from the man's reaching grasp, twisted away, saw the gun he had dropped, and stooped to grab it up. In that same instant something crashed against the back of his head. He plunged over the steep edge of trail, stunned; but there was one fleeting vision before an endless black closed in. He saw the lookout light, and Jerry's face behind it.

On the trail, the man cursed, the first sound he had made. He stared down the slope, his eyes glittering in a ragged stubble of beard. A rattle of sliding rock had come up from below him. He went down as far as a fringe of brush, hunted through it, cursed again. The

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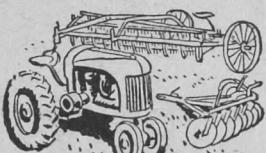
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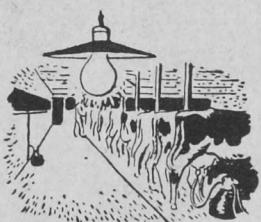
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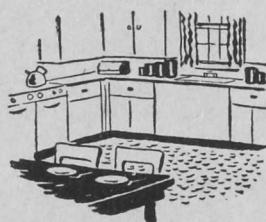
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slope continued on steep and barren, lost in darkness.

In a moment he climbed back to the trail, found the service gun and saw the horse a little farther on. He approached it slowly. The animal snorted, ears thrown forward, but stood waiting.

After pulling himself up into the saddle, the man turned in the direction of the deep canyon and sat for a time listening. But no sound broke the mountain hush. He picked up the reins, lifting his huge cropped head a little as he started south. He, too, had seen the high, lonely light.

THE birthday cake was ready for its frosting. Jerry had placed her oil lamp in the middle of the observation table, and turned the three brown layers of cake out on to a smooth board nearby. Now, standing at the cookstove, she was melting sugar in a pan; but she was thinking of Art Brady.

It was always like this—she felt no loneliness up here until after these times when he had come and gone. The moment he stepped from her door she wanted him back again. There was an emptiness in the room and a hollow feeling inside of herself. And yet, when he was here, what was it that kept her from saying she would marry him? She couldn't tell. Often, with a queer breathlessness, she felt that just the right word, the right move . . . something . . . would break down all her barriers and she would be carried away.

Smiling suddenly, she thought of what Art had said: "I've got to kill a dragon and carry you off. Is that what you want, Jerry?" Maybe it was.

The sharp ring of her telephone startled her. She left the pan on the stove, turned and sat down to the instrument.

When she answered, her father's deep voice came back, troubled. "Art isn't there, is he?"

"Why, no," she said. "He left right after he called you."

"And that was an hour and a half ago. He was to call me again from his station in an hour."

Jerry frowned. "Dad, is anything wrong?"

There was a long pause at the far end of the line, and a sudden fear gripped her. "What's happened Dad?" she gasped. "What is it?"

He spoke calmly. "I didn't want to tell you, Jerry. I was sure you were in no danger, with Art on watch. But now . . ." He hesitated.

"For heaven's sake!" she burst out. "Tell me!"

"Well, there's an escaped convict in the mountains. He broke from the penitentiary a week ago and has been traced down here." Her father paused again, then said suddenly, "I wish you weren't alone. I felt all right as long as Art was near. But if I don't have word from him soon I'll pull some man out of the canyons and send him up to take your place."

Jerry gave her head a stubborn shake. "No, Dad, this is my job! I took it on like a man and I'll handle it like one. If you've got anyone to spare, send him to hunt for Art. But I can't believe anything has happened . . . not to him!"

When her father had said he would wait a little longer, and had cut off the connection, that was the thought she held on to—nothing had happened to Art Brady. It couldn't! All at once she could see him, big, substantial, as dependable as tomorrow. Art Brady's being here when she needed him was one thing she had always counted on. It was plain to her now why he had made an extra trip day after day to see her. He had been worried about her and was on watch. Her hands tightened. He was still on watch! Nothing had happened. She wouldn't believe anything else.

A SUDDEN hiss and the smell of burned sugar took her quickly across to the stove. She pushed the pan back, saw that half the contents had boiled over and reached up to her cupboard for a spoon.

Behind her back the door opened, swiftly, with one shove inward.

"Don't move! Keep your hands up!"

She did not look around. She couldn't. For one instant nothing in her body would work. Her blood went cold and her muscles froze; there were crystals of ice pricking out through her skin. She could feel in that low hoarse voice

something more savage and deadly than any sound she had ever heard.

The door closed. A heavy step creaked on the floor boards. Then the man ordered, "Turn around!"

It was not fear that made her almost scream when she looked at him, but the shock of seeing a thing so inhuman. It was like opening her eyes from a nightmare and finding that the dream monster was real. He was gigantic, with his cropped head and fouled beard making too small a bullet shape on his great shoulders. A khaki hunting suit that he wore was too short for him; his arms and legs stuck out of it like posts.

He took a step toward her. She shrank back against the wall and he nodded: "You're alone here, kid. I know that."

"Yes," she said, "I am." It was a relief to find her voice so steady. Her courage came back. She met the red-rimmed eyes unflinchingly. "What do you want?"

He had held a gun at her, but now thrust it into his belt. A quick glance around the room seemed to satisfy him that she had no weapon.

"Something to eat!" he snapped. "And quick! Anything you've got cooked. Then make a pack for me to take along."

"All right," she said, "I'll feed you. But there's nothing cooked except that cake." She pointed to the table.

"You're lying!" He came at her another step. "You're tryin' to stall!"

"Honestly, I'm not." She was rigid; he was almost touching her. But her brain was sharply alert. "Stall," she thought. "That's it! If I can stall him off . . ." She said quietly, "Look around. You can see there's nothing ready. But I'll fix something . . . boiled potatoes and some canned meat."

"Get busy then. Open the meat now. Boil up all the potatoes you've got." He backed from her, moved around the end of the table and sat down heavily on her bed.

She knew that his hard eyes watched every move she made, as she passed along the edge of the table opposite him and stooped to the floor.

Instantly he sprang up. The gun was in his hand, covering her.

Rising, she looked at him, then explained, "This is my grub-box down here. There's nothing in it but food. Come and look if you want to."

He sat down again, growling, "Go ahead."

Once more she stooped to the low box and brought out a can of corned beef; bent again and that time came up empty-handed. When she started to open the corned beef, the man ordered, "Give me that! Get busy on the potatoes!"

He was starved. As she lifted a potato sack from the box she saw him rip off the corned beef top with one pull on the ribbon of tin, then cram the contents up against his mouth. "Keep him eating!" she thought. "Anything!"

Standing at the table near the lamp, she peeled the potatoes slowly, until he saw it and snarled around a mouthful of meat, "Get busy!"

One thing was clear to her now; he didn't know the mountains. It took hours to boil potatoes at this high altitude. You always baked them. He didn't know that.

She peeled a kettleful and put it on the stove, and all the time her mind was urging, "Keep him here! Don't let him go!" Turning back to him, she said, "There's more meat. Don't you want another can?" Without waiting for an answer, she crossed along the table and stooped to the grub-box.

He wolfed the second can as he had the first. Afterwards, a weight of fatigue seemed to hold him heavily on her bed, hunched there like some huge grimy animal. She made pretense of being busy, moving back and forth from the stove to the high table. But covertly she was glancing from the row of windows, down where the lamp threw an apron of light around the top of her granite peak.

AN alarm clock had ticked off twenty minutes since the man had burst in upon her. Suddenly he said, "You better start packin' some grub. Put it in a flour sack. Any canned stuff you've got."

"All right," she answered. "I will." She went again to the low box, bending and rising with her food supply, putting cans of peas and corn and fruit under the table lamp. Five more minutes dragged by. It was close to half an hour,

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when, going to a corner cupboard for a flour sack she glanced from that window. Her heart stopped. She choked.

She heard the man get on to his feet and then his hoarse snarl turned her: "How about those potatoes!"

"I'll see." Quickly she stepped in front of the stove, keeping him back from the room's corner. But her hand shook as she lifted the kettle lid. She managed to pick up a fork and make a show of poking at potatoes that were still hard as rocks. "They're not quite done," she said. "Just a few minutes longer." That was it! Just a few minutes... If she could hold him just a few minutes longer!

But he kept coming on toward her, slowly, around the end of the table. His eyes narrowed with a hard, cold suspicion. "You're lying! By God you're pulling some trick. Give me that sack!"

His last step was a lunge. He was towering over her. She saw his huge knotted fist and she screamed.

What happened then was all a part of the moment's terror, when she saw the fist rise and heard her own shrieking voice, then felt the room shake with the impact of two big men crashing down upon its floor. There had been no warning. Art Brady had come hurtling in like a tawny mountain lion, almost tearing the door from its hinges.

He struck on the other man's broad back, twisting him, lashing out with one fist as they went down. The table legs were bolted to the floor, but the lamp on top danced with the thrashing underneath it. She grabbed it. She had a wild thought that she could throw it, use it for a weapon. Then the two struggling men rolled from under the table against her legs. She jumped back. A chair tripped her and she fell.

Even as she sprang up she heard a savage animal snarl burst through the labored breathing. The two men had suddenly torn apart. She saw Art Brady crouched above the other, and his downward blows were like the drive of sledgehammers. For one breathless moment she stood rooted, and did not know that her own hands were clenched and her teeth gritting together. Then all at once the shape beneath Art Brady went limp, and in a quick breath Art gasped, "Jerry, get a rope!"

She moved as with the release of some tight spring inside of her, caught up a

coil from her supply box and handed it to him. She saw an ugly cut bleeding on the side of his face. There was something wrong with his right arm. He used his left hand mostly in taking swift loops of rope around the man's wrists, binding them together at his back, then tying his ankles.

Until he had his prisoner securely bound, and had dragged the limp form out beyond the door, he did not speak nor look up at her. But he came back then in long strides and caught her in both his arms.

"Jerry!" He held her hard against him. "Jerry, you're all right?"

She moved her head, nodding, but she couldn't talk. Now that it was all over, with his strong arms around her, there was none of her own strength left.

He released her and sat her down on the bed, saying, "Wait, I've got to report this."

At the telephone, he rang for her father's headquarters, then turned and grinned over the instrument as he said, "McCann? We've got him. Yes! Here at the peak. Jerry's all right, sure. I want you to send up a guard to take this fellow down, and I want another lookout. Yes, tonight. Jerry's through. She's not going to stay here any longer." He grinned at her again. "Good. We'll wait."

"Art!" She sprang up, staring at him. "What do you mean?"

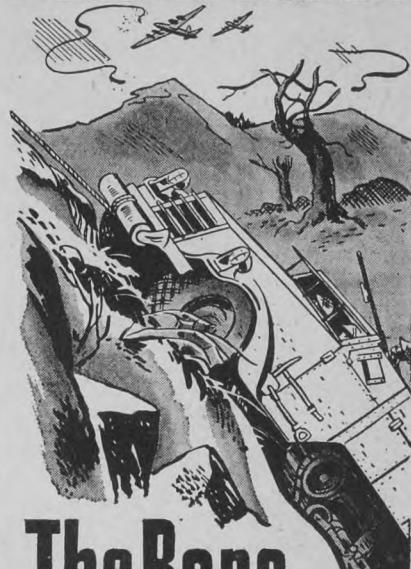
He came back to her. "You gave me the signal, didn't you, with the lamp? That's what we always said... some night when you got too lonely, and decided you needed me, you'd let me know that way." He sobered. "Of course, it wasn't very good code. But I caught it. I had been knocked out and was down below the trail. The first thing I saw when I came to, was light flashing on and off. How in the world did you do it, with the fellow watching?"

She pointed to the cans of food on the high observation table. "It was luck," she said, "that my grub-box was on the north wall in your direction. All I did was bob up and down in front of the lamp. He thought I was just lifting out cans." She looked up at him and a smile tugged at her lips. "But it wasn't exactly the code we agreed on, Art, and..."

Again his arms were around her. He bent his head. "I didn't exactly kill a dragon, either. But it's all the same. I'm taking you out of your tower!"



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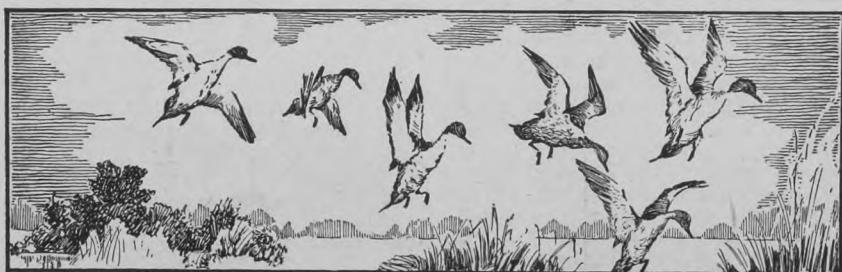
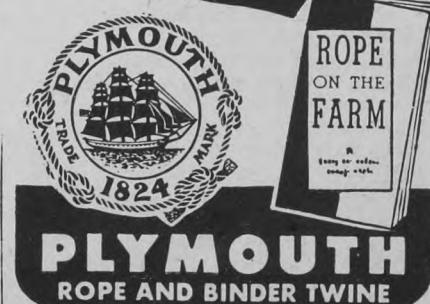
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MONTHLY COMMENTARY

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Tax Exemption for Patronage Dividends

U.G.G. Recommendations to Royal Commission would leave patronage and other dividends of co-operatives free of tax—Claim made for equality in tax treatment.

Constructive suggestions for dealing with the Income Tax problem were offered to the Royal Commission on Co-operatives in a presentation made to that body on April 30 at Ottawa by Mr. R. S. Law, President of United Grain Growers Limited. The Commission has held sessions across Canada commencing at Vancouver on January 15. Nearly two hundred submissions were made to it at various hearings on behalf of co-operatives and on behalf of other forms of business. Something like one million words of evidence and argument have been heard. The final public sessions of the Commission were held at Ottawa from April 9 to May 3. Hearings with respect to the elevator business of western Canada were concentrated in a period from April 23 to May 3. Mr. Law was on the witness stand for a whole day presenting the submission of United Grain Growers Limited, which was a printed document of some forty pages. It recited the history of the Company which is the oldest farmers' co-operative in Canada, and the tax problem it has encountered during recent years. More than \$1,000,000 in taxes on income have been paid by United Grain Growers Limited since 1929 and this amount may be increased to \$2,635,508 if a claim now made by the Income Tax Department for taxes on the Company's patronage dividends is sustained by the Courts.

Much of the discussion before the Commission dealt with a certain clause of the Income Tax Act numbered 4 (p), through which tax exemption is now given to certain co-operatives. That fact accounts for a reference to the section in question in the Company's summary of its conclusions, which began as follows:

Company's Recommendations

"The Company is convinced that you will not find a solution of the problem simply by eliminating Section 4 (p) and attempting to tax the income of all co-operatives for the following reasons:

(a) Such a change would be widely resented and it is questionable whether it would have the necessary degree of public support to make such a proposal practicable in Parliament.

(b) Co-operatives doing business on a contractual basis are probably exempt, as having little or no income, apart entirely from any exempting clause in the Income War Tax Act. Unless the Government went so far as to specifically provide for the taxation of co-operatives organized on that basis there would probably be a revival of the contractual agency basis of operation in one form or another.

(c) It is probably a matter of doubt as to whether bona fide patronage dividends are subject to taxation quite apart from any exempting clause, and it is highly desirable that for the future the law should be clear and certain in this respect.

(d) Co-operatives whose capital has been provided on a loan basis are presumably tax exempt with respect to interest paid thereon."

For the foregoing reasons the Company stated its belief that a solution will be found in a modification of the British method of dealing with Income Tax under which, treatment as follows would be accorded to co-operatives:

"1. By recognizing as a deductible expense for the calculation of Income Tax, patronage dividends paid by any co-operative authorized to make such payments by the legislation under which it is incorporated.

2. By recognizing as a deductible expense for the calculation of Income

Tax, dividends up to 5 per cent paid by a co-operative organized on a capital stock basis.

3. If a limitation with respect to non-member business is considered necessary, by permitting such business to a higher percentage than is provided at present in Section 4 (p)."

Recognizing the fact that to make such treatment practicable it would be necessary to avoid discrimination against other businesses in direct and close competition with co-operatives, the Company suggested machinery under which such businesses might be able to apply for tax relief to be granted by the Commissioner of Income Tax or for provision for review by a Board of Referees to be set up.

U.G.G.—A Co-operative on the British Model

The opening words in the Company's presentation were: "United Grain Growers Limited is a co-operative." In the course of the presentation various authorities with world-wide reputations as students of co-operation who have written extensively about United Grain Growers Limited are quoted in support of that statement. One of the early paragraphs reads as follows:

"The Company is a direct outgrowth of the farmers' movement in the early years of this century. It represents the first effort of that movement to improve the position of the western farmer under the difficult and trying conditions of pioneer life on the prairies by directly entering the commercial field of marketing and handling grain. The accepted authorities on co-operative development in Canada have made extensive references to it and to the services it rendered to western farmers in improving conditions affecting the marketing of grain. It pioneered the field of co-operative handling and marketing of livestock. It differs from the majority of co-operative enterprises in Canada in that it is engaged both in marketing its members' products and in the distribution of such necessary farm supplies as coal, flour, feed, binder twine, salt, wire and other like commodities. In that field it was also the pioneer. Its constitution and form of organization conform as closely to the Rochdale plan as that of any other large co-operative and certainly represents the adaptation of that plan to conditions prevailing on the prairies in the first twenty years of this century."

The presentation shows that the Company is the only co-operative producers' organization incorporated by special Act of the Parliament of Canada. Parliament both gave the Company the right to pay patronage dividends, and insisted that before doing so the right of shareholders to receive a reasonable return on their investment should be protected. The capital stock method of organization it is shown, is the British or Rochdale system of co-operative organization, under which system reasonable returns on invested capital have always been recognized. That system is contrasted with the revolving fund or American system of organization, with or without interest on capital, introduced into Canada at a much later date than the Rochdale system. Three paragraphs from the Company's brief bearing on that comparison may be quoted:

"Our contention is that there should be no difference for taxation purposes between co-operatives organized on a share capital or on a loan basis. We submit that a co-operative is entitled to have reasonable dividends on share capital regarded as an expense in the same way as one organized on a loan capital basis is entitled to have interest on its loan capital so regarded."

"It has been difficult for this Company to understand why a Canadian taxation law should be so framed and interpreted that co-operative organizations following closely the Rochdale plan of share capital organization should be

subject to taxation if they pay interest on that capital while those following a later pattern of organization, introduced into Canada from the United States, should be permitted a preferred position, even if that pattern is in form well adapted to escaping Income Tax."

"We further suggest that any exempting clause which has led to such a wide variety of plans to escape assessment, as now prevails in Canada, is bad legislation. Capital funds are essential to any business, or industry. It surely is not the intent of the Parliament of Canada to discourage a reasonable reward being paid for such capital. It is suggested that any exempting section should clearly show that a reasonable rate of dividend, say, five per cent, should be permitted as part of the operating expense of any co-operative whether it takes the form of loan capital or share capital."

The final chapter of the brief contains the following paragraphs:

"In particular we have shown that this Company is farmer-owned and controlled with a membership of some 35,000 prairie farmers; that in its origin it was a direct out-growth of the farmer movement in western Canada and still occupies a prominent place in that movement; that it is democratically controlled with those limitations of voting rights and capital holding common to co-operatives; that it handles farmers' grain from the driveway of the country elevator to the cargo vessel at Lakehead or Vancouver in exactly the same way as any competitor; that surplus earnings have not been used to pay large dividends on capital but for greater and more extended services to its members; that only in its method of providing capital does it differ from co-operatives more recently formed, and in that respect it follows the British form of organization rather than the American; and that it is empowered to pay patronage dividends by the Parliament of Canada which passed the Income War Tax Act."

"For these reasons the Company has insisted and still insists that any legislation which exempts competing co-operatives while still subjecting it to taxation, is inequitable and discriminatory and is not soundly conceived for the purposes for which it was intended."

Market for Oats

There has been occasional weakness from time to time during the past month in the market for oats most noticeable in the widening of spreads between top grades and lower grades of wheat. That fact has not been due to any weakening in the real demand for western oats, large markets for which are still available both in the United States and overseas. But at times the eagerness of buyers to make immediate purchases has been lessened by difficulties in getting oats forward from the Lakehead as wheat cargoes have been given priority. In addition difficulties have arisen from time to time in connection with the system of export permits for shipment to the United States and fluctuations in the amount of fees charged for such permits. It cannot be said that there has lately been an urgent need in the United States for Canadian oats because supplies of feed grain there have been plentiful, but prices in the United States have been so much above the level of prices prevailing in Canada that it has always been possible to find a place for any Canadian oats that could be exported. An exporter desiring to ship oats south of the line has to buy a permit from the Canadian Wheat Board for the number of bushels in question and the fees charged for such permits vary from day to day. These varying prices for permits put a new element of risk into export transactions, the exporter with unused permits on hand may

experience a loss if the Wheat Board reduces its price for permits. Such reductions take place whenever there is a decline in prices south of the line, as the amount of the fee is intended to equalize the cost of oats in Canada with prices prevailing in the United States. When exporters expect that a reduction may be made, they tend to delay the buying of permits and also the buying of oats to be exported. It can be said that the system of export permit fees operates well on a steady or rising market, but runs into difficulties when a decline takes place. It is out of money received or expected from export permits that equalization fees are paid to Western farmers. An advance payment of ten cents per bushel is made at the time of sale and if at the end of the year there is a balance in the fund it is distributed to farmers who have sold oats during the past year.

At times the demand for oats south of the line has been so great that American exporters have been willing to take all grades of western oats at ceiling prices. When they can discriminate they naturally do so. They prefer, if possible, not to have to pay the export permit fee on lower grades, which, across the line they have to sell at lower prices than the top grades. The fact that they frequently had to take lower grades has so far prevented the Wheat Board from considering making a lower export fee for the lower grades, which otherwise would probably have been considered.

From the standpoint of cash returns, both to producers and to the country as a whole, the Wheat Board would naturally want to see the maximum possible movement of oats across the line. That desire has been interfered with, from time to time, by the need for seeing that sufficient feed supplies have been available to farmers in eastern Canada, for the raising of livestock, the products of which have been required as part of the country's war program. Later, as it becomes possible to ship oats in quantity overseas it may be necessary to check the movement to the United States in the interests of making the maximum possible contribution to relief of European countries.

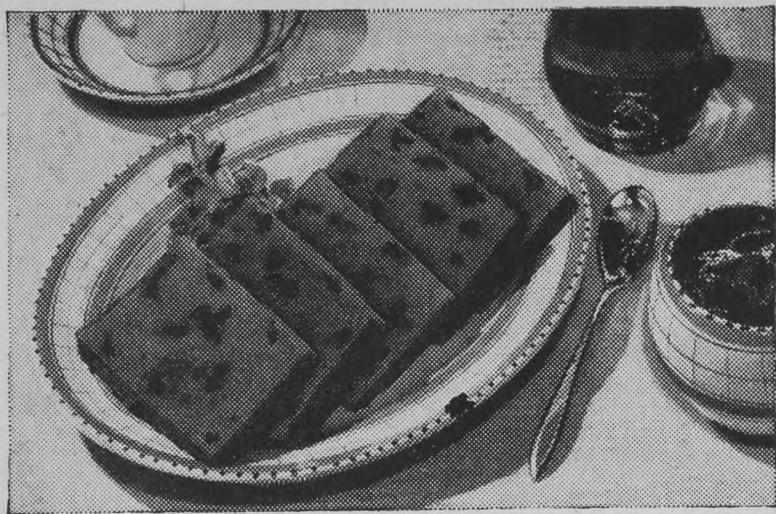
There is nothing in the picture to suggest that the real need for western oats will not continue throughout the coming year. Transport conditions may possibly continue from time to time to be in the way of prompt movement of coarse grains, but so far as can be seen, such conditions are likely to improve as the season advances.

End of War in Europe Speeds Up Movement of Canadian Grain

An immediate impetus to the movement of Canadian grain to Britain and to Europe was given as soon as hostilities ceased in Germany. At once more shipping became available for food, which now receive the priority formerly given to the trans-Atlantic movement of munitions. How rapidly the transport of wheat and flour was increased is shown by the disappearance from Canadian stocks of more than 13 million bushels in a single week.

Heavy trans-Atlantic movement of grain and grain products will continue. Now that the European war is over the task of feeding the people who have been released from German domination becomes of first importance. Not until food has been made available can the tasks of reconstruction and rehabilitation proceed.

So great is the need for food in Europe that the quantities to be shipped from Canada will be limited only by transportation available. The number of ships which can be spared for trans-Atlantic traffic is limited because the stepped-up pace of the war in the Pacific demands the transfer to that area of a tremendous number of ships.



Nice Change for Saturday Supper

Easy to fix and smacking good!

ALL-BRAN SCRAPPLE

1 pound fresh pork sausage
2 cups water
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper

¼ teaspoon powdered sage
few grains cayenne
⅔ cup cornmeal
⅔ cup Kellogg's All-Bran

Brown sausage in frying pan; stir occasionally; pour off and save fat. Bring water to boiling point; add seasonings. Stir in cornmeal; stir constantly until thick. Add All-Bran and sausage; mix well. Pour into wet loaf pan; chill until firm. Unmold; cut in half-inch slices; brown in sausage fat on hot griddle. Serve with syrup or apple butter.

You just haven't tasted scrapple until you've tried it made with Kellogg's All-Bran! Those toasty golden-brown shreds give it more body...make it something to really sink your teeth into...and of course they add that heavenly nut-like flavour that only Kellogg's All-Bran can give. Clip the recipe now and try it on your table this Saturday. Get Kellogg's All-Bran today. 2 convenient sizes. Made by Kellogg, London, Canada. Helps keep you regular—naturally!

Kellogg's All-Bran

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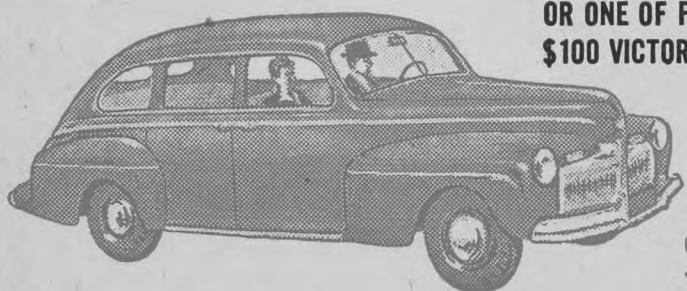
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NEIGHBORLY NEWS

Contributed by the Elevator Agents of
UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LIMITED

superintendent of schools; Mr. McKinnon, Reeve of the Shoal Lake Municipality; M. J. Nowasad; J. W. Smith; and W. Melnyk—Oakburn, Man.

Visit from Camp Shilo

Russell citizens have had the pleasure of a visit from the Infantry Platoon from No. 15 C.I.T.C., Camp Shilo. There was a good turnout to witness the display put on by this platoon in the agricultural grounds.

V. O. Auger presented the Eighth Victory Loan Shield to R. C. Smellie, chairman of the Russell unit, and Lieutenant Commander Huston gave a short talk on navy life. There was also squad drill and the different weapons were described and demonstrated.—*Russell, Man.*

Victory Loan Radio Broadcast

The Eighth Victory Loan got away to a good start at Picardville when the local finance committee and the school teachers in co-operation with the National Film Board and radio station CKUA, Edmonton, put on a radio broadcast and other entertainment for a very large audience. A \$50 war bond was raffled, Floyd Glebe being the lucky ticket holder.—*Picardville, Alta.*

In Appreciation

Jake Miller has tendered his resignation as village councillor. Mr. Miller has accepted a position as lands appraiser with the Provincial Government.

The local Red Cross branch presented him with a small token in appreciation of his untiring services.

All the elevator agents owe Mr. Miller a hearty vote of thanks for his work in obtaining a first-class road on "elevator row," and being able to complete the graveling of same before his retirement.—*Trochu, Alberta.*

U.F.A. Organizer Passes

An old timer of the Crossfield district, and one of the organizers of the U.F.A., Thomas Fitzgerald, 77, died at his residence eight miles east of Crossfield. Born in Liberty County, Indiana, Mr. Fitzgerald moved with his parents to Grey County, Ont., 75 years ago. In 1902 he purchased property near Crossfield, moving there in 1909. He was a well respected community leader and an ardent supporter of the farmers' organization.—*Calgary, Alberta.*

D.F.C. Returns to Newdale

Flt.-Lt. Lyle Coutts, D.F.C., returned to Newdale recently after 2½ years' overseas service. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross in September, 1944. Much of his operational service was from England and Africa as air bomber. Since August last he has been instructing in England. Mrs. R. L. Coutts, Miss S. Coutts and Mrs. J. W. McTavish were joint hostesses at a dinner in honor of the gallant young officer. About 20 guests were present.

Son of U.G.G. Agent Reported Missing

F/L Wm. (Billy) M. Constable, 22, son of our Bulwark agent, has been reported missing. F/L Constable received his wings and commission at Macleod, Alta., in August 1943, and had been serving as bomber pilot for six months. He had made twenty-six operational flights and received his promotion to Flight Lieutenant only a few months ago. The father of F/L Constable, Wm. Constable, is an old employee of the U.G.G., having operated our Bulwark elevator during the past 25 years.—*Bulwark, Alberta.*

Collect \$1,837 for Red Cross

H. M. Hansen and W. G. Bradley, canvassers for the Red Cross Drive in the Inglis district were successful in collecting and turning in to their headquarters \$1,837. This represents fine work in canvassing and contributions.—*Inglis, Man.*

V-E Day Celebrated

V-E Day will long be remembered by everyone at Oakburn. The day was celebrated first by everyone attending the Catholic Church where a service was conducted by Rev. M. Shwed. After the service the Ukrainian National Home was filled to capacity to listen to several well prepared addresses by Mr. Reid, the

Suffers Painful Accident

P. Brethour, a farmer of this district, suffered a painful accident when his horses bolted just as he was unhitching the pole straps of the drill which he had been operating. Mr. Brethour was knocked down and the drill wheel ran over his leg, breaking his ankle. The discs of the drill passed over his body, throwing a vertebrae out of place in his back and cutting and bruising his head and body.—*Findlater, Sask.*

Prominent Old-Timer Passes

This district lost a well-known old timer recently in the passing of Archibald A. Fines, at the age of 75. He was born in Orangeville, Ontario, and came west in 1874.—*Gunton, Man.*

Farm Sale—100 Years Ago

Ninety-six years makes a difference in the type of articles sold at farm sales. Proof of this is seen in a copy of a sale bill printed in 1849.

This old-time Kentucky public auction advertisement read as follows:

"Having sold my farm, and as I am leaving for Oregon territory by oxen team on March 1, 1849, I will sell my personal property, except two oxen teams, Butch, Ben, Len and Jerry, consisting of the following: Two milk cows, grey mare and colt, one pair oxen, one yoke, two oxen carts, one iron plow with wooden mole board, 800 feet weather boards, 1,000 3-foot clap boards, 1,500 10-ft. rails, one 60-gallon soap kettle, 85 sugar troughs made of white ash timber, 10 gallons maple syrup, two spinning wheels, 30 lbs. mutton tallow, one leen made by Jerry Wilson, 300 poles, 100 split hoops, 100 empty barrels, a 2-gallon barrel of Johnson Miller whiskey seven years old, 20 gallons of apple brandy, 40-gallon copper still, four sides of oak tan leather, dozen wooden pitch forks, 22 rifle made by Ben Miller, 50 gallons soft soap, hams, bacon and lard, 40 gallons sorghum, six head fox hounds, all soft mouthed but one.

Sale begins at 8 a.m. Plenty to eat and drink.

The sale bill also listed six Negro slaves to be sold with the specification that the same buyer must take all as they were not to be separated.—*Stonewall, Man. (Stonewall Argus).*

A Curling Record!

Some of the curling enthusiasts actually curled a twelve-end game on V-E Day, May 8. This will surely be a record to remember.—*Shoal Lake, Man.*

Open Co-operative Store

For the past seven years the Evansburg community has been striving for a co-operative store, and finally have succeeded in establishing one in the town of Evansburg itself.

The shareholders are expecting good success and increasing support for Evansburg's newest business enterprise.—*Evansburg, Alta.*

V-E Day Celebrations

V-E Day in Rorketon was a day of celebration. Flags were floated from every place of business, school and home, and church bells rang all morning. At 1:30 p.m. citizens, school children and war veterans, carrying flags, marched from the school to the community hall where all listened to His Majesty's speech from London, and this was followed by an order of service and address under the direction of our local buyer, Mr. Spiers.

At the sports ground the veterans held a short ceremony of raising the flag. A huge bonfire was lit and replicas of Hitler and Mussolini duly shot and burned. Coffee and sandwiches, with treats for the children, were served to all present. Dancing in the Community Hall wound up the day's festivities. The smoke from the bonfire was seen in Dauphin, a distance of about 40 miles across the lake.—*Rorketon, Man.*

Passing of a Pioneer

James Hawson, a highly respected pioneer of this district passed away recently. Mr. Hawson was born at Hardwicks, Aston, in Yorkshire in 1876. He came to Canada in 1904 and after about a year he returned to England for his wife and came back to Canada with the Hutchinson and Thompson party in 1905 and settled on a homestead about nineteen miles south of Lloydminster.

When the Grand Trunk Railway was being built Mr. Hawson, in partnership with H. B. Sellers, his brother-in-law, took on a contract to build part of the grade.

He was one of the most progressive farmers in the Lone Rock district. Always in the forefront with the latest improvements in farming methods he was ready to share his experience with others. In addition to his farm Mr. Hawson carried on a successful flour milling business in Lloydminster.

He was a director on the board of the Lloydminster Agricultural Exhibition Association and a member of the Masonic Fraternity.—*Lone Rock, Sask.*

Golden Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. John Green recently celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. Mr. and Mrs. Green were married in the Beaver district 50 years ago and have lived in the community since that time until 1943 when they retired to live in MacGregor.

Incidentally this is the seventh golden wedding anniversary to be celebrated in Beaver during the past 12 years.

* * *

The sum of \$502 was the Beaver community's contribution to the recent Red Drive.

* * *

Old-Time Fiddlers Contest

A record breaking crowd contributed \$55 to the Red Cross and enjoyed the old-time fiddlers contest held in the Beaver Hall recently. The following were the prize winners: first, J. Smith, Bagot; second, W. Machan, Bagot; third, W. Kelly, Beaver. Ten contestants took part, the oldest Mr. Robert Leader, Portage, and the youngest 12-year-old W. Roberts, Bagot.—*Beaver, Man.*

First District School Teacher Passes

Mrs. Blanche Palmeter, Riding Mountain's first school teacher in the present school passed away recently. She started teaching at Athens at the age of 18. In 1900 she married Fred E. Palmeter who was a school teacher in Calhoun County, Michigan. She continued teaching in Calhoun County until 1909 when she came to Manitoba. Mrs. Palmeter

was one of Manitoba's pioneer school teachers and taught in Riding Mountain and Neepawa for many years.—*Riding Mountain, Man.*

Local Naval Officer in News

H.M.C.S. Magog survived damages inflicted by torpedoes in a daring raid far up the Gulf of St. Lawrence last autumn. Three ratings were killed and three injured. Among the officers of the Magog was Sub-Lieut. Jack A. Paterson, R.C.N.V.R., Wadene, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Paterson.

Jack who is now lieutenant on the "Waskesui," enjoyed a well-earned month's leave at home following the torpedoing. While spending a leave at his grandmother's home in Ayrshire, Scotland, he met another Jack Paterson, his cousin from Kapuskasing, Ontario, and now in the Fleet Air Arm. Neither knew the other was going to be there, and had never met before.—*Wadene, Sask.*

Build New Coal Sheds

The building by U.G.G. of coal sheds at Rose Valley and Hendon is in line with the company's policy to give service. A few years ago it was thought that there was lots of wood but now it is a very scarce article, and coal will be needed from now on.—*Wadene, Sask.*

Fine Support for Eighth War Loan

Foxwarren responded well to the gentle prodding of L. Armit, canvasser for the Eighth Victory Loan, subscribing, \$39,000, topping their quota of \$29,500. Handicapped by having no car Mr. Armit walked many miles and remembering that a considerable part of his territory was haled out the response is most gratifying.—*Foxwarren, Man.*

A Double Celebration

About one hundred neighbors and friends gathered at a party held in the school house on the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. George Underwood in honor of the coming of age of the twin sisters, the Misses Nina and Tina Gorrell. Community singing was followed by a bright program.—*Clonmel, Sask.*

Transferred to Edmonton

A farewell dance was held in the Langenburg Community Hall in the honor of Mr. and Mrs. Beirnes, local bank manager, who has been transferred to Edmonton as assistant manager. The couple was presented with a purse of money. Best wishes of the community were extended to Mr. and Mrs. Beirnes and family.—*Langenburg, Sask.*

A Champion-Size Egg?

L. Lemon, of Terence, Manitoba, when gathering his Barred Rock eggs the other day, came across a large one which measured 8½ inches the long way, 6¾ inches around the middle, and weighed exactly 4½ ounces. Mr. Lemon thinks with a little practice his hen will beat the record set by the super-hen owned by Mrs. John Chittim, of Chatham, Ontario, recently referred to in the news columns.—*Terence, Man.*



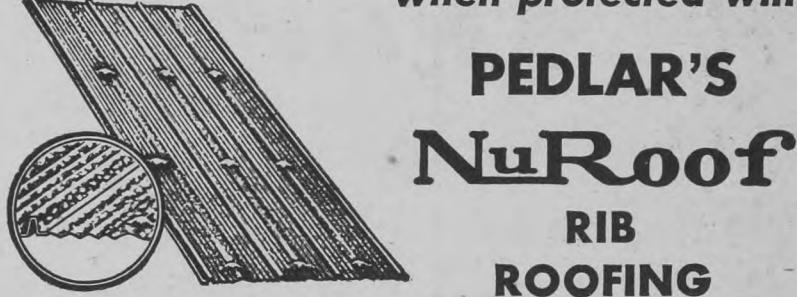
PRESENTATION OF VICTORY FLAGS

An interesting ceremony which took place at The Country Guide and The Public Press Limited (the Guide's Printing Plant) was the presentation of two Victory Flags in celebration of the employees' over-subscription of their quota in the recent Victory Loan drive. R. S. Law, President of United Grain Growers Limited (who also topped their quota), made the presentation. Mr. Law is chairman of the Victory Flag committee for Manitoba. R. C. Brown, resident director, was chairman of the gathering. Photo shows Edna Haines of The Public Press office staff accepting the flag. Peggy McLeod accepted the flag on behalf of The Country Guide staff.



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ROOFING**

The passing years deal lightly with the building that is roofed and sided with NU-ROOF. This is a roof that has proved its ability under all the conditions of our climate . . . to render dependable, maintenance-saving service over a long period. NU-ROOF is strong and rigid . . . the joints are weather tight . . . it is attractive in appearance and covers 33" in width, when applied. NU-ROOF is supplied in standard lengths of 6'-8'-10'. Trimmings to match.

Government regulations permit the use of steel roofing for certain purposes. Limited supplies now available . . .



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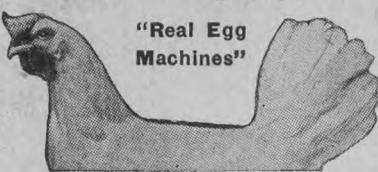
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100 50 25	100 50 25
13.25 7.10 3.80	W. Leg. —14.75 7.85 4.20
26.50 13.75 7.10	W.L. Pul. —29.00 15.00 7.75
3.00 2.00 1.00	W.L. Ckls. —4.00 2.50 1.50

14.25 7.60 4.05 — B. Rocks —15.75 8.35 4.45
23.00 12.00 6.25 — B.R. Pul. —26.00 13.50 7.00
11.00 6.00 3.00 — B.R. Ckls. —12.00 6.50 3.25
14.25 7.50 4.05 — N. Hamps. —15.75 8.35 4.45
23.00 12.00 6.25 — N.H. Pul. —26.00 13.50 7.00
11.00 6.00 3.00 — N.H. Ckls. —12.00 6.50 3.25

F.O.B. Calgary, Edmonton

Govt. Approved	R.O.P. Sired
13.00 7.00 3.50	W. Leg. —14.00 7.50 3.75
26.00 13.50 6.75	W.L. Pul. —28.00 14.50 7.25
3.00 2.00 1.00	W.L. Ckls. —4.00 2.50 1.50

15.00 8.00 4.00 — B. Rocks —16.00 8.50 4.25
24.00 12.50 6.50 — B.R. Pul. —26.00 13.50 6.75
11.00 6.00 3.25 — B.R. Ckls. —12.00 6.50 3.25
15.00 8.00 4.00 — N. Hamps. —16.00 8.50 4.25
24.00 12.50 6.50 — N.H. Pul. —26.00 13.50 6.75

Spec. Mating

13.00 7.00 3.50 — N. Hamps. —16.00 8.50 4.25
25.00 13.50 6.75 — N.H. Pul. —28.00 14.50 7.25
9.00 5.00 3.00 — N.H. Ckls. —11.00 6.00 3.25

R.O.P. Sired

Govt. Approved	R.O.P. Sired
13.00 7.00 3.50	W. Leg. —15.00 8.00 4.00
27.00 14.00 7.00	W.L. Pul. —29.00 15.00 7.50
3.00 2.00 1.00	W.L. Ckls. —4.00 2.50 1.50

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R.O.P. Sired 100, \$4.00; 50, \$2.50

Immediate or later delivery.

Any average person can learn to caponize chicks at six weeks old. Make excellent capons (\$1.25) in 16 to 18 weeks. Free caponizing instructions.

Guaranteed 100% live arrival. Pullets 96% accuracy

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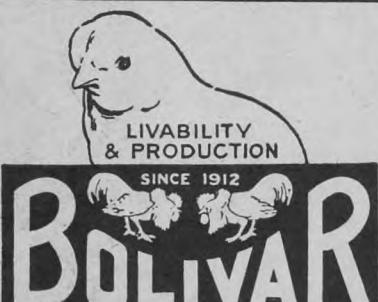
"Canada's Largest Hatcheries"

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DON'T MISS THE BOAT

The season is getting on and if you don't soon order your chicks it will be too late to catch the early market. All the eggs and poultry meat you can produce will be needed next fall. The liberation of Europe is going to open up a tremendous market for all kinds of food. It's our duty to keep them alive by pouring in the food as fast as our armies clear out the Nazi Hoardes. We can give prompt delivery on day-old non-sexed, pullet or cockerel chicks in all pure breeds and hybrid crosses. Prices greatly reduced for June delivery. Also eight-week old and older pullets. Free catalog.

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Fergus, Ontario.



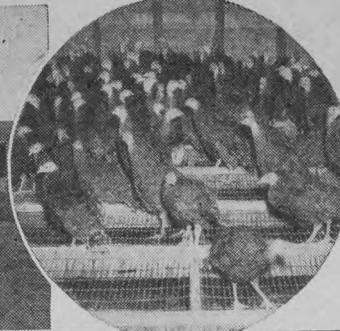
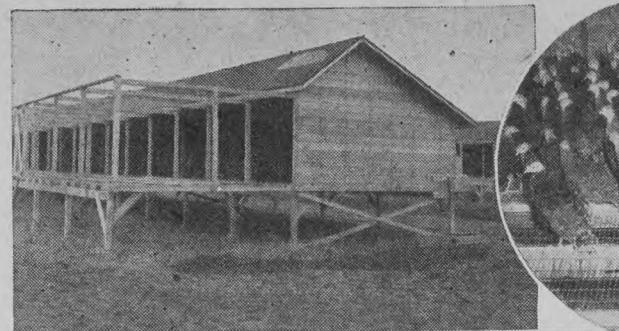
THANKS FOR YOUR 1945 PATRONAGE

We hope we will have the pleasure of supplying your 1946 chick requirements. In the meantime we extend our very

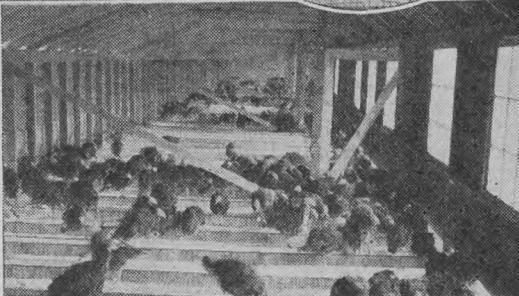
BEST WISHES

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POULTRY



[Guide Photos]

Beware of Coccidiosis

WHILE coccidiosis does occur in poultry of most ages, it is largely confined to young chicks 8-12 weeks of age. One of the reasons for this peculiarity is that warm, moist conditions are favorable for the development of this disease. The other reason is that young chicks are highly susceptible to disease in general since they have not had an opportunity to build up a resistance. The symptoms are quite characteristic. The first indications are usually droopiness and depression in the chicks. They stand huddled, feathers ruffled, wings dropped, and eyes closed. Another common symptom is diarrhoea, and the droppings are sometimes, though not always, tinged with blood. The chicks' appetite is poor and soon the birds lose weight and die. If not checked, the disease will take a heavy toll.

Cures have been advocated but none have proven entirely successful. As with most diseases, prevention is easier than control. Keep the houses dry and clean at all times. Should an outbreak occur, clean out the house daily to ensure dryness and freedom from disease organisms. If possible, move the chicks to clean ground.

Next Year's Egg Supply

IT is not too soon to be thinking of our egg supply for next year. With an assured market for all our surplus eggs, now is the time to prepare, not next fall or early winter. Actually, our preparations should begin when the chicks are first placed under the brooder, not when they are moved to their laying quarters. Much can be done now through the proper care and management of growing birds. Elsewhere the value of good feeding is discussed, but that is only one phase to be considered along with many others. As soon as the chicks are feathered and require no further artificial heat, they should be moved to a clean range and the cockerels and pullets separated. To prevent the possibility of the spread of disease from the laying stock, keep the young and old birds separate. Do not overcrowd the birds on range; and a maximum of 400 to the acre is recommended. The type of house used is immaterial as long as it provides roosting space, protection from the elements and shade. A range shelter is ideal for the summer. A colony house, too, is very satisfactory. The type of pasture is not as important, provided some is supplied. Alfalfa is one of our best green feeds, but a field of oats is very good. It supplies green feed early in the season and shade during the heat of summer.

Swat the Rooster

Poultry raisers as a whole are striving to increase the number of eggs produced, and this is a worthy object to achieve. However, we should not forget that the production of quality eggs is equally, if not more, important. A glance at the spread in prices between A and C grade eggs should convince anyone that the production of quality eggs is profitable. There are many fac-

tors which contribute, and not least is the production of infertile eggs. By now, the need for hatching eggs should be over and the breeding pens can be broken up. The males are no longer necessary and should be removed from the pens. Contrary to the belief held by some, the males have no influence upon the productive ability of the pullets or hens, but they do have an influence on the quality of the eggs produced, since the fertile eggs deteriorate more rapidly than do infertiles. By the time a fertile egg is laid, some development has taken place and if allowed to remain in the nest for half a day, especially if the temperature is 70 degrees Fahr. or above, further evidence of this development can be seen when the egg is candled. Then, too, the presence of a few broody hens will only make matters worse.

A great deal of trouble of this kind can be overcome by disposing of all the surplus males as soon as the breeding season is over. This one suggestion, which involves no extra labor, will do much to help maintain egg quality this summer.

Feeding the Growing Stock

DURING the past few years, more and more poultrymen have been feeding a chick starter, with the result that growth has been more uniform, feathering more even and the percentage of culs lower. Unfortunately, many have decided that the feeding of a well-balanced growing mash during the summer is an expensive and unnecessary procedure. Such thinking is uneconomical when we consider the number of culs and under-developed birds encountered in the fall. The growing period which extends from 6 to 7 weeks of age, until the pullets commence to lay in the fall, is one of relatively slow but uniform growth. It is during this time that the young stock are building a good foundation for their future production. This can only be accomplished if they are fed in a satisfactory manner.

Throughout the growing season, the birds do not require a great deal of protein; and adjustments to suit their needs are usually made by increasing the amounts of whole grain fed. Green feed, whole grains, and water are all good feeds, but they do not represent a balanced diet. They need to be supplemented with a growing mash which will supply the necessary vitamins, minerals, and additional protein so necessary for the development of a sturdy, well-muscled pullet which will be in condition for the heavy strain of production next fall and winter.

Hot Weather Comfort and Health

LICE and mites are most troublesome in the hot weather. They are usually seen near the roosts, and prompt action is necessary. Substituting poultry netting for doors and windows makes for greater comfort in hot weather and prevents entry of rodents. More roosting space is necessary in summer than winter, as well as frequent changing of straw litter and removal of droppings in order to prevent objectionable odors.

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July 9 to 14, 1945

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Top Notch Chickeries, Guelph, Ontario.

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Reduced Prices

- For Immediate Delivery -

Govt. Approved	Breed	R.O.P. Sired
100 50 25	100 50 25	100 50 25
13.25 7.10 3.80	W. Leg. —14.75 7.85 4.20	13.25 7.10 3.80
26.50 13.75 7.10	W.L. Pul. —29.00 15.00 7.75	26.50 13.75 7.10
3.00 2.00 1.00	W.L. Ckls. —4.00 2.50 1.50	3.00 2.00 1.00

14.25 7.60 4.05	B. Rocks —15.75 8.35 4.45	14.25 7.60 4.05
23.00 12.00 6.25	B.R. Pul. —26.00 13.50 7.00	23.00 12.00 6.25
11.00 6.00 3.00	B.R. Ckls. —12.00 6.50 3.25	11.00 6.00 3.00
14.25 7.50 4.05	N. Hamps. —15.75 8.35 4.45	14.25 7.50 4.05
23.00 12.00 6.25	N.H. Pul. —26.00 13.50 7.00	23.00 12.00 6.25
11.00 6.00 3.00	N.H. Ckls. —12.00 6.50 3.25	11.00 6.00 3.00

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W. Leghorns	14.75	Wyandottes	17.75
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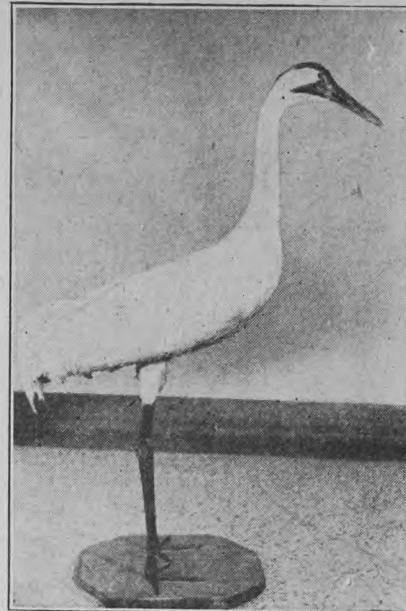
Write for a Catalogue and Price List

The Whooping Crane is Nearing Extinction

THE whooping crane is at the point of extinction. Last winter the only ones seen in the south were in Texas and only 17 of them were counted. As a bird nears extinction the males predominate and it may be that of the 17, only three or four are females. Somewhere in western Canada these rare birds are now nesting. If the nests can be found and every precaution taken to preserve them, this fine bird may, with good luck, be preserved.

The plight of the whooping crane was brought to the attention of The Country Guide by Charles L. Broley. His is an interesting hobby. For many years he was a branch bank manager in Winnipeg. On his retirement he made his winter home in Florida. There he became interested in the nesting and living habits of the bald eagle, which isn't bald but has a white head at maturity. He gets credit for finding out more about the national bird of the United States than any American had previously done. But that is another story.

Mr. Broley's present concern is the preservation of the whooping crane. He pointed out that it is not the common sand hill crane but a far nobler bird. It is the largest land bird in America, standing four feet tall. It is pure white, with black wing tips showing in flight and with bill, face and head showing darker at a distance. In flight the legs are carried out straight behind with the neck and head stretched out in front. Sometimes the pelican is mistaken for



[A mounted specimen in the Manitoba Museum.

Whooping Crane.

it on account of its black wing tips but the pelican is a chunkier bodied bird, and carries its legs folded while on the wing with the head drawn back.

If any nests can be found they will be guarded to prevent loss from prowling man or beast. Should any reader of The Country Guide see a bird that answers to the description he should immediately write and the information will be passed along to Mr. Broley.

My Friends Were Pigs

By MARION McRAE

OF all domesticated animals the pig is regarded as the lowliest. Many know little of this animal except in regard to old sayings, as "stubborn as a pig" or "dirty as a pig."

I knew comparatively little about them myself until my husband and I decided to give up our salaried positions and join "the back to the land movement." That was back in '39 before "Bacon for Britain" became the slogan. On our little farm the first and only animals we had were four young sows which we named Martha, Isobel, Lulu and Lizzie. As we had moved into a new district and were not well acquainted we found plenty of time to know our four-legged friends.

First, we discovered that they came to know their names quickly and next that each had a different personality (pigality may be the proper term).

Isobel was very friendly and would follow us like a dog. If she could find a hole in the fence, away she would go after my husband, who was fencing, and stay beside him, grunting and talking in friendly pig fashion. If she received the least attention such as a back scratch her tone would change from idle grunting to a series of short satisfied little sounds, her body moving closer.

Martha was entirely different—had a cantankerous disposition—always scolding and grumbling. When things didn't please her she didn't hesitate to bark or even snap.

Lulu and Lizzie were more or less ordinary individuals—happy-go-lucky, paying little attention to anything or anyone.

However, when they were confined to their pens before farrowing there were a few changes to be noted. Martha became a little meaner and we had to be careful not to come within reach of her powerful jaws. Isobel was as friendly as ever and Lizzie as docile. Lulu became very nervous; strange noises such as hammering would send her into a state; she would lower her head and make terrible squealing noises. If it continued, she would kneel and back off (her tone becoming higher) and sometimes she would chew her pen.

One thing they had in common was cleanliness—one corner of the pen was used exclusively for sleeping, another for the toilet; these were well away from the feed trough. They preferred nice clean fresh water to slops or swill, and,

chop and water separate. Baby pigs were taught these rules as soon as they could move.

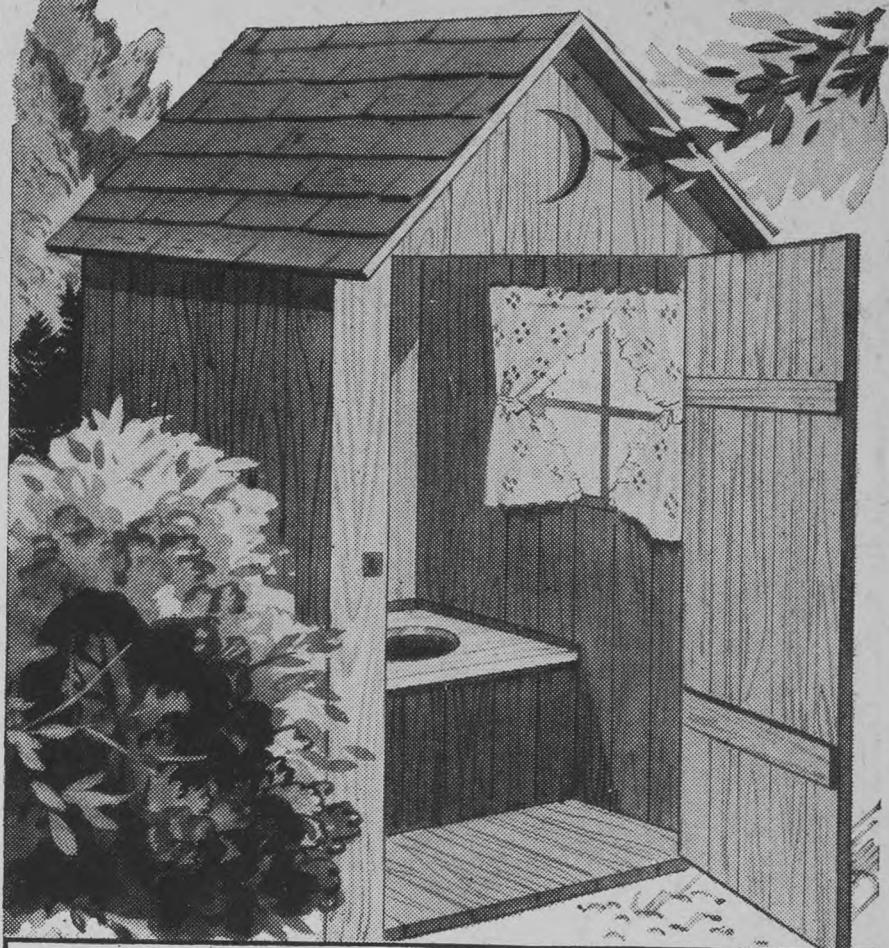
You have probably regarded kittens and puppies as cute, but you have to hold a little porker about a day old—then you have something really cute. They feel and look like satin, are very firm and oh, so warm, but they are not the cuddly type, which you soon discover—they squirm continually and look at you with curious bright eyes. If they relax a moment it only is in hopes you will loosen your hold, and if you do—you no longer have a piglet. They do not squeal if picked up by ear or tail. Anyway, just try to grab them by anything else and they are as elusive as the proverbial greased pig. Young and old alike are suspicious of strangers.

One time Martha found a very secluded place to rear her family—in an old hog house with pen, beside the creek. We thought she had shown very good judgment so shut the gate and left her in peace. A few mornings later the creek was in flood and the house and yard surrounded. My husband had quite a job walking a log and the fence till he came to the pen. He fully expected to find them all drowned—but there was Martha lying on the highest land and on the island thus formed all the little fellows were crowded. He had to cut an opening in the house, and through this sow and family swam to safety. Some folk say pigs can't swim, but during the same flood we brought a little runt not much larger than a gopher, over near the house, fixed a nice warm house for him. Three times we went out to feed him and each time he was gone. We found him across the creek, soaking wet.

The current was very swift and the creek quite wide—still that wee runt swam it. However, that night he began to shiver and his breathing was unnatural and before midnight he died—"pneumonia" we decided. Later a neighbor told us his pigs swam across the river every day in summer, and that river is swift and cold, being fed by mountain streams.

These are just some of the many things we learned about pigs from Martha, Isobel, Lizzie and Lulu, and you may be sure that when their days of usefulness were over, it was with regret we saw them trucked away. Since then we have given names to all the brood sows and found that some inherited the characteristics of Isobel, Lizzie, Lulu—yes, and even of Martha.

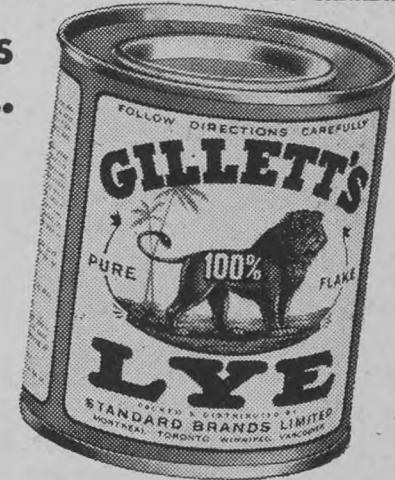
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David and Dawgs

By KERRY WOOD



The writer's Springer Spaniel, for which Dave sent all this doggy advice.

RECENTLY my fat old springer spaniel developed a sore foot, so right away I wrote to my friend Dave Blacklock of Turner Valley for advice. Dave is undoubtedly one of this continent's top authorities on dogs and dawgs. He was Canada's first breeder of the Golden Labrador, and for a while had the only all-black pointers in Canada. Dog-breeding is only a hobby with him, and not a business. He never goes in for wholesale pup-raising: "being a bachelor," he writes, "I'm rather against mass production methods!" But if anybody has a dog problem, Dave is the man who can solve it; and he is more than generous with his time and advice if he feels that he may be saving a dog some needless suffering.

So when my springer got a sore foot I wrote Dave and got back one of his typical letters:

"In Ireland," wrote Dave, who is a Scot, "hucksters used to go around from croft to croft buying geese for the Christmas trade. They went on foot in the old days and they drove the geese they bought ahead of them, picking up one or two birds at each farm. By the end of a few weeks of such buying, it wasn't at all uncommon for a huckster to be driving two or even three hundred geese ahead of him down the lanes. Which meant that the geese, as well as the huckster, had to do considerable walking before reaching the market or shipping centre. Foot trouble among the geese was a common complaint and the hucksters got smart and used one simple little stunt which saved them a lot of sore webs. They simply heated a pan of tar until it was tacky enough to stick to a goose's web-feet, then they stood the goose in this pan and got the soles of its webs well saturated and next lifted the bird over to a pan of fine sand, letting the bird stand on this sand and scuff around in it until the tarry feet had a good coating. This tar-and-sand mixture acted like a protective cushion on the goose's webs, permitting the birds to walk many a mile without any foot discomfort whatsoever."

"Now, most hunting dogs don't get enough exercise previous to the hunting season, being penned up in confined runways. Then the season arrives and the dogs are run ragged day after day, travelling miles and miles in pursuit of game. Hence they develop foot troubles in a hurry when the untoughened pads wear thin and get punctured by thorns, sticks, or stubble ends. Continual hunting keeps foot troubles in a constant sore state, too, and healing is a slow process as a rule. Therefore, as soon as a hunting dog develops a tender pad, I advocate

the tar-and-sand treatment the same as the Irish hucksters used on their Christmas geese. The cushion of sand and tar protects the dog's pads from rough treatment and gives a sore paw a chance to heal."

MY dog has always been a table-scrap feeder, which is the most foolish way to feed a hunting dog. The result is that he gets too much starch in his diet, mostly bread, and his figure suffers accordingly. And once in a while as result of this improper diet, he'll mouth a bird while retrieving. His teeth seldom puncture the skin of a bird, but this feather-plucking and mouthing tendency made me appeal to Dave for more advice.

Dave wrote: "Have you ever watched a coyote, fox, or wolf dine on a freshly killed animal? Almost invariably they rip open the stomach cavity and plunge their muzzles inside, grabbing a mouthful of entrails as their first choice. This used to strike me as a rather dirty habit until I found that all carnivores rely on the stomach-contents of their kills to get the necessary balanced diet which an all-meat menu won't provide. Call it a 'mineral' lack, if you like. Anyway, wild hunters of the dog family all like the messy stomach contents of game they kill."

"Anytime one of my dogs starts chewing a bird on the retrieve, I feel that the dog's diet is at fault and the animal is instinctively trying to remedy it. Sporting dogs, of course, will not eat fowl, but this chewing of the feathers is an indication that they feel the urge to get at the entrails. So I go down to the nearest butcher and get a pailful of beef entrails, or I shoot a rabbit and feed its stomach-contents to the offending dog. And you'd be surprised at how many times such treatment cures the bird-chewing."

Car chasing by dogs? Dave wrote:

"Get a friend to drive slowly past the offending dog until the animal bolts after the car. Then have the driver weave the front wheels back and forth a little, and the dog will chase along

close to them. Say the dog is on the left hand side of the car, the driver's side. Have the driver veer the car gradually to the right, and the dog will follow this veering close against the front wheel. Now the driver opens his door and holds it wide open while he swings the car sharply to the left (better have a spare driver in the car to avoid accidents, and be sure the roadway is clear of traffic)! Anyway, when the car swings abruptly to the left the dog instinctively falls back from the front wheel — and



Dave Blacklock and "Pat," his Golden Labrador Sire.

that's when he bangs solidly into the opened door. The slant of the door plus the position of the dog usually means that the pup gets a robust but harmless whack on his rear end and spills ditchward. After such treatment, repeated a couple times if necessary, the dog develops an extreme distrust of passing vehicles and leaves them severely alone!"

MOST spaniels have a deep-seated desire to chase; the springer was bred to flush game, after all, which means it has to seek out game and jump it. So chasing is perhaps natural, and what better critter is there to chase than the ubiquitous rabbit?

Dave was again asked for help, and wrote:

"Get yourself a freshly defunct rabbit, preferably a jack because of its greater size and weight. Feed your dog all he can eat of his regular foodstuffs, so he won't be interested in the rabbit as an eating article. Then take a lot of

baling wire and wrap it securely around and around your rabbit to hold it together, and next fasten the bunny on to your dog's collar in such a way that the rabbit's hind legs drag on the ground between your spaniel's front legs—so that he'll step on it at times. At first he'll worry the bunny, chewing at it, but the plentiful wraps of wire will soon discourage that tendency. Then he'll get mad and seek to shake it loose, but it won't shuck off if you've done your job properly. Then he'll try running away from it; it'll go right along with him and cause him considerable trouble and he'll probably step on it a few times and trip himself. Leave the bunny fastened to your pup for half a day. By the end of that time he'll be so thoroughly sick of the sight and smell and weight of that bunny, he shouldn't give you any trouble with rabbits again."

Dave was right. I used that method on my spaniel as a pup, and today a wild bunny can break right under his

snout and he won't even turn his head to look at it.

A friend had a Lab that tangled painfully with a porcupine. The quills were pulled out, the dog recovered; then one day he met another porcupine. The dog remembered the pain of the first encounter and savagely attacked the porky to get his revenge; the result was another mouthful of quills. These were removed and no permanent harm done the dog, and finally a third encounter with a porcupine came about. Again the vengeful dog charged the living pin-cushion and came off second best.

Dave was asked about this: could the porky-hating Lab be cured?

"If you have a valuable dog that develops a phobia for porkies, the treatment is a wee bit complicated but extremely effective. The complicated part of the job is to secure a live porcupine. Place it in a stout box, and across the front of that box string half a dozen wires which can be electrically charged by one of these electric-fence batteries.

The charged wires will keep the porcupine from trying to escape from the box, of course, and the next thing to do is place the box in the dog's runway and let the enraged pup charge at the hated porky. The first jolt of the charged wire will make him rear back, but he'll come in again for another try. The second jolt will make him yelp, but if he is a persistent cuss, and most Labs are, he'll try three or four times. Each time he attacks he'll get an electric shock. Leave the porky in the dog's runway for an hour or two, as long as the dog shows any savage interest in the animal. But as soon as the dog gives up his growling and retires to the far corner of his run and eyes the caged porky with some misgiving, remove the offending animal and you can be pretty sure the dog won't pester any more porcupines from then on.

"The same method will cure a dog of molesting skunks, by the way—but you can have the job of catching and penning a live skunk!"



THIS WAR HAS PROVED THE VALUE OF QUICK-ENERGY FOODS

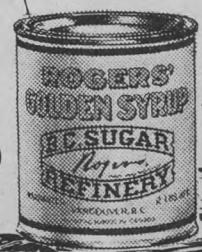
Actual tests conducted by military authorities have proved that foods which provide energy quickly are the most valuable in emergencies. In one experiment a group of men lived in a rubber lifeboat five days, each subsisting on different "starvation" rations such as meat, biscuits, fruit bars and hard candy. The latter proved so much more effective that emergency rations for use at sea and on the battlefield have been changed to candy or sweet chocolate . . . A convenient and economical form of quick energy food is Rogers' Golden Syrup. It is particularly valuable for growing children, manual workers and athletes—in fact, for all who need quick replacement of energy.

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Periods of Plenty

By KERRY WOOD

ONCE again the rabbits are plentiful in our district. The top of the cycle of abundance has come. Of course, their numbers haven't reached nuisance proportions around our town for about twenty-three years—it was in the winter of 1919 or 1920 that the bunnies were really abundant here, when even boys armed with slingshots took their toll of the rabbit hordes. Naturally, there have been periods of abundance in the rabbit cycle during the intervening years, but the peak seasons have not been so noticeable around our well settled district, where men, boys, dogs, and hunters of the wilds combine to keep the rabbits in check all the time. This year, there are more bunnies in evidence than for many years, and anyone can easily get proof of this fact by walking among the creek willows and taking note of the countless rabbit tracks and trails to be seen there.

The large part that rabbits play in nature's plan is also in evidence. With the abundance of rabbits around us, for the first time in many years we can hear the coyotes howling close to town. The foxy fellows have increased along with the rabbits, and trails in the snow show us that many other predators are on the increase too. Weasels are plentiful, and so are skunk. Perhaps these smaller hunters are not so dependent on rabbits as the coyote, lynx, owls, and goshawks, but it seems that the rabbit cycle of plenty sets the pace for many other cyclic-governed creatures. Mice have increased enormously this season—meadow mice or voles, the red-backed mice of the open woodlands, and the dainty deer-mice of the mossy spruce hollows are all plentiful, and the weasel and skunk know it well. In addition to the mice hordes, this is a peak year in the ruffed grouse and prairie chicken (sharp-tailed grouse) cycles, and even the deer appear to be more plentiful close to town than for many years.

All periods of plenty are inter-related in some way, even though they do not always reach the peak periods on the same year and even though they often vary considerably in time for districts only half a hundred miles apart. Usually, however, the peak times for the various cyclic creatures come fairly close together, the rabbits and the grouse seeming to strike the abundant period together more often than any of the others. The mice cycle seems to be shorter, averaging four or five years between peak periods, while the rabbits and grouse vary from six to nine years between peaks—nothing so regular and definite as every seven years as we used to believe.

My own nature notes don't go back far enough to let me say anything very conclusive about the cycles, but I have noticed one fact which may have something to do with the Period of Plenty. During years when the rabbits reach abundance peaks, we generally have an exceptionally good wild fruit season at the same time.

If it were possible to prove that rabbits, grouse, mice, deer, and all other herbivorous creatures subject to cyclic increases reached abundance periods during good berry years, one might believe that the cause of the cycle of plenty had its roots firmly planted in the good earth. For instance, it might be that the good health and vitality and therefore the increased numbers of such animals depended on certain beneficial elements in their foods, or perhaps on the abundance of favorite food plants. Every farmer knows that one field will not produce a good crop of the same grain year after year without rest periods to restore the chemical content of the soil; probably it is necessary for the soil that grows our wild plants to undergo the same rest periods. If this is true, might it not be possible that nature requires six to nine years for the chemical action in the soil to reach its most efficient period for growth to produce a bumper crop of berries, wild fodder and foliage of all kinds? And it may follow that, if the year after plant abundance finds the soil exhausted and unable to produce good wild fodder crops, then the plentiful rabbits, grouse, deer, and mice might suffer starvation and disease as result of the earth's comparative barrenness.

Coming on the TIDE of VICTORY

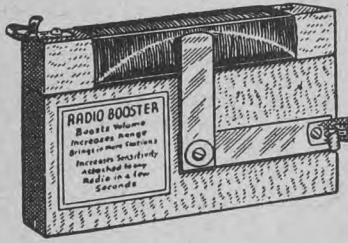


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CALKED SHOES

Continued from page 7

Jerry went out to see the dealer. Where he had negotiated with a pleasant, reasonable individual, he now found a surly, bickering creditor. The young man was mystified, tried to get to the bottom of it, but without success. He finally made a satisfactory payment and returned to the woods. There he found a curt letter from the wholesaler from whom he had purchased food supplies. Credit terms were not only greatly restricted but there was a demand for an increased payment at once.

Angry and bewildered, Jerry burst forth with the news.

"Give 'em their money and see that you slap their faces when you do it," Jack growled.

"But what's gotten into them?" the son demanded. "They seemed anxious for the business last summer."

He went out to Minneapolis and was received much as he had been by the horse dealer.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "Afraid you won't get your money?"

"Frankly, yes, Mr. Mead," was the reply. "After further investigation, we have come to the conclusion that you have bitten off a little too much."

"And now you're doing your best to see that I can't chew it, eh? What do you want?"

Terms were outlined that would cripple Jerry seriously.

"Nothing has changed since last summer when you agreed to go through with this," he declared.

"We did not understand you contemplated quite such extensive operations."

"That's a lie. You understood perfectly everything I planned."

"Now, Mr. Mead!" the merchant exclaimed with an attempt at brusqueness that was aborted by a sudden recollection of the Mead reputation on the Swift.

"I said you lie and you do," Jerry interrupted evenly. "What's at the bottom of this?"

The question was evaded and he pressed it, but without success. Angry and bewildered, he returned to the woods. "I don't know what's happened to them," he told his father. "We were a good risk last summer. Now they won't trust us for a nickel."

"Some of the big fellows," Jack declared. "As a contractor you're a fine fellow. When you start in for yourself they kick you in the face. Tell 'em all to go to hell."

"That's what I did, but it's pretty expensive. We've been sailing too close to stand anything more like that."

Jerry was inclined to believe his father was right. Timber was getting scarce along Swift River. The established companies wanted all they could get before being compelled to cease operations altogether, and all of them had tried repeatedly to get the Perkins' holdings.

That week reports from one of the camps showed a falling off in logs banked. Jerry went to the foreman and learned that the men had been doing a great deal of kicking.

"Guess they'll settle down, now, though," the foreman concluded. "I found the deacon-seat lawyer who was doing it all and he was hitting the tote road in five minutes."

"How long has he been working?" Jerry asked.

"About a month. No lumberjack, either."

"If another one shows up, don't fire him. I want to see him first."

"All right. How about that homesteader near the dam? He says you told him he could have a job."

"Thought he went to work six weeks ago."

"Said he couldn't get through with his own work sooner, just moving in last fall. He's built a barn and cut that little patch of Norway. Wants to know if you'll buy 'em on the skidway. He

hasn't a team, just an Indian pony. His boy wants a job, too."

"Set 'em to work the next time they come around," Jerry said. "I'll see him about his logs. But if he's no good, let him go. Jack pine eaters aren't much account in the woods."

A week later Jerry was near the river and visited the homesteader. His cabin was nearly half a mile from the dam on a sandy flat that bore nothing except jack pines. The man had erected a cabin and a barn and fenced them in. A glance showed that he was a skilled woodsman but as Jerry looked about the place he wondered why anyone should have selected it. There was practically no timber and no possibility of farming.

The homesteader's wife told Jerry her husband and son had gone to work in one of the camps and he went on. It was two weeks later, on Sunday, before he thought of the man again. Then he appeared in Jerry's office.

"How much are you going to give me for my timber?" he demanded as soon as he entered.

"You should have asked that before you cut it," Jerry replied. "How much you figure you got there?"

"Twenty-five thousand."

"It's half a mile from the river and there's no road. Put it on the bank and I'll pay you what I'm paying for this, plus four dollars for banking it."

"But I ain't got any team. I want to sell it on the skids."

"Then I'll give you four dollars for it."

"What!" the man roared.

He was a husky, middle-aged individual with pale blue eyes and a cruel mouth. Now his eyes were blazing and his lips were drawn back in a snarl.

"Four dollars, eh? Just 'cause you think you've got me. Just 'cause you think you can rob me easy."

"I have never been under any obligations to buy your logs," Jerry answered quietly. "I told you you should have come to me before you cut them."

"Aw, go on and talk! I know you. Just 'cause I'm a little fellow, and poor you're trying to squeeze me."

"Shut up and use your head!" Jerry retorted. "If I pay you four dollars I won't make a cent. I offered you that only because I don't want to see you lose."

"Don't want to see me lose, eh? What you care?"

"I don't, about you, but I talked to your wife a while back and she's countin' on the money. Why don't you hire a team and bank the logs yourself?"

"Where'd I get a team? Besides, my boy and me are working in No. 4."

"All right. I've told you what I'll do. Take your choice."

The man grumbled and protested but only succeeded in getting Jerry angry. When he had gone, and Jerry remembered the drawn, cheerless face of the woman he had seen in the cabin there was a relenting, and then the matter slipped from his mind. The next Sunday he saw the foreman of No. 4.

"Let that homesteader and his boy go last night," the latter commented. "You're right about jack pine eaters. They ain't much good in the woods."

"I thought he could handle himself!" Jerry exclaimed in surprise.

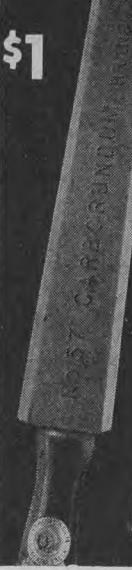
"Maybe, but he can't handle an axe. He never ought to use one unless he's standing in a tub. The boy was worse."

Jerry remembered the well built cabin and barn and wondered what it meant; but the foreman had other things to report and Zeke Clayton, homesteader, was forgotten in the face of more pressing problems.

THE winter wore on, Jack flinging the trees to the ground and dragging them to the bank of the frozen river, Jerry lying sleepless with his incessant planning and scheming to make both ends meet. There had been no more subtle attacks through creditors, but the first two had weakened him financially so that he would have difficulty with a third. But he had protected himself as best he could and at the end of February he believed he was safe.

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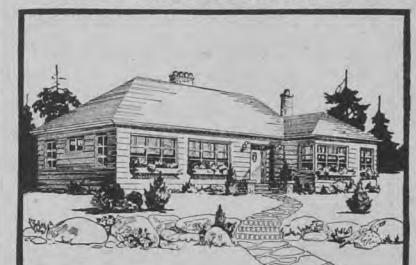
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THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD

FARMERS' BULLETIN

STRAWBERRY AND RASPBERRY CEILINGS

Except for minor adjustments designed to improve distribution across Canada throughout the picking season, ceiling prices of strawberries and raspberries will be substantially the same as in 1944. Following are growers' prices:

STRAWBERRIES

Quart Pint

ZONE 1
(Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia)

25¢ 13½¢

RASPBERRIES

Quart Pint

32¢ 17¢

ZONE 2

(Quebec, South of Sorel; Southern Ontario)

To June 26.... 28¢ 15¢ Through
After June 26... 20¢ 11¢ Season..... 30¢ 16¢

ZONE 3

(Northern Quebec, Northern Ontario)

(Same as Zone 1)

ZONE 4

(Prairie Provinces, East Kootenay Area of B.C.)

(Same as Zones 1 and 3)

ZONE 5

(Fraser Valley Area of B.C.)

To June 19.... 27¢ 14½¢ Through
After June 19... 22¢ 12¢ Season..... 28¢ 15¢

In Zone 1, these prices are f.o.b. Fredericton, N.B.; Zone 2, Simcoe, Ontario; Zone 3, shipping point; Zone 4, Creston, B.C.; Zone 5, Mission, B.C. At points other than the above, prices are higher by the cost of transportation from each of these points.

To compensate for greater transit risk, the price ceiling in the three Prairie Provinces has been raised. Wholesale and retail margins are higher and an additional one cent per pint is to be allowed B.C. shippers on carlot shipments to prairie points to cover assembling and loading costs.

PRICE CEILINGS FOR NEW POTATOES

Ceiling prices on new potatoes are unchanged from 1944. Maximum prices for shipper or producer are \$3.75 per cwt. f.o.b. Harrow, Ontario, and Vancouver, B.C., from May 14 to July 18; \$3.50 from July 19 to August 1; \$3.25 from August 2 to August 15; and \$3.00 from August 16 to August 31, 1945. Delivered price to distribution centres in Canada must not exceed the Harrow or Vancouver base price plus normal transportation charges of not more than 40¢ per cwt. Maximum price delivered at any other point shall be the price at the nearest distributing centre plus the cost of transporting potatoes by freight in less than carlots from such distributing centres to the point of delivery.

FARM MACHINERY REPAIR PARTS

All restrictions on the import and manufacture of repair parts for farm machinery and equipment will be lifted on July 1, 1945. The new order maintains machine production at 100% at least of the 1944-45 rate. As war contracts terminate and raw materials are in better supply, it is expected that additional quantities will be available for farm machinery manufacture. In the past, quotas have been split between eastern and western Canada but this feature has been eliminated and equitable distribution is to be assured for all districts. In addition to new machines and repair parts which are made available for the ration, 17,933 tons of farm implements are being provided to the Department of Veterans' Affairs for distribution under the Veterans' Land Act. Machinery rationing officers will give priority to the needs of those returned soldiers who do not come directly under administration of the Veterans' Land Act.

For further details of any of the above orders apply to the nearest office of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

considerable power had struck him through his creditors but he had not been able to get an inkling as to whom it might be. Then came a letter from Jerry.

"I have known all winter that I shouldn't have left Minneapolis," she wrote, "and now I am sure of it. Hobart Billings has been here and has returned. I don't have to tell you that he returned as he came, only more so."

"But, Jerry! Why haven't you written me the truth? You have been so cheerful, and I like you cheerful, but I won't be one who has to be cheered up. For I'm not that sort. I don't want anyone fighting and suffering for me and keeping me in ignorance of the fact, and that is what you have been doing."

"Here is what I have found out, and I wish I could cable it all so that you would know it sooner. After Hobart left a few days ago mother told me, just mentioning it casually, that inexperience and unsound financial methods had piled up a bigger load than you could carry.

"I didn't say anything but I went to dad today. I can talk to him. Hobart had told him, too, only more in detail. Dad explained that you had attempted too much, had undertaken more than you could carry through financially, and Jerry, I know what that means, why you did it, and I feel so guilty. I just know you would have never risked as you did if it hadn't been for me. Can't you do something, work on a smaller scale? You mustn't fail, Jerry. It isn't the money I care about. It's the effect on you. I wouldn't have you beaten for anything in the world."

"Please don't think I lack faith. I don't, Jerry, but I haven't told you all, and there again I am responsible. Dad chuckled when he told me about you, what Hobart had told him, and then he said: 'Some folks in Minneapolis can laugh at Billings if they want to but they make a mistake. He wanted that Perkins timber and if I don't miss my guess he'll get it.'

"I asked dad what he meant and he said, 'Do you remember that time last summer when Billings said he was going to Chippewa Falls to buy the widow's holdings and Mead, though he had just bought it, didn't say a word? Well, Mead will have to be some birler if he stays on that log with Billings.'

"I don't have to tell you any more, Jerry. Hobart is pretty sure of something. He hinted at it while he was here. And he left earlier than he had expected. He's hard, Jerry, hard and cruel. I've had flashes of what he can be. And oh, Jerry! Please do be care-

ful. You won't be fighting in the dark now. And Jerry! When you get him down, give him the 'corks.' There! Wouldn't I make a good wife for a lumberjack?"

A MAN'S pride prompts strange actions especially when a woman is concerned. Now that Jerry Mead understood what was back of his creditors' change he would have liked nothing better than to settle the matter in a personal encounter with Hobart Billings. But he knew he could not. Billings already had dictated the terms of combat and Jerry, if he were to cease to be a lumberjack and become a lumber baron, must fight Billings' way.

There again pride entered into the matter. His relations with Joe Dean had shown that he could expect aid, that it would be given gladly. He could have the loyal backing and redoubled efforts of his father. At a word, one hundred and twenty men in Camps 1 and 2 would forego wage payments until the Meads were safe financially.

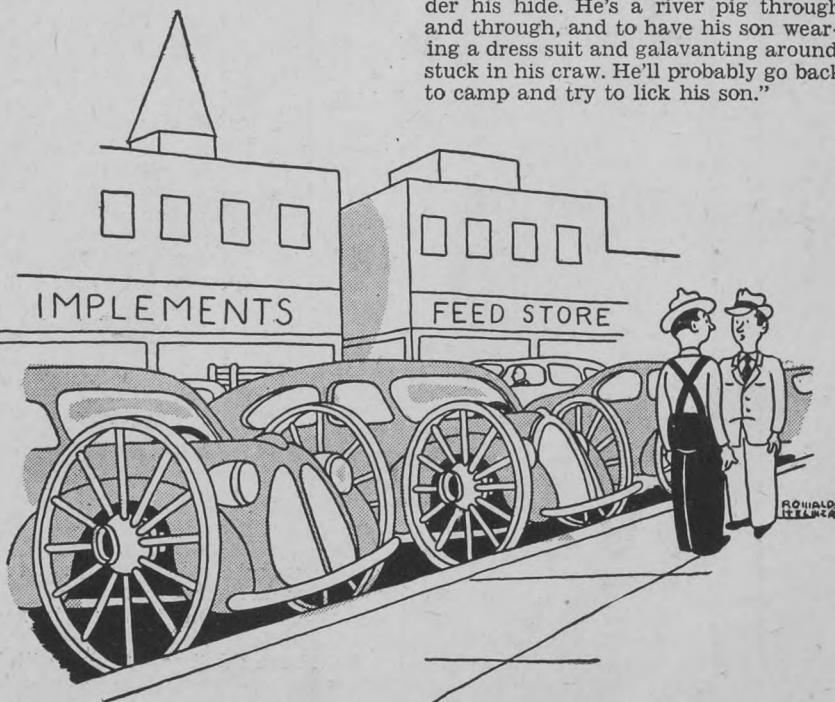
Yet Jerry did not give consideration to these possibilities. He saw this as a matter between himself and Billings, as a question of his own ability to survive in this newer, larger and more complicated struggle. Even the fact that Billings, as general manager of the Gopher Lumber Company, wielded a no uncertain power did not drive him to seek what assistance he could. Pride and Glory Armstrong pushed him into the open, alone. He scorned even a wall at his back.

But even if he played Billings' game he did not see how he could strike back. To attack Billings he would have to attack the powerful Gopher Lumber Company, a bit of pure folly. Chaffing, irritable, Jerry could only keep a close watch and protect himself.

It was inevitable that Jack Mead discovered that something was wrong. He had kept clear of the financial end of their enterprise, had concentrated on the actual logging; but he saw Jerry often and knew his son was worried. Moreover, on his last trip out to Kettle Falls he had learned, for the first time, of Jerry's presence at the Armstrong ball and of his frequent visits to the city thereafter.

It had never occurred to Jack to question the source of his information or the peculiar manner in which it had been imparted to him. A stranger, well dressed, evidently a travelling salesman, had bought him a drink in Sam's Place and immediately had launched into effusive congratulations on being the father of such a son.

The runaway, the Armstrong ball, the newspaper stories, even the frequent drives with Glory about the Minneapolis lakes, all these became known to Hell And High Water for the first time. He listened without comment or expression of emotion, yet the talkative stranger reported to Hobart Billings, "It got under his hide. He's a river pig through and through, and to have his son wearing a dress suit and galavanting around, stuck in his craw. He'll probably go back to camp and try to lick his son."



"How's the tire shortage in these parts?"

"There will be friction in any event," Billings said. "A good job."

That was not all. The tote team had brought in letters, bearing strange stamps and postmarks, the envelopes of rich and heavy paper. Sometimes, in Jerry's absence, Jack had sorted the mail and had studied these in amazement. When they continued frequently through the winter his curiosity was aroused. And then at Kettle Falls he had learned from the talkative stranger that Glory was in Europe.

Jack Mead had always mingled with his men; lived, fought and drunk with them. It had never been necessary to go past Kettle Falls for anything that life might offer. He mistrusted those who wore "boiled shirts" and collars, had scorn for anyone whose hands were not calloused. And a dress suit!

Yet these things alone could not have have aroused the emotions that confused the old river driver. He was angry, resentful, but it would have been Jack's nature to boil over, say what was on his mind and forget it.

This was different. He brooded, found he could not open the subject with Jerry because the basis for resentment was a little vague in his own mind. He did not suspect that, now he had gained a son, there was a fear he would lose him.

And then something happened that pushed the matter into the background for a time. Jerry received a letter telling of the death of Mrs. Perkins. There had been an icy sidewalk, a fall and injuries that proved fatal.

"I've got to go out," Jerry told his father. "I don't know who her heirs are and I want to be on the job."

He read the letter again, found that it was a week old. Even Mrs. Perkins' injury, he knew, must have been recounted in the Minneapolis papers.

"What's the difference?" Jack demanded. "You got a contract with her, ain't you?"

"A perfectly good contract, especially in her hands," his son answered. "Fair enough, but"

"Then what's the odds who her heirs are?"

"The contract calls for payments for all timber cut before the expiration of the year. That means we must pay her for fifty millions on or before the thirty-first of next December."

"Well?"

"It means that we must get these logs out, down to the mill, cut into lumber and sold."

"What's to prevent us? Look here, young feller. I'll get the logs to the boom. Understand? That's my job. The rest is yours."

Jerry did not comment, for he did not like to voice his dread of what Hobart Billings might do in the next nine months. Some of the trees were still standing and it was a long way, with many operations, before those trees became lumber in the hands of consumers.

He walked out to the railroad, caught a train to Chippewa Falls and went at once to the office of Mrs. Perkins' lawyer.

"The heirs, three in number, are from the East," he was told. "They arrived before Mrs. Perkins' death. The will has not been probated, but it is perfectly valid and there will be no trouble."

"My contract stands?"

"Certainly. It has been assigned, however."

"Assigned? What do you mean?"

"The heirs know nothing of the lumber industry and have no wish to continue in it more than necessary. They have already entered into an agreement with the Gopher Lumber Company whereby the timber you are logging is disposed of to the Minneapolis concern."

Jerry was stunned. "But you said my contract stands!" he exclaimed.

"It does, without change or condition. However, the Gopher Company will now be owner of the land and your arrangement to buy the timber is with it."

"There's no way to stop this?" Jerry demanded.

"A preliminary agreement has been signed. As soon as the will is probated in a day or two the transfer will be made."

Jerry did not let the matter rest there. He saws the heirs, argued with them, learned that they had been informed he would fail and that they, through unfamiliarity with the business, might stand a loss. Then he went to Minneapolis and talked to Jackson, his own attorney.

"There's nothing to worry about if

you fulfil your part of the contract," the lawyer told him after he had learned the facts. "The Gopher people can't alter the terms in any way."

They went over the document in detail, looking for possible flaws, holes through which the Gopher Company might drive an entering wedge of legal procedure, but Jackson declared there were none.

"They'll start something anyhow," Jerry declared. "You keep watch. Even a suit would tie this up, wouldn't it?"

"Possibly, though I can't find a thing they could hang a suit on."

"They'll do it. I'm sure of that. Let me know as soon as anything happens."

JERRY returned to the woods. March had come. The season's cut was nearly finished. Piled in huge rollways along the shore of Bear Lake and on the banks of Bear River were forty-five million feet, testimony to Jack Mead's skill and energy.

"There be an even fifty before it's too soft to haul," Jack announced when he and Jerry went over the scaling tally.

On his way in Jerry had decided that it would be wise to cease cutting, bank what timber was down and wait for the drive. Expenses would be somewhat reduced and he knew every penny would be needed if he were to be prepared for legal action.

But he could not escape the pride in his father's voice and he knew exactly what any suggestion of reduced operations would mean in the eyes of Hell And High Water. Jack Mead had never taken a step backward in any sort of fight and something of his indomitable spirit was communicated to the harassed son. "Fifty she'll be!" Jerry declared.

Anxious days followed. There was no doubt that the logs would be banked before the ice roads softened. Jack Mead had done his part, which was all the more galling for Jerry. Daily he waited for word from Jackson of some move by Billings. He did not believe it possible that he would be permitted to get his logs out but the sun mounted higher, the snow began to fade, and there was no news from Minneapolis.

As soon as Jack Mead saw that he could, he closed Camps 3 and 4. The men received their time checks and went out, leaving the one hundred and twenty men who comprised Jack's and Jerry's own crews.

It had been impossible for these lumberjacks, seasoned veterans zealously loyal, not to understand something of the struggle Jack Mead and his son were making, or to fail to realize, from Jerry's manner and expression, that their leaders faced a crisis. They discussed it among themselves around the stoves at night, though their comments and conjectures were almost entirely personal.

Bigger business, competition, the last desperate scramble for the remnants of a once glorious forest, the marshalling of credit and resources, of these they were aware only in a vague way. But in Jack Mead as an irresistible force, in Jerry as a courageous, clear headed general, they had a faith nothing less than fanatical.

Perhaps of the one hundred and twenty there was only one, Black River Ben, who had an inkling of what really was afoot. He was the last addition to Jerry's crew but in his first year, when Jerry and his father had fought through a long winter, Ben had come so close to reading the son's mind the outcome had surprised everyone except himself.

The manner of his seeking employment had formed the beginning of a bond. "I'm wanting a job and I'll work for you if you can lick me," Ben, half drunk, had said, and Jerry had so quickly and effectively punched him silly Black River admitted that he was "pretty solidly hired."

Talkative, apparently something of an ass, scorning the sanctity of the office, where he spent many evenings with Jerry, his shrewd mind had made some close deductions. But in the deacon-seat discussions he remained silent, kept his knowledge to himself, and waited.

Spring came with a rush. The last of March saw the ice begin to break up. Preparations for the drive had already begun and at last, when an early April rain and wind cleared Bear Lake, Jack gave the word one evening and the next morning the forest echoed to a continuous cannonade as the peavey-armed crews started the huge rollways tumbl-



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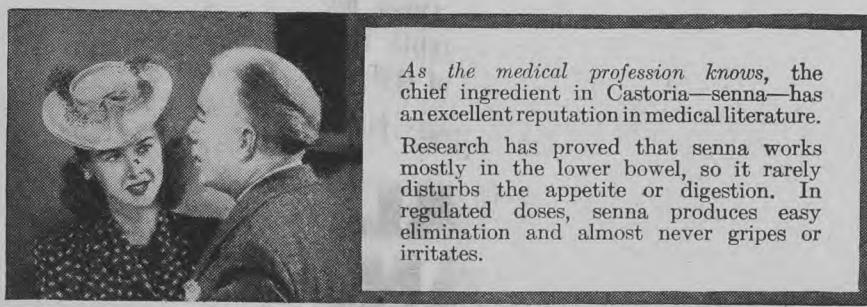
WHEN JOHN went overseas, I wanted to do *something* to help win the war. So I got an assembly-line job in an aviation plant. Now I realize how important it is for women to work these days.



I COULDN'T be working if John's mother hadn't moved in, to help take care of little Nancy. We all got along pretty well, but I think mother secretly believed I didn't know much about child-raising.



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ing into the water. The drive was on.

With swift currents, threatening jams, the constant change of scene and rapid progress, there is something not only spectacular but a quality that is stimulating to the men themselves in a river drive. On a lake it is a dreary, tedious, heartbreaking task. The logs are rolled into the water and gathered in booms holding about five million feet. Then, with a "headworks," a huge windlass on a raft, a long line and heavy anchor, the boom is dragged by man power to the outlet of the lake. With an adverse wind there is no work; the crew waits in idleness. With a cross or fair wind there is no cessation until the logs are gathered at the sluiceway; day and night the men toil without going ashore.

Jack and Jerry's picked crews threw themselves into the terrific task. For forty-eight hours they worked the windlass when the first raft started. Round and round on the long sweeps they labored. And then, the moment the logs were secured above the dam, back they went for more.

There were south winds, when they were forced to idleness. There was a snowstorm through which they toiled, wet and cold and weary. Once the west wind blew a gale, exerting terrific pressure on the raft, but they swung it down to the dam in a succession of short arcs. A mile a day was their progress, but they did not quit until the logs were inside the main boom.

Twenty million of the fifty million cut were piled on the shore of Bear Lake and in sixteen days the task was done. It was a dark, rainy night when the last raft was swung into place. The men had not been ashore for two nights and three days. They stumbled into camp, gulped down a supper and fell into their bunks.

Jerry and his father were up at three o'clock the next morning. They had already determined they would first sluice the logs in the lake, letting them through the dam and then, on the head of water that still remained, break out the rollways on the river and send them away on the current.

Both were sleepy and worn, for they had taken less rest than the men, but they pulled on their driving shoes eagerly, waited restlessly for breakfast, hurried through the meal and went out into the dreary spring dawn.

For they felt the import of that moment. At last the drive was really on. The flood of Bear River would whirl the product of the winter's toil away on its journey to Swift River and its destination in the boom at Swift Lake, and for the first time Jack and Jerry were driving their own logs to their own mill.

The men filed out of the great cook camp at the heels of their leaders. Jack had placed one of the camps so that it could be used for the lake drive as well as the winter operations, and it was only a quarter of a mile from the dam.

As they came out Jack tolled off small crews to go downstream and "tend out" at the bends, prevent the formation of jams. Others were sent to begin breaking out the river rollways a little at a time, keeping the current full if there were a slackening of the supply from above the dam. Then, with a small crew at their heels, Jack and Jerry hurried down the trail to the sluice-way. For the first time the gate was to be lifted, and the logs would start on their swift journey.

Walking rapidly, eager to be at it, they emerged from the forest and started across a cleared space toward the dam. Jack was ahead as they approached the sluice-way and his pace quickened, for he intended to lift the gate with his own hands. As he scrambled to the top of the embankment he halted in astonishment. A rifle had cracked less than one hundred feet away and he heard the bullet pass overhead.

"Get back off there!" someone shouted. "Back on the other side of that bunch of jack pine."

Jerry had come up beside his father and to his increased amazement he saw a newly constructed affair of logs on the embankment just beyond the sluiceway. A rifle was poked out between two logs and a hat appeared above the top.

"Who are you?" Jerry shouted. "This is our dam. Get off of it!"

There was no reply, no movement.

"Who are you?" Jerry repeated. "What's up?"

"I'll soon find out," Jack growled, and he started forward, only to be halted by another rifle shot.

Jack glared helplessly at the breast-work of logs. With his bare hands he would tackle anyone on earth, but like most of his kind he had never handled firearms and had only scorn for anyone who would use weapons in a personal encounter.

"Wait a minute," Jerry whispered. "He's shooting pretty low."

"Let me get my hands on him once and he'll never pull another trigger. Jack snorted. "What's he think he's doing?"

The answer came from the breast-work.

"Send your crew back into the woods and then you two Meads walk up to the sluiceway. I'll talk to you then and not before."

"You'll talk to us now, crew or no crew!" Jack roared.

Jerry turned and waved the men back. Some had pressed closer. Black River Ben was at his side.

"We'll settle this," Jerry told them. "Stay there and don't take any chances with that rifle. We'll be all right."

Jack blustered and swore but Jerry did not say anything. His mind was busy but he could find no solution of this beyond the bare assumption that, whatever it was, Hobart Billings was back of it.

"Now come ahead," shouted the man behind the log barrier. "Up to the sluiceway and no farther."

Jack and Jerry went forward.

"That will do," came the voice, and Zeke Clayton, the homesteader whose logs Jerry had never bought, raised himself into view.

"Now we can talk business," he said as he held his rifle ready. "You two own those logs in the lake. You're figurin' on sluicin' 'em and there's no reason why you can't. There's just one little thing you got to do first. You see, this dam is on my land. Homesteaded it last fall. Want to make a home for myself and family here, build up a nice little farm."

"But it's hell on homesteaders the first few years. Hard to get along. Man's got to make what he can, and where he can, and that's just what I'm doing. It's worth money to you to get those logs out and long's you have to drive them through my property it's only fair I tax you a little for the privilege. So now you see how things stand."

He ceased speaking and there was silence for a moment. Then Jerry asked, "What's your tax?"

"Not much. Just a dollar and a half a thousand."

"A dollar and a half!" Jerry shouted, for his mind had quickly grasped the total—\$30,000. "You're crazy!"

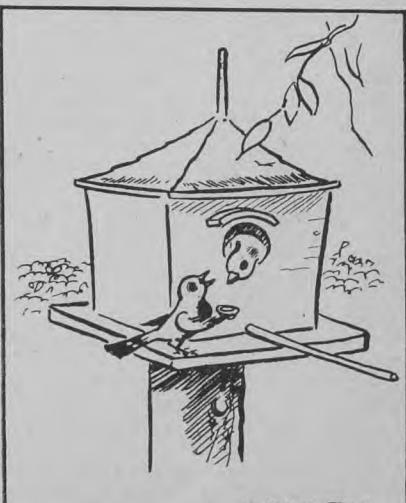
"Nope, not the least little bit. That's a fair price and there don't a log move until you pay it. If you think I don't mean what I say . . ."

He turned slightly and lifted a hand. His son and a third man raised themselves above the barricade, and then his wife. Each was armed with a rifle.

JACK Mead began to curse violently.

"Ought to drive every jack pine eater out of the country!" he growled. "Here we might be havin' these logs movin'. Never heard of such a thing."

"Wait!" Jerry whispered, and then he called, "You can't do this. We built the



AMBROSTAV

"Could I borrow a couple of celery seeds?"

dam before you homesteaded. We've our rights in it."

"Sayin' so don't give 'em to you, or get 'em," Clayton answered with a sneer. "Besides, I'm no fool. I been to see a lawyer and know what my rights are."

"You put up that gun and come out here and we'll soon see!" Jack Mead shouted.

"That's right," Clayton laughed. "Whine! The shoe's on the other foot, ain't it? Mind when I wanted you to buy my logs last winter? Thought you could do it at your own price, didn't you? Thought you had me where you wanted me. Well, you did. And now I got you. Pay me a dollar and a half a thousand and you can run all the logs through the sluiceway you want to."

Jack was about to burst forth with fresh violence but Jerry thrust him back.

"How much is Billings paying you for this job?" he demanded.

"Billings!" Clayton repeated uncertainly; and then he retorted blusteringly, "Never heard of him."

His first hesitation was enough. Jerry was certain now what had happened, knew Billings must have planned this the previous summer, and in that moment he cursed himself for having overlooked the matter of getting title to the dam site, though no one else had ever done it before.

"Billings!" Jack Mead exclaimed. "You mean the general manager of the Gopher? What's he got to do with it?"

"Anything, so he breaks us," Jerry answered. "He bought this timber land from Mrs. Perkins' heirs and now, if he can hold us up so we can't fill our contract he gets everything."

"Breaks us, eh!" Jack repeated belligerently, and then he looked narrowly at Jerry's troubled countenance. "So this is what comes of your galavantin' around Minneapolis in a dress suit and chasing around after a girl that would only be laughin' at a fellow from the woods. And Billings' girl, too."

Jerry started. Not only had his father hit the true situation but the young man was surprised to learn that Jack knew anything about Minneapolis. They had never referred to it in any way.

"Getting too fresh down there, weren't you?" his father continued. "You said I'd buy diamonds for bartenders but I'd never been fool enough to stir up the big fellows and get 'em on my trail."

The rebuke stung Jerry. It was their first discord in the year together and the fact that his father was right made him the more rebellious.

"You talk as if you were ready to quit!" he retorted. "They can't do this. We can lick 'em."

"Lick 'em! When they got guns and lawyers and the biggest company on the river backin' 'em? You're only a rabbit spittin' in a bulldog's face!"

Jerry was on the verge of a fresh outburst. Shame and helplessness and a dawning realization of all he had brought upon himself and his father drove him past discretion. But Clayton, who could not hear their words though he did read their attitude, remarked sneeringly, "You won't get anywhere fighting between yourselves. There's just one thing for you to do and that's to fork over the money."

"Jerry did not reply. "Come on," he whispered to his father. "We'll not get anywhere talking to him."

They turned down the bank and walked across to the crew, waiting at the edge of the forest. When they reached the wondering, impatient river drivers Jerry had regained his self-control.

"This fellow homesteaded the dam site last fall and he's holding us up for a dollar and a half a thousand for the right to sluice through our own dam," he explained quickly. "They've got four rifles over there and mean business."

"Run 'em out!" someone growled, and immediately there was a forward movement on the part of the entire crew.

"We ain't going to let any jack pine eater stop us!" another shouted. "Into the lake with 'em!"

"Get back there!" Jerry commanded sternly. "Maybe you could do it, but they'd get a dozen of you first. An' don't make any mistake. We sluice those logs."

Give me a little time and I'll have 'em out."

"That's the lad!" one of Jerry's own men whooped. "He don't know what he's tackled, that feller."

But Jack Mead's men did not agree. They gave little heed to Jerry's words, watched their own leader's face, and when Hell And High Water said nothing, when the man they had never known to fail did not give the signal, they stared in amazement.

"How about it, Jack?" one demanded. "Shall we put 'em out?"

It was a cool, casual question, with all the faith and loyalty in the world behind it, and Jack Mead, rough, battle scarred stranger to defeat, half whirled to lead his crew in a charge.

But it was only the suggestion of a movement. "The lad's runnin' this," he growled as he jerked his head toward Jerry. "Do what he says."

It was like a blow in the face. His men could not understand it. They glanced at Jerry, resentfully, suspiciously. Even Jerry's own men were amazed.

Jerry, too, understood, and he writhed under the necessity of such a course. Nearly every river pig there would join in a reckless rush against Clayton's barricade if he were only to nod his head. "You stay here," he commanded gruffly. "I want to have another talk with that fellow and see what I can learn from him."

It was only a ruse, a means of delay. He did not expect to get anything further from Clayton but he could not tell these men he hesitated only because he feared the consequences to them, because he could not send a dozen of them to their deaths. He was their boss, it was their job to get out the logs, and a Mead had never been stopped by anything on Swift River.

He walked quickly back to the sluiceway, heedless of Clayton's shouts of warning. "Come here," he said as he stopped at the gate. "We might as well talk this over."

"A dollar and a half a thousand is all you can say to me," was the retort.

"Don't be so sure. There's several things that's happened since Billings put you on here last fall. And don't forget he'll back you only so far. He'd quit you cold if he thought he was going to be hauled into this."

"Never heard of this Billings," Clayton said in a tone a little too brusque. "Nobody's got a deckin' chain on me."

JERRY'S mind was jolted into action.

This man, who had been trying to make out he was a green homesteader, was using logging camp expressions. And though a foreman had fired him because he could not swing an axe, Clayton had showed unmistakable evidence of woodsmanship in erecting his buildings. Moreover, he looked like an old-time lumberjack.

And a lumberjack with a family usually meant one who had homesteaded valuable timber, leaving his wife and children to live on the claim while he worked in camps.

"For one thing," Jerry said, "I've got a line on you."

Clayton was studying him and Jerry pressed the point.

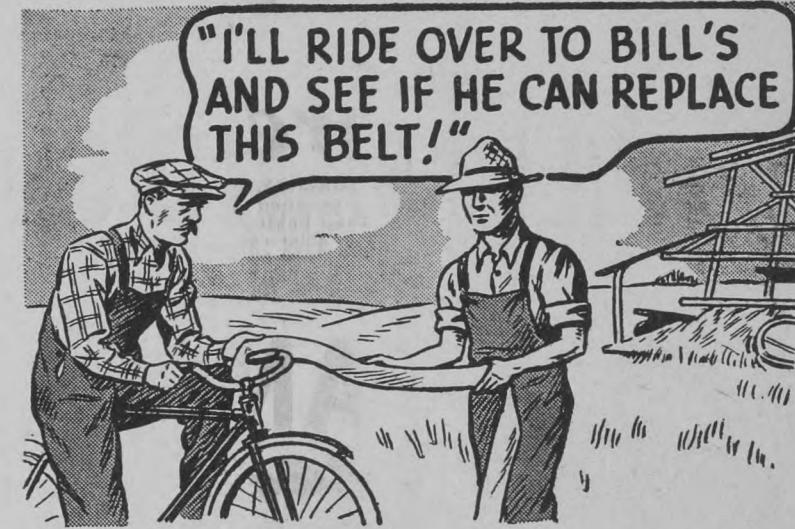
"You know what Uncle Sam does to a man who files on a quarter section after he's already proved up on one somewhere else," he remarked.

He was close enough to see Clayton's eyes narrow and there was a pause before the man blurted out, "Never filed before in my life. You can't come that dodge."

"I can, and will," Jerry answered, and then, pressing his bluff, "There's a man in my crew who knows you. I guess we'll have you off this dam in short order, Clayton, or whatever your name is."

Again Clayton was silent and Jerry, seeing his shot in the dark had given him a momentary advantage, turned away. As he did so the man he had seen behind the barricade during his first conference arose and looked over. His coat was off and the morning sun was reflected from a bit of metal on his suspender.

Jerry hesitated. He saw instantly that Billings' plot went even deeper, that the law was already enlisted in Clayton's aid. With a deputy sheriff behind that breastwork of logs, violence meant im-



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mediate arrest, imprisonment and inability to carry on his business.

He admitted at once that it was a clever move on Billings' part. The general manager of the Gopher Lumber Company had counted on the pugnacious spirit of Jack Mead to cause an immediate assault and consequent arrest. For all Jerry knew, there were a score of deputies, heavily armed, in the jack pines behind the barricade. In any event, an attack on Clayton meant an attack on the law.

Jerry turned as if to go, then wheeled.

"The sheriff's backing won't do you much good when Uncle Sam gets after you, Clayton, as you call yourself now," he said. "I'll have you out of there in a hurry, and a United States marshal will do it for me!"

HE returned at once to his crew. In any event he had given the homesteader cause for worry, and he believed he had hit pretty close to the mark.

"Back to camp," he commanded. "That fellow's got a deputy sheriff over there and if we try to get him it means we are arrested and can't take out the drive whether we sluice the logs or not."

The men turned without comment. Jack Mead silent and glowering, was the first to go. Jerry brought up the rear. He had no time for the crew's state of mind. Failure, not only in the new undertaking but, as he saw it, in everything, was too imminent. All winter he had looked forward to Glory's return, to the first whistle of his own sawmill, the first screech of the saws biting into his own white pine logs. The two, Glory and the mill, had become inseparably entwined in his thoughts.

Jerry's rage was the greater because he felt that his own cocksureness was partly to blame. He saw himself as a child misled by a scheming elder, as a green river pig from the deep woods walking unsuspectingly into a logging town gambling house. As never before he wanted to settle this matter with Billings, man to man, and as never before he saw that he could not.

One of the drivers dropped back beside Jerry but the young man did not look up. "The Gopher people elected the sheriff in this country last fall," Black River Ben remarked casually.

Jerry stopped and searched the lumberjack's face. On previous occasions Ben had displayed an uncanny ability to read his employer's thoughts.

"What of it?" he demanded.

"Nothin' much, only they never mixed in politics here before."

"How did you know?"

"I don't talk all the time. Once 'n a while I listen and read the papers about runaways and balls and politics and the price of butter and eggs and such truck. Funny how the price in a store is always about twice what it is in a paper."

"What you telling me about the Gopher people now for?"

"Seeing a star on that lad's suspenders made me think of it."

Jerry started on, Black River Ben at his side.

"What's this fellow over in the little fort callin' himself?" Ben asked.

"Clayton."

"New name to me—but his face ain't."

Again Jerry stopped. "Did you know him?" he demanded eagerly.

"We drove the Black together a few years ago."

"Good God, Ben! Why haven't you told me this before?"

"You ain't had no cause to ask me, I guess," was the guileless, and therefore the more cutting answer. "Besides I aint seen him since—until this morning."

"What do you know about him?" Jerry asked.

"Nothing much. He's an old-timer in the woods. You can tell that by the way he handles himself."

"What was his name?"

"I don't remember that exactly. One of those color names, I think, Brown or Black or White. Or maybe Smith or Jones, or Purrington or Pumphrey. Didn't you ever see him on the Chipewa?"

"No."

"He had a homestead down there, he said. I mind he quit the drive early to plant some potatoes or something."

"Where was this homestead?" Jerry demanded savagely.

"He never told exactly. He was figurin'

on provin' up that fall. Said he had close to five hundred thousand of white pine on it."

Jerry stopped and grasped Black River Ben by the shoulder.

"You think of that name," he commanded. "Remember what it was, and his first name, and where the claim was. And when you remember you get to it, wherever it is, and find out all about him. Bring someone back, someone who knew he proved up on the claim. Come up to the office and I'll get some money for you. Don't waste any time. We can't move those logs until you get back."

AT the camp Jerry told his father what he had learned but it elicited no comment. Jack puffed steadily at his pipe and did not raise his eyes from the floor. He was thoroughly angry now, but there was still that baffling quality in his resentment which kept him from an outburst.

Jerry saw and believed his refusal to resort to violence was responsible. "We can drive them out!" he exclaimed. "But that's not what we want. The thing to remember is that those logs have got to get to Swift Lake. If we drive Clayton off that dam we'll only bring the sheriff and a big bunch of deputies up here and then where'll our drive be?"

Jack did not answer. He continued to stare at the floor when Jerry and Black River Ben went out the door and off to the railroad.

That night Jerry reached Minneapolis and he went immediately to Attorney Jackson's home.

"I have been expecting you," the lawyer said. "Why didn't you get here before?"

"No reason to start until this morning. What are you talking about?"

Jackson handed Jerry an evening paper, pointing to a first page story. A glance at the headlines plunged Jerry into the story. It ran three quarters of a column and, from the standpoint of a newspaper man or reader, it was a corking yarn. There were all the elements, the poor homesteader battling for his rights, the powerful lumber barons bringing the pressure of money and influence to bear against him. There was the ceaseless vigil of the defender of the dam, valiantly assisted by his wife and son, while all about him, hidden in the woods, waiting for their opportunity, were the lawless river pigs led by the notorious Hell And High Water Jack Mead and his equally ruthless son.

The story as perfect. It detailed Jerry's refusal to buy Clayton's logs at a fair price, the first suggestion of a nominal sum for the use of the dam, which had been erected on Clayton's homestead without his permission, the Meads' belligerent declaration that they wouldn't pay anyone a cent, and then the heroic determination of Clayton to defend his rights.

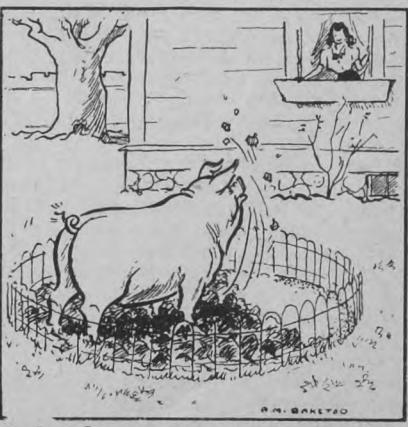
There was an unconfirmed rumor of an early morning attack, the firing of several shots and the repulse of the ruffian lumbermen by the homesteader and his wife and son. It was not known whether anyone had been injured but bloodshed was considered inevitable, for Jack Mead's character and reputation foretold fresh onslaughts upon the valiant defender of the dam.

Jerry was stunned as he read, until he recognized the significance of it.

"Billings never overlooks anything," was his comment as he put the paper down.

"What's the truth of it?" Jackson asked.

Jerry told him and, at the lawyer's



Porky: "It's a horrible thought, but I must be doing some good!"

suggestion, related every incident in connection with the affair. "It seems to me that Billings has overlooked a great deal," Jackson commented at the end. "We can have that fellow out of there in two or three weeks."

"Two or three weeks!" Jerry exclaimed. "There won't be any dam in a week. It's raining now. There's too much of a head of water in that lake and Clayton's not going to let us spill any of it. We're taking chances on waiting two or three days."

"And if the dam goes . . .?"

"The drive is hung. We've got to use that water carefully to float fifty million into the Swift."

"And then, of course, no logs, no lumber and . . ."

"No payments on all I owe."

"I'm glad you haven't used violence," Jackson said after a few moments' consideration. "It is going to be a big factor in your favor. Any danger of your father cutting loose while you are away?"

Jerry hesitated. He believed he understood how Jack Mead felt, and yet there had been only the one quick, fierce expression of opinion. For the first time Jerry realized that in his anxiety he had given little heed to this rift between his father and himself, and now Jack's silence troubled him.

"It would be like him, would it not?" Jackson asked.

"Perhaps," Jerry answered slowly, "but not now. He's leaving this up to me."

"That's good. I don't know whether Billings has reached the judge in Wisconsin but I'll be in his court by noon tomorrow and ask for an injunction restraining Clayton from interfering with your drive. Meanwhile we'll get busy with the evidence against the homesteader. I'll get the proper papers drawn up tonight and have them ready for your signature in the morning. Then get back to that dam and see that there's no violence."

Jerry considered this a moment. Again his thoughts went back to that silent figure he had left in camp. He must win, but in winning he must not lose his father.

"All right," he said with sudden decisiveness. "I'll give you two days. If Clayton isn't out then I'll put him out, law or no law. I know I'm right and that's enough."

"It's only what Billings is counting on," Jackson protested.

"Can't help it. That drive is going through regardless!"

JACK Mead had been stung as never before by that scene at the dam. He knew his men, knew exactly how they felt and what they expected of him, and he knew what they thought when he had refused to lead them in an assault on the homesteader. For the first time he had failed them.

But this, which would have been a crisis in his life up to the coming of Jerry, was of minor significance now. In the past year his son had grown to be a big factor in his existence. He did not even know now how he had hungered for him through the long, lonely years but he did recognize the vistas that had been opened by their twelve months of close association.

The past had dropped behind him, a barren, empty thing, in its place had come a vast pride in his own flesh and blood, in what he saw as a replica of himself. There had come a purpose, a zest in life, and an ineffable joy in the living of it. He had never understood for what he had yearned until it had come to him.

But Hell And High Water Jack, rough, implacable, ruthless driver of men and of logs, had never reasoned any of this out, nor did he now. He had never reasoned out anything except the planning of a winter's work or the taking out of a drive. His human relations were purely instinctive. It required no thought on his part to arouse the fanatical loyalty of his crew, and he had given no thought to the reactions following Jerry's reappearance in his life.

Jerry had merely accepted that. The man's starved, lonely soul had ex-

panded to engulf this marvellous new experience. Tenderness came to him for the first time in a quarter of a century, and a love that ripped open the inevitable inhibitions of half his existence.

Yet all this had been a matter of instinct, of the senses, and because this was so Jack was only bewildered and, because bewildered, angry, as he sat alone in the little log office after Jerry and Black River Ben had departed for the railroad. He never dreamed that he was in the grip of jealousy, that he resented only the fact that some influence, some person other than himself, had entered Jerry's life and had controlled his actions.

For the first time Jack realized that Jerry's sudden expansion of the business, pressing everything to the limit, had come after the runaway in Minneapolis, after the dress suit and the Armstrong ball, after the first of those visits to the city.

He did not blame Glory entirely. In his thoughts she was only a part of this sudden weaning process, only one of the glittering foreign factors that had lured Jerry from the woods and from him. He cursed them all equally and in his first jealous rage he saw them taking his son out of his life.

There was just one answer, in Jack's mind. Let them take him and wreck him. When he had been beaten and tossed aside he would come back, chastened, ready to stick with his own kind. The result was inevitable. He had only to wait. Meanwhile, he would not lift a hand. Jerry had started this. Let him finish it. An hour after the son had started, Jack him-

self was on his way out. He caught a train for Kettle Falls, went directly to Sam's Place, ordered a bottle and sat down at a table.

Thus one hundred and twenty men were left leaderless at Camp 1, but more than that. They were left confused, uncertain, and half of them were angry.

The last were Jack's own sixty, men who had worked for him through many winters and on many drives, men whom he had thrashed soundly, and cursed, and who, therefore, worshipped him. The very fact that he had never failed, never had a drive hung, that neither hell nor high water had ever stopped him, had become their own pride and achievement, their own most cherished possession.

These men, of Jack's own mold, had watched him with intuitive perceptions when Jerry had forbidden any attack on the defender of the dam. They had seen him start off along the tote road to town, and they understood well in what mood he had gone.

Their thoughts did not take form in words until after the noon meal. Then rumbles came, gruff and profane, and therefore the more heartfelt.

"If Jack was runnin' this we'd be sluicin' now," one commented as they stretched in the sun before the camp buildings.

"He was going to give the word, make a start himself," another said. "The young un's got him hypnotized."

They discussed it quite thoroughly, now that the ice was broken, detailing every glance and expression and word in their effort to get to the bottom



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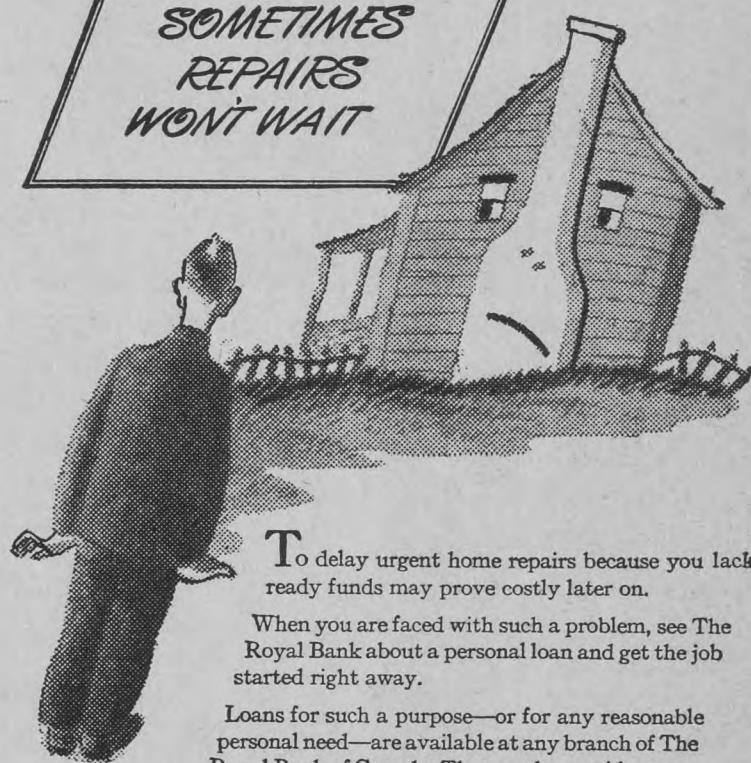
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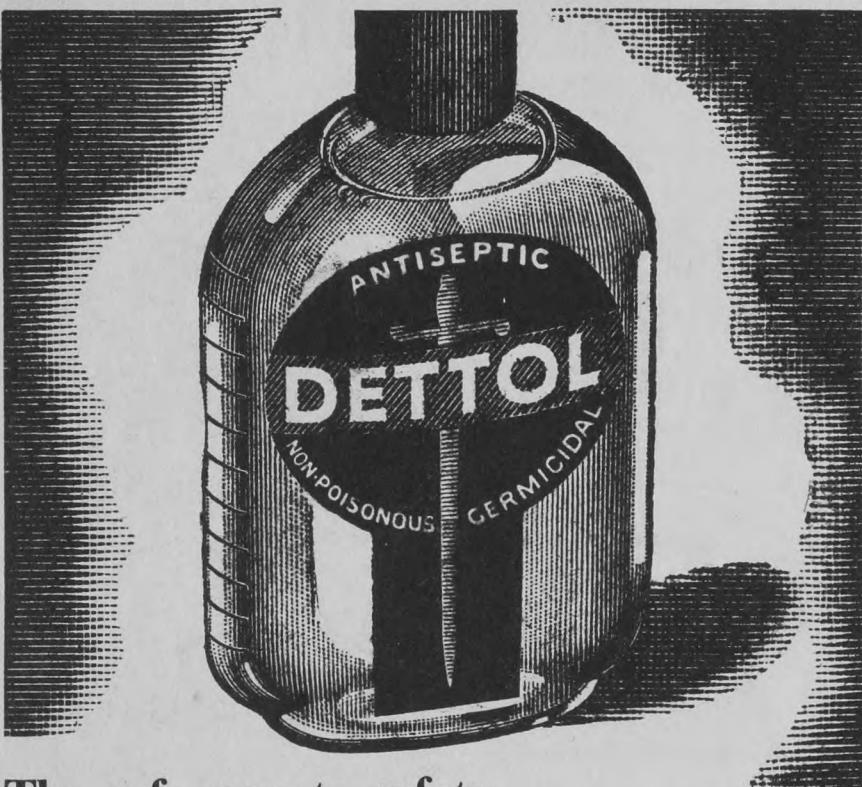
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of their leader's unaccountable action.

But after an hour of it they could reach only one definite conclusion; Jack Mead wanted those logs moved, would have driven the homesteader out at once had he been in sole charge, and now, because he could not do as he wished, he had departed to hide his shame from his own men.

"It's the lad's fault, not Jack's," an old Miramichi summed things up. "You can talk all you want to about there being things back of this we don't know but there ain't. If Jack was himself we'd be polin' logs this minute. Jack's never gone back on us, and now it's up to us to do what Jack wants done."

No one commented. Jack's men had not mingled with Jerry's sixty since the return to camp. The old rivalry had broken out and there were no young fellows present to indulge in idle plans or talk. Sixty men sat smoking, and thinking, and at last one of them arose.

Sandy McKillop was the last man in the crew to have been whipped by Jack Mead. After watching Jerry quickly and thoroughly administer a whipping to Black River Ben when that stranger had expressed a desire for a dominant leader, Sandy, moved by such a workman-like exhibition, had started to desert to Jerry, only to discover that he had to fight to get out of Jack's crew as well as to get into it.

"A couple of us are going to sashay down to the dam," he remarked casually. "The rest of you'd better stay around. The jack pine eater'll think we've quit."

"He'd see Jack and Jerry going out," someone offered.

"Sure, and they'll be sleepy tonight, too."

Sandy and the old Miramichi strolled off on the trail to the dam. Their lives had been spent in lumber camps, in a ceaseless battle of wit and skill against stubborn physical facts, and they approached their present task in much the same frame of mind they would tackle a solidly set log jam.

They did not show themselves at the dam but lay in the brush and surveyed the situation and made occasional comments and at last returned to camp. Nothing more was done until after supper, when the heavy manila line used in warping the rafts down the lake was gotten out, and also several hundred feet of light decking chain.

Then, at an early hour, everyone turned in, but before he went to bed Sandy McKillop visited the sleeping camp in which Jerry's men were housed.

"We start sluicin' at daylight," he announced shortly. "You lads take the river." He turned and went out before they could ask questions.

But Jerry's men were not content with that. A little later they sent a delegation to the other camp.

"We're in on this," Jack's men, wakened from a sound sleep, were told. "We got our own little scheme."

NONE of the older river drivers knew even the meaning of compromise and considerable force of character was required on the part of Sandy to rise to such a situation. He went outside, conferred with Jerry's men and, to insure success, agreed to splitting the task.

In the last black darkness of the following morning, Zeke Clayton leaned against his four-sided log fort, his drowsy head resting on his folded arms. Behind him his wife, son and the deputy sheriff slept soundly. Clayton himself dozed occasionally. Nothing had happened in twenty-four hours. He had seen Jerry and his father going out to the railroad.

But his head cleared instantly when he heard a slight noise near the dam and he kicked his son awake and listened intently. It came again a little later, farther to the right. All four were awake now, leaning over the log walls, straining their eyes against the darkness, striving to catch a sound.

None came. The darkness paled. The first signs of dawn appeared in the east but the silence of the forest was all about them. Soon they were able to distinguish objects, the grey expanse of the lake, the contour of the dam itself, on the top of which they were.

"Rabbit," the deputy sheriff an-

nounced in disgust as he lay down again.

"Fellow gets jumpy just 'fore dawn," Clayton conceded.

But it was not until several minutes later that he exhaled a breath of relief, when the fast increasing light had given him the opportunity to survey his surroundings with assurance.

"Rabbit," he agreed. "Or a coon. I'm hungry."

Food supplies were in a box in a corner and Clayton knelt beside it. The others were snug in their blankets again, but as he rummaged among the paper wrapped bundles he suddenly straightened and sniffed. There was the unmistakable scent of smoke.

The homesteader looked over the river side of his barricade to find dense clouds rolling out of the swamp along the stream. The early morning breeze, drawing up to the lake, carried it rapidly toward him, but he saw nothing except smoke. There was no movement in the forest, no sign of anyone anywhere.

"Get up!" Clayton growled, kicking back with his feet. "They've fired the woods."

He laid his rifle across the top log as the others scrambled up beside him.

"They're crazy!" the deputy scoffed. "Thinkin' they can smoke us out!"

"We ain't in a hole," Clayton agreed with a grin.

But suddenly the smoke was billowing around them and they could see only a short distance. It was thick, pungent, seemed to cling to the ground. Then the barricade itself was filled and they could not see across it.

"They might rush us," the deputy suggested. "Everybody better cock his gun."

"Think I'll take a shot over that way anyhow," Clayton said.

As he lifted his rifle there was a swift rustling sound outside the barricade, the twang of a suddenly tightened rope close at hand and the farther and fainter clink of a steel chain.

"They're coming!" the deputy shouted excitedly.

The smoke came in thicker, choking clouds and there was a distant shout. Instantly the log barricade began to move, slowly but surely, toward the edge of the dam. Clayton comprehended the meaning of the rustling sound and dropped his rifle for an axe. But before he could use it on the heavy hawser the flimsy log structure began to disintegrate.

The others scrambled out, he after them, just as the logs broke apart and fell over the edge of the dam. The deputy lost his rifle, Clifton's was already gone, and as they stood there, helpless, stunned, blinded by the swirling smoke, the dam became alive with men. Before the four knew what had happened they were prisoners.

The smoke began to thin at once. The rifles were not in the river drivers' hands before the sluice gate was lifted and the water was roaring through. Shriek yells punctuated this new sound and figures were seen darting out over the logs, long pike poles in their hands. The drive was on.

A half dozen of Jack Mead's men herded the prisoners across the sluiceway and toward the camp. The deputy was nervous, but when his captors displayed no rancor or hostility he was misled. Suddenly he stopped in the trail. "You're under arrest," he announced boldly as he pointed to his star.

Sandy bent to peer curiously at the bit of metal.

"First one of them I ever see," he announced, and with a sudden movement he wrenched away both star and suspenders.

Proudly he pinned the badge on his own suspenders and handed the wrecked gear back to the deputy.

"Now the four of you is under arrest," he said. "Trot along to jail."

"You'll go to the pen for this!" the deputy cried shrilly.

"Little boy's cryin' without his pretty toy," Sandy grinned. "Hope we don't have to spank him."

"You'll laugh out of the other side of your mouth," Clayton sneered. "There's more deputies coming today and maybe the sheriff himself. The whole bunch of you can go to jail for what you've done."



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"Nope. Got to take this drive out. Been delayed already. No time for jail this spring. Step along now. It ain't much farther so I guess you can make it."

But when the prisoners reached the camp Mrs. Clayton proved a disturbing problem. Sandy scratched his head as he looked at her.

"Come to think of it," he said at last, "there's a law against havin' a lady in our jail. Not a regular law, you under-

stand, but there's a sort of feeling against it."

"We got stock on our claim that's got to be tended to," Clayton said eagerly.

"Awful kind hearted all of a sudden, ain't you? So'm I, so we'll have a fellow go over and tend to the stock. But the lady—maybe she'd better stay with her family."

A new thought had come to Sandy. Perhaps more deputies would arrive and it would be better not to have a Clayton in sight. So he sent all four to the most distant and now deserted camp, provided adequate guards and then returned to the dam.

LOGS were shooting through the sluiceway. Only a few men were working there, the rest having gone on downstream to keep things moving and break out some of the rollways. Men skipped light across the great timbers, shoved with a will on their pike poles, shouted and sang like boys at play. Even when the bull cooks brought out the nine o'clock meal they kept things moving, eating in shifts.

Their very enthusiasm and reckless haste proved their undoing. No more skilled river drivers than those one hundred and twenty ever birled a log; but without supervision, without a directing mind, they chocked Bear River with logs. At noon word was passed rapidly upstream that a jam had formed three miles below the dam.

Sluicing was stopped. No more rollways were broken out. Cursing themselves and each other, and each working with the energy of two, the men attacked the tangled mass of logs. There was something ferocious in the clank of the peaveys as they were snapped into the timbers. Skill often gave way to brute strength, and the jam was literally taken apart, log by log. Hundreds upon hundreds of tons of leaden, green timber was dragged and rolled and tugged free and at six o'clock the stream was clear again.

Sandy had already gone back to the dam with a few men and when word was shouted up-river the logs again shot through the sluiceway and rollway rumbled and thundered.

The old Miramichi, Dan MacAdams, leaned against the sluice gate. "We got to kind o' take hold for Jack," he said. "These lads need a little snubbin'. You hang on here and I'll go down-river."

Sandy nodded, then glanced quickly around. "Here's some snubbers now," he whispered. "Kind o' collect a few boys. We can't let any jack pine eaters meddle around here just 'cause they have decorated their suspenders."

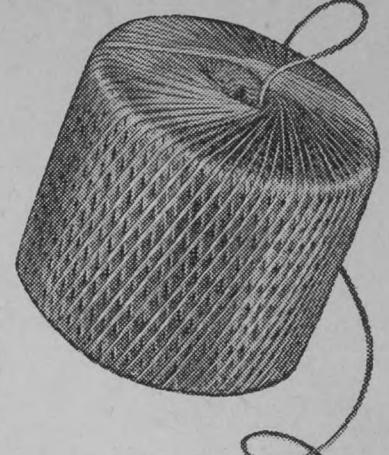
Dan looked across the clearing about the dam and saw three men emerging from the timber. They carried rifles and the sun glistened on their deputy sheriff badges. Sandy waited, apparently without interest in anything except the logs, and Dan strolled away to the first bend in the river, where a group of men were working.

The deputies walked forward rapidly but Sandy did not seem to see them. He was intent on the logs and he started as if in surprise when a man barked behind him, "Throw up your hands. You're under arrest."

He turned to find three rifles pointing at his breast.

(to be continued)

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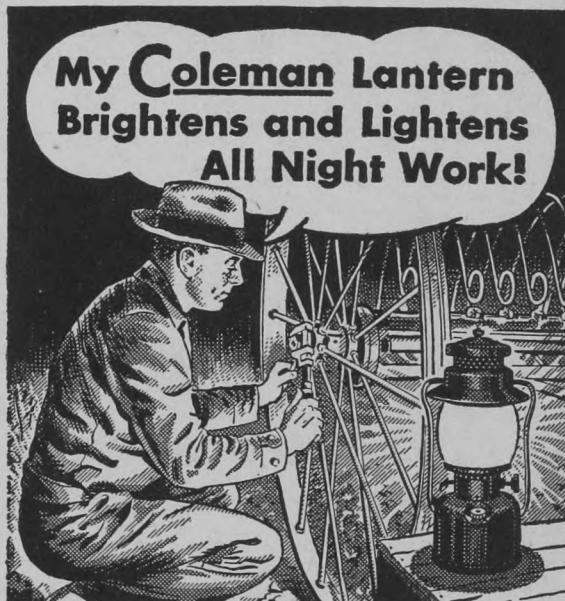
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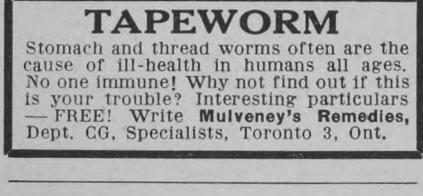
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NEWS OF AGRICULTURE

Continued from page 16

billion, compared with something more than \$200 billion from 1914 to 1920. The United States has spent \$260 billion since Pearl Harbor, as compared with \$27 billion for six years of war and its aftermath the last time. Germany's cost has probably been \$200 billion; Great Britain more than \$100 billion; Russia, almost \$90 billion; and Japan perhaps \$40 or \$50 billion.

The losses are not yet over. Hunger stalks throughout Europe, and a tremendous burden of responsibility rests upon the United States, the United Kingdom, Canada and others of the United Nations able to do without in order that food may help win the peace. Following a combined conference in Washington of representatives from the United States, Canada, and the United Kingdom, a joint statement pointed to the belief that "either the United Nations must find the answers to the food problem or millions of persons throughout the world will meet disillusionment and disappointment following in the wake of victory." The demand for food is unprecedented, since not only have military requirements been growing, because the armed forces of the United States and the British Commonwealth are at full strength, but because they have also taken over responsibility for helping to feed other allied armies: French, Belgian, Greek, Filipino, Burmese and Chinese. The millions of German prisoners taken by Allied armies in Europe must also be fed. France, Belgium, Holland and large territories in eastern Europe and the Mediterranean have been liberated, and the allies must make up many deficiencies resulting from a decline in production in these areas during occupation.

Added to all these burdens is that of taking care of the millions of displaced persons, French, Belgian, Dutch, Poles, Russians and others, who were deported

to Germany, and who must be fed until they can return to their own homes. Retreating German armies in some cases took livestock with them. Large areas could not be sown during the fighting period, and it was the considered opinion of the Conference that "The food production of Europe will for some time be far below the prewar level." As a result, world output of many foodstuffs, meat, sugar, rice, fats and oils, is lower this year than last, because of further withdrawals of manpower from farms, the shortage of fertilizers, droughts which have been effective in Australia, Argentina, South Africa, and in the Caribbean, and other natural causes.

Measured in terms of energy units, or calories, workers doing fairly heavy work in the United States and Canada have been living on a diet providing some 3,200 to 3,400 calories per day. A diet of 2,000 calories per day is considered to be at an emergency level, insufficient to maintain a working popu-

lation. In many parts of liberated Europe, particularly in the cities, available food permits a diet of much less than 2,000 calories per day. In Amsterdam and Rotterdam, large populations have been existing on one meal per day, principally of sugar beets and, until early in May, the daily diet of these areas averaged not more than 400 to 600 calories daily. At least 80,000 Dutch people, in addition to the thousands who have starved to death, are so weakened by lack of food as to make normal digestion of food almost impossible. As a result, tons of a special protein preparation, known as "amigen," were flown from the United States and Britain, to Holland, in an endeavor to save them. The heroic Dutch people had responded in September, 1944, to the appeal of Allied armies for the launching of a nationwide strike against German occupa-

tion. The Germans retaliated by cutting off shipments of food into occupied Holland and by barring food movements from rural areas to urban centres, notably Amsterdam, Rotterdam and the Hague. As a result, the diet of the Dutch people dropped from a normal 2,500-3,000 calories, to 500 calories per day.

Europe is normally deficient in fats and oils, but under German occupation, especially in such countries as France, Belgium and the Netherlands, supplies were not more than 40 per cent of normal. Since liberation the situation has become even worse. Some processing facilities were destroyed, quantities were confiscated by the Nazis, and a portion of the limited supply was destroyed during the fighting.

Fats, Oils, Wheat and Flour Needed

UNRRA (the United Nations Relief Administration) has been active wherever possible. Agreements for large-scale relief and rehabilitation have been signed with the Greek, Cze-

choslovakian and Italian governments in recent months. Though so much has happened in the interim that it seems a long time since Greece was liberated, the ration of the Greek people is even now just approaching the minimum 2,000 calories per day. An indication of the comparatively primitive character of food distribution in the Balkan countries, lies in the fact that the only modern milk pasteurizing plant in the entire Balkans area is said to be located in Athens. It has a capacity of 35,000 gallons per day, but only about 10 per cent of that amount is being produced and, during the period of occupation the civilian population could obtain none whatever, the entire supply going to hospitals, the Red Cross, the sick and the needy.

Principal needs of liberated Europe are fats and oils, wheat and flour, together with such quantities as can be

made available of sugar, tea, beans and dairy products.

Shipping and transportation are among the most important bottlenecks encountered in feeding liberated Europe. The United States, United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, and other United Nations with surplus food supplies, are rearranging their rations and distribution systems as rapidly as possible. Australia cut her meat ration in February, Britain, who paid out more than £225 million in food subsidies last year, and could herself use every pound of cheese, eggs, beef, bacon, and manufactured dairy products that Canada could supply, has already reduced her limited reserve of foodstuffs in order to supply liberated Europe and quite recently reduced her bacon rations from four ounces to three ounces per week, cut her allowance of fat by 50 per cent, and shifted her limited meat ration partly to canned corned beef. The United States, which is facing a serious meat shortage, partly due to black market operations, not long ago cut down her lend-lease supplies to Britain. In 1944, the United States produced a third more food than in prewar years, and exported about eight per cent of it, including lend-lease.

Canada's really big effort this year will be with the movement of as much grain as possible to the eastern seaboard. Following a meeting in Winnipeg recently to co-ordinate all facilities in order to achieve this purpose, it was estimated that an export of from 28 million to 30 million bushels per month, plus about 10 million to 12 million bushels of Canadian grain from United States ports, will be required to feed the liberated countries and to supply Great Britain, Ireland, Portugal, the Middle East, and India. This would mean an export of about 250 million bushels of wheat during the last seven months of this year, or, in other words, the daily movement of 1,500 cars per day of all grains from the prairies eastward. In 1944, the movement of grain from the Head of the Lakes eastward reached an all-time high of 463 million bushels, a figure which it is hoped may be exceeded for the lake navigation season of 1945.



Sales Receipts, Costs and Profits of Imperial Oil Limited for the year 1944

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WRENS are indefatigable workers for farmers. Throughout the garden their thorough explorations are always in progress from May to August, and it is amazing the number of insects such a small busybody can find. Wrens always have large families, usually two broods a season, and all the youngsters are lusty eaters. But don't encourage too many wrens; they sometimes puncture the eggs of other birds nesting near them.

Swallows do police work in the upper air, reducing the ranks of the insects that fly high. Each Tree swallow, for example accounts for around 15,000 mosquitoes during its summer stay with us, and this is a conservative estimate. The larger, faster purple martins, the only colony nesting bird that will live in bird-boxes, probably average around 25,000 mosquitoes apiece in the course of a summer. No farm yard should be without two or three Tree swallow bird-boxes, placed on 10 foot poles out in the open yard, and there should be at least one large colony box available for the pleasant, sociable martins.

The cowbird is our North American version of the Old Country cuckoo in the matter of nesting habits. The lady cowbird is very clever at finding the nests of other smaller birds, and awaits a moment when the owners of the nest are not around to slip in and deposit her egg among the clutch belonging to the nest. She seems to prey on the juncos and Yellow warblers more than on any other species, and the cowbird egg usually hatches out well in advance of the other eggs and the large and robust cowbird fledgling monopolizes the attention of its unwitting foster-parents, sometimes to such an extent that the other fledglings die of neglect, forgotten by their parents in their harassed hurry to find enough food for the ever-hungry usurper.

But the cowbird does not always have things its own way. Sometimes when the Yellow warbler female returns to her nest and finds the large cowbird egg among her own dainty deposits, she builds a new floor and sides on to the old nest, thus putting her original clutch and the cowbird's egg in the basement of her house. And there are frequent occasions when the cowbird returns to the remodelled nest and deposits a second egg in the second Yellow warbler clutch, and if the female warbler is a determined sort of bird sometimes she builds a third tier to her home, starting a new clutch above the screened off former nest pockets. I once found a Yellow warbler's nest with no less than four complete nest tiers, and in the top storey the dainty little warbler finally raised her own family to maturity while in each of the other three egg clutches the cowbird's orphaned eggs lay sterile for lack of incubation attention.

The Cave-dwelling Kingfisher

Another fisherman who has a queer notion about a home-site is the Belted kingfisher, he of the harsh rattling voice and the overgrown top-notch. The kingfisher is a caveman; he nests in a hole in the ground! The bird chooses a sandy cut-bank for the nest location, driving a hole directly into the face of a vertical bank and burrowing out a tunnel two feet long. At the inner end of the tunnel a little room is scooped out of the sand and there the eggs are deposited and the young ones hatched out. Later on, it is a comical sight to see the youngsters edge along the tunnel and stick their big heads out the opening to see if pa or ma is coming home with a fish.

Ducks have no inhibitions about home-sites. Mallards in particular are quite versatile in their choice of nest locations. Originally, mallards nested close to streams and ponds, hiding their homes in the grass or among the small willows. But the nest-robbing crows, always hungry for a feed of mallard eggs, seem to have badgered the ducks into trying new sites. Now you will often find the mallard nesting under a fallen tree, away off in the big timber half a mile or more from the nearest stream or slough. Frequently they make a home for themselves on the straw-covered roof of a farmer's pig-pen, or take to the big straw-stack itself and find a suitable hollow where they bed down the eggs. Often they will fly up into the willows and poplars to utilize the

In the Untamed World About Us

Sketches from the notebook of a Western Naturalist

deserted nest of a crow for their own purposes, lining the old stick nest with a thick coating of down feathers and depositing twelve or fourteen eggs there in the enemy's old camp.

The Golden-eye duck, sometimes nicknamed the Whistler, the Butterball, the Great-head, and sometimes even mistakenly called the Wood duck, makes a regular habit of nesting high up off the ground in hollow trees or stumps. They think nothing of nesting twenty to thirty feet up in the air, and the baby ducklings tumble out of the nest hollow within a few minutes of hatching and fall pell-mell down to the ground and then waddle happily off to the water. It is the Golden-eye duck who thinks that a house chimney holds great possibilities as a nest site, and at summer resort lakes it is this variety of duck who often enters cottages by the Santa Claus method of tumbling down the chimney. Most summer cottagers are wise to the bird by now and keep a screen covering over their chimneys to prevent a surprise visit by an eager Golden-eye lady hunting for a chimney home.

That Plague of Meadow Mice

Large numbers of a fat-bodied, short-variety of mouse were noted in all parts of western Canada last year, the description fitting the common Meadow Mouse or Vole. This heavy-set little creature out-numbers all other mammals in North America, and is one of the most interesting and most destructive pests.

When mice are plentiful there is ample evidence of them in sight, for their surface trails can be noticed every few yards along any fence row, the tracks etched in the short space between two clumps of good cover. When the snow melts away there is further

proof of their abundance on all sides, with their complex runways distinctly marked in the grass of lawn and pasture lot and stubble field, with here and there a cluster of dried grass gathered together in a compact little nest as the hub centre of the runways.

They Roam From Sea to Sea

The Meadow Mouse group is the largest branch of the mouse family, there being over 70 distinct varieties of the species scattered across North America. The little beggars are so hardy and so adaptable that they have penetrated to almost every corner of our land, from the swamps of the south to the tundras of the north, from arid deserts to creek-side meadows, and from sea level to the edge of vegetation on the highest slopes of our mountains. They certainly get around! Here in western Canada, one of the most common types is the heavy-set Yellow-cheeked Vole. Along the foothills and in the mountains there is the largest member of the family, the nine-inch long Richardson's Vole, and I have often seen smaller varieties around slough edges and along creeks, where they take to water with the proverbial readiness of ducks. Indeed, our Muskrat is only a specialized Vole, and doesn't belong to the rat family at all.

The common meadow mouse of the west, the yellow-cheeked Vole, measures roughly six inches long, the tail being barely an inch in length. The body is very heavy in build, the head is large and chunky with small ears, and the animals have noticeably short legs which give them a rather squat appearance. They are slow moving compared to the fast little White-footed Mice and our too well known pest, the House Mouse. The fur on the Vole is dark

brown, nearly black at times, with reddish-brown patches on the cheek giving our variety its name. The eyes are small and deep-set, and they seem to be rather short-sighted.

But enough of the mousy details. Except that you should know that they are omnivorous in eating habits, but are partial to green vegetation. They'll eat ground nesting birds' eggs and young, they'll eat insects, and they'll eat young seeds and old seeds and grass in any state, and grain and garden truck and anything else that comes along. Voles are guilty of girdling plum and cherry and ornamental shrubbery every winter, and they are addicted to the tender bark of young apple trees in orchard districts. Their food habits have been studied carefully by experts, and it is known that each individual Meadow Mouse can account for about 30 pounds of green vegetation in a single season. Multiply one mouse a thousand times, and you have a fair idea as to the probable population in a good sized hay meadow, and if you multiply the 30 pounds by one thousand, you'll make the amazing discovery that the Meadow mice account for around 15 tons, green weight, of vegetation in that one meadow in a year's time. Their damage to the farmers' crops runs into millions of dollars yearly, which will give you an idea as to their importance as a pest.

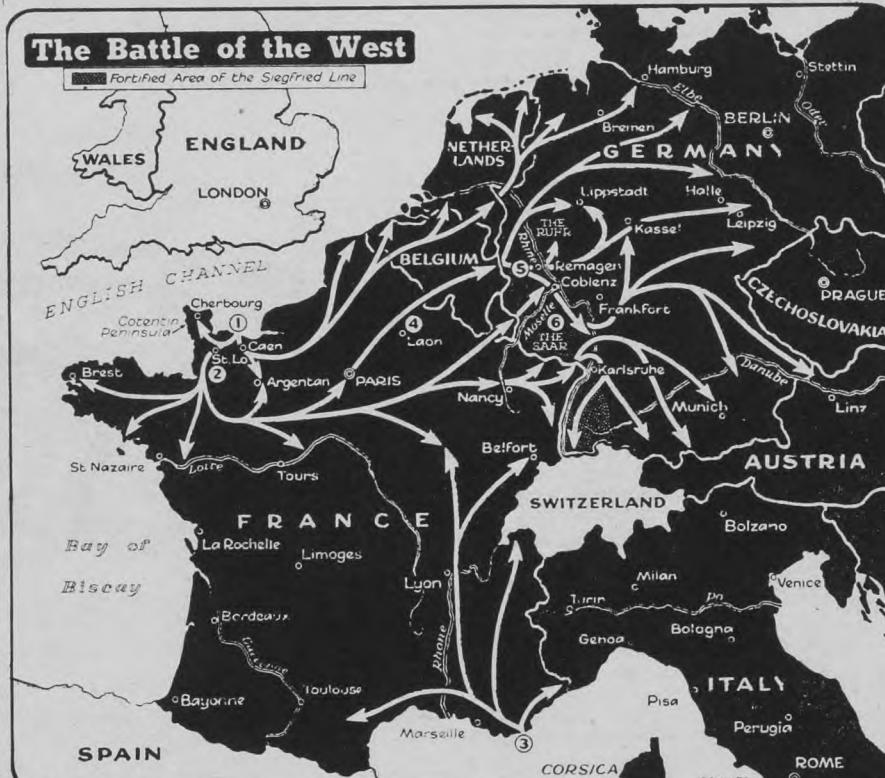
And can they multiply! They're worse than the well known rabbit. The period of gestation is only 20 days, the litters vary from four to nine, with six as an average, and they breed at any time when the weather is reasonable. Four litters a year is probably under their average, and the young reach breeding age in about six months' time. One naturalist who made a special study of Meadow Mice estimates that if a single pair of the little creatures and all that one pair's progeny were allowed to increase without any check on their numbers by their natural enemies, in five years the progeny of the single pair, and the progeny's progeny's progeny, of course, would reach the alarming total of one million mice!

Policemen of the Wild

Which brings me to the point of this article. If allowed to increase unchecked, the Vole family is one of the few mammalian groups on this continent who might duplicate something of the havoc the great plagues of lemmings cause periodically in the Old World. And mankind seems to be doing his darndest to help the Meadow Mice reach plague numbers, too! Of course, I realize that such creatures are subject to cyclic periods of plenty, and when their numbers reach alarming proportions disease of some sort thins them out the same as happens to our wild rabbits. But before that merciful and as yet little understood disease element balances the scale of nature, Meadow Mice can reach destructive numbers if we continue to help them along, as we have done in the past.

Their natural enemies are hawks, owls, and all the animal hunters, with the weasel probably taking the greatest toll of the mice hordes among the four-footed predators. Humans seem to have a deep-rooted hatred for all the hawk and owl families, and we shoot weasels on sight too. Yet the hawks and owls and all the hunters of the wild are really the police force of the wilderness, working to maintain nature's delicate balance. Killing such hunters as we have been doing amounts to the same thing as destroying a community's police force to allow the lawless element to thrive unmolested.

The hawks, in particular, have always been considered fair game by boy shooters and by uninformed sportsmen and by farmers themselves, yet of all the predators the hawks do us most good by waging continual war on the mice and gopher hordes. Let us recognize their true worth now and countenance this police force of the wilds, and the beneficial hawks, owls, and even the lustful weasel will reward us by making sure that the prolific Meadow Mice and other rodent pests never reach plague numbers.—K.W.



THE Battle of the West, it is called, in this map reproduced from The New York Times. It traces the development of the Western Front from D-Day to V-E Day. It shows, says The Times, the six historic decisions of Eisenhower. To follow the numbers: (1) He ordered air borne troops to be dropped on D-Day at the base of the Cotentin Peninsula. Their success made possible the consolidation of the Allied beachhead. (2) He ordered a general eastward movement of the Allied Armies after the St. Lo breakthrough. It forced the Germans to fight outside the Siegfried Line. (3) He ordered the invasion of Southern France. It made the Germans stretch their armies thin. (4) He ordered strategic bombing of French rail lines and rail centres like Laon. It shut off reinforcements and supplies for the Germans. (5) He ordered five divisions into the Remagen bridgehead after its seizure. It was the first move toward the encirclement of the Ruhr. (6) He ordered General Patton, after the Remagen operation, to cross the Moselle and drive up the Rhine. It opened the way for new Rhine crossings and drives that culminated in the Ruhr encirclement and the "battle of annihilation." The final stage of the Battle of the West then was at hand.

Two simple fundamental conceptions lay behind General Eisenhower's strategy when he first assumed command of the Allied forces in North Africa. The first one was that the Germans would have to be stretched as far as possible; that they must be beaten outside the Reich before Germany could be successfully invaded. The other was that air and ground co-operation would outweigh the then German advantage in training, equipment and experience.

Killearn Shorthorns Pile Up Record

CANADIAN Shorthorn history was made at Edmonton on May 15 when the first annual sale of registered Shorthorns, by Claude Gallinger, Tofield, Alberta, was held on the Edmonton Exhibition Grounds. Thirty-three individuals, consisting of 23 bulls and 10 females from Mr. Gallinger's Gold Bar farm east of Edmonton, and his Killearn farm at Tofield, piled up a total of \$51,875 for an average of \$1,572, to constitute a new high for Canadian auction sales conducted by an individual breeder. About 500 were in attendance, and Cross Brothers, Nanton, Alberta, paid the high price of \$4,300 for Killearn Norseman, a 13-months-old son of Norseman, the 1,000-guinea herd sire imported by Mr. Gallinger from the Perth sale in Scotland two years ago. This individual sale was an all-time record price for bulls at Edmonton. High-priced female was Maxine Duchess, and 11-months-old calf sired by Killearn Max 5th, bought by T. Hamilton, Jr., Innisfail, Alberta, for \$2,500. The 23 bulls averaged \$1,713, and the 10 females \$1,247. The sale is notable for the fact that 28 of the 33 animals stayed in the three prairie provinces, Alberta retaining 10 bulls and three females, Saskatchewan five bulls, and Manitoba three bulls and seven females. Two bulls went to British Columbia, two went to Iowa, and one to Indiana.

Prairie Crop Acreage 1945

DURING the ten years 1935-44 inclusive, Canada's wheat acreage has fluctuated from a low of 16,091,000 acres in 1943, to 27,750,000 acres in 1940. The average acreage in the prairie provinces for the first five of these ten years was 24,698,000, and for the last five-year period, 21,616,000.

Similarly, the acreage devoted to summerfallow in the three prairie provinces has fluctuated more or less in reverse. For the first five years the average acreage was 15,683,000 acres, with a fluctuation of about 2½ million acres between the low year of 1935 and the high year 1936. During the last five-year period, summerfallow acreage varied from 17,326,000 acres in 1940 to 23,111,000 in 1941, to secure a five-year acreage of 19,428,000.

The Dominion Bureau of Statistics announced on April 30 that the prairie provinces would decrease their 22,444,000 wheat acres of 1944, to 21,577,000 acres. It was suggested, however, that weather conditions might alter the actual seeded acreage materially from this figure. An unofficial crop report late in May pointed to a still further wheat acreage reduction, and suggested that only 20,221,025 acres will be seeded to wheat, the most drastic reduction being a 22 per cent cut in Manitoba, due to the extremely late, wet season, which was so prolonged that even at May 30, there were farms in southern Manitoba where no seeding whatever had been done. Saskatchewan, with 11,937,620 acres, shows a probable decrease of 9½ per cent, or about 1,200,000 acres less than was indicated on April 30. Alberta promises about a six per cent drop in wheat acreage, or about 140,000 fewer acres than at April 30.

Manitoba acreage of oats, barley and flax would seem to be almost exactly the same as in 1944, but the over-all picture in the prairie provinces shows Alberta with about 600,000 more acres seeded to oats and Saskatchewan an increase of nearly 500,000. Saskatchewan will have about 150,000 additional acres in barley, and Alberta about 100,000 additional acres to this crop. Flax will be down slightly in the three provinces, about 45,000 acres. About 10,000 acres of reduction showing in Alberta, and the balance might be expected in Saskatchewan.

With nearly one million acres in oats and barley to offset the decrease in wheat of 2½ million acres, the remaining 1¼ million acres will be available for other late sown crops and summerfallow.

Canadian Farm Subsidies, 1944

SUBSIDIES amounting to \$319,127,144 have been paid by the Dominion Government on agricultural products during the last six years. While all of the figures for 1944 are not yet finally

revised, the total for last year appears to be \$104,522,761. The smallest amount, \$5,535,451 was paid out in 1940, which was less than half the \$12,903,268 paid in 1939. In 1941 the figure was nearly seven times that of 1940, and for 1942, it was not far from 2½ times the 1941 figure, or \$83,692,875. There was a drop of around seven per cent in 1943, but last year the amount was greater than the previous record figure of 1942, or the combined payments of 1939 and 1940.

By far the largest items paid out were for dairy products. Butterfat alone accounted for \$24,165,855, and fluid milk \$12,818,405. In all, dairy products accounted for \$45,072,400. Next came feed assistance, including the feed wheat drawback and subsidy for alfalfa meal. Feed assistance, in all amounted to \$23,202,100, about two-thirds of which went to Ontario and Quebec. Feed assistance also accounted for British Columbia's largest item, \$2,451,800, or more than half of subsidies received by B.C. farmers. Wheat acreage reduction and Prairie Farm Assistance, all of which was paid to farmers of the three prairie provinces, totaled \$18,436,500.

The second largest single item of all was premiums paid for hogs, consisting of \$3.00 on Grade A carcasses and \$2.00 on Grade B1 carcasses. The total amount paid by the government was \$14,069,300, of which \$8,522,800 came to the four western provinces, Alberta alone accounting for nearly one-third of the total amount paid in Canada. Combined payments of all subsidies received by farmers in the four western provinces totalled \$43,919,900, as compared with \$50,940,500 for the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Saskatchewan farmers received payments nearly \$5,000,000 greater than any other western province, chiefly because of wheat acreage reduction, Prairie Farm Assistance, and dairy products subsidies.

We Have Been Well Fed

CANADA and the United States in 1944 were countries whose civilians were well fed. Canadians last year consumed one-third more fluid milk than the people of Britain, and 20 per cent more than the American people. Canadian per capita consumption figures were highest in fluid milk, butter and meat. The figures for the United States are highest for chicken, eggs, sugar and syrup, all fruits and tomatoes, vegetables other than leafy green and yellow vegetables, and coffee. Figures for the United Kingdom are highest in cheese, potatoes, leafy green and yellow vegetables, grain products and tea.

By comparison with people in Britain, Canadians last year had 50 per cent more meat, seven times the amount of chicken, half again as many eggs, 20 per cent more sugar and syrup, nearly three times the amounts of tomatoes and citrus fruits and nearly 40 per cent more of other fruits. The diet of people in the United States exceeded that of Canadians chiefly and considerably in all fruits and vegetables. The American people also drank three times as much coffee as Canadians, and more than twice as much coffee as British people drank tea. Strange as it may seem, the British consumed nearly twice as many vegetables per capita as Canadians, largely as a balance against the very high consumption of grain products and potatoes in Britain during wartime.

Cattle in Eire

IN 1851 there were twice as many people as cattle in Eire. By 1936, there were four cattle for every three persons, the population having fallen in 85 years by two millions, while cattle numbers increased by 1,750,000. During the same period, sheep increased by 1,250,000, and the crop acreage was almost cut in two.

Of 4,014,000 Irish cattle in 1936, 70 per cent were beef cattle, and 30 per cent dairy cattle. About 15 per cent of Eire's cattle marketings are fat cattle for the British market, and another 60 per cent are unfinished steers for feeding in Britain. In 1939, Eire exported 138,738 fat cattle and 565,853 store cattle, or a total of 704,691. The influence of the war is shown by the fact that in 1944, Eire's cattle exports were 20,474 fat cattle and 381,886 store cattle, or a total of 402,360, a decrease of over 300,000, or about 40 per cent.

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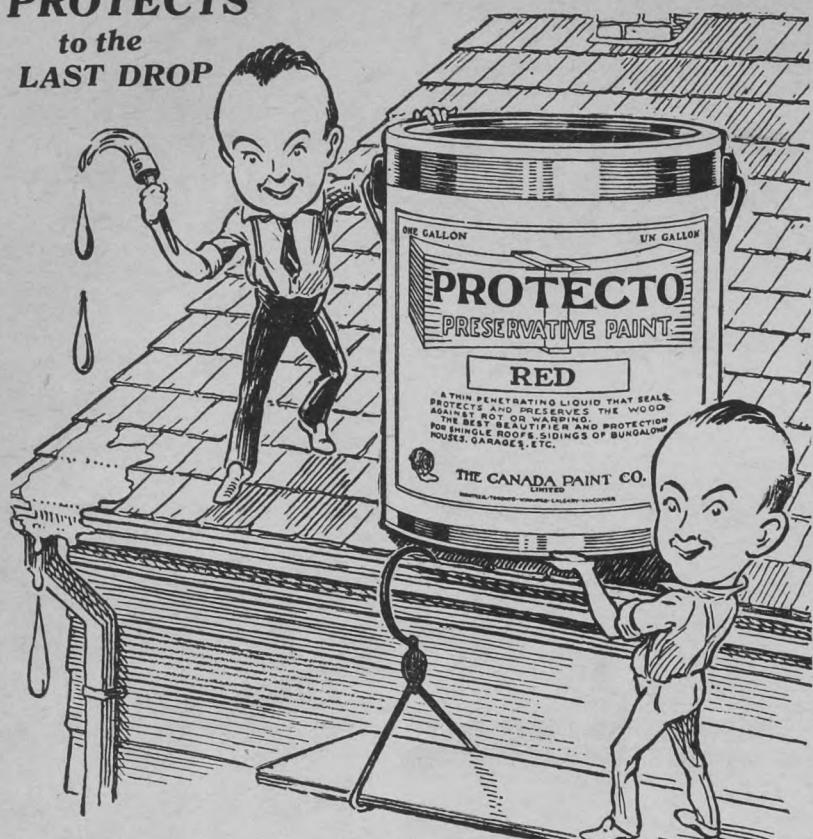
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PEACE IN OUR TIME

Continued from page 8

Argentina was no longer in any position to do any damage. Finally, and most important, all the Latins insisted she be in. It is true that they quarrelled among themselves. But they did not like to see their Latin brother jumped on by the Yanqui. They did not mind bawling out the Argentines themselves, but that was all in the family. It was another thing when the other countries started to push her around.

"How would you like," asked a Panama delegate to me, "to see your own big brother pushed around by strangers? In the family, we might criticise him. But we all gang up together to defend our brother against a stranger."

That seemed to sum it all up in a nutshell.

Then there is the American reasoning. If Uncle Sam let in Argentina, he had a solid, dependable Latin Bloc behind him. He need never worry about South America. But if he left Argentina out, he'd have trouble all the time. Better to take the prodigal back into the fold, where at least he could keep an eye on him, than to leave him out to connive and cozen with axis lovers. The Americans thus, lined up an all-American Bloc, Canada-excepted. It was another manifestation of the Monroe Doctrine, a moral attitude that United States is almost bound always to assume.

It thus gave the States great token voting strength. I say "token" because in a real crisis, the number of votes aren't going to count at all. What will count will be the contribution made to this war. Who for instance, would measure Canada's war contribution against Costa Rica? Yet both have one, and only one vote. You could hardly give even balance to Yugoslavia as against Ecuador. Certainly, Holland far outranks Guatemala when it comes to prestige in this war. Go down the line, balance a Latin country against a European, and you will see that votes by themselves are not going to mean much. To reduce this vote business to absurdity, I think you will find, if you include Haiti, Dominican Republic, Nicaragua, Paraguay, and all the rest of them, that they would have over 20 votes. Britain, United States and the Soviet would have three. Does anyone seriously think that the big powers would pay any attention to the fact that they were out-voted 20-3?

Thus the votes are there, and in ordinary affairs they might count in the normal way. But when a real crisis develops, it will be seen that the votes go down the drain, and that we are run by a super-oligarchy.

RUSSIA must have been perfectly aware of this, when she asked the opera house to let in the White Russian Republic, and the Ukrainian Republic. These countries, pleaded Mo-



Some well known figures at the San Francisco Conference, snapped by Mr. Cross. Here are seen Jan Christian Smuts addressing the Plenary Session and Anthony Eden and Prime Minister Mackenzie King seated with the British and Canadian delegations.

lotov, had fought hard in the war. If that's the best argument, I'd like to point out that Scotland fought hard too, and has no special vote. However, no one wanted to argue. Russia, having lost out in the Argentine affair, was entitled to some balm, and thus no one demurred when the call for balloting came.

"One up for Joe," whispered a man beside me, when nobody rose to protest admission of the two new "republics." And now, Poland!

Let me say first of all that the Poles are the most spectacular, picturesque, quixotic people in Europe. To know Poles is to love them. You can't say too much about these fine people, as people. But as politicians, they haven't been getting very high marks, of late.

The Russians probably could pass over the fact that back about 1921, the Poles with the help of General Weygand rolled up the troops of the new republic and pushed them from the very gates of Warsaw, far east to the banks of the Niemen. The Russians, who admire a tough soldier, probably could overlook that. But they can remember other things. Foreign Minister Beck for instance, who played patty-cake with Hitler. The Poles when top dogs are tough enough too. They were feeling their oats when I was in Warsaw in 1938, and it was at that time that they staged their putsch against the hapless Lithuanians. Nor is one apt to overlook the fact that as soon as Munich had rendered the Czechs helpless, what must the Poles do but step in and grab Teschen from their own Slav cousins. Again, the press made some fuss at the time, of Polish and Hungarian soldiers falling on each other's necks, when they established a common frontier on former Czechoslovak soil. The Russians didn't forget that.

So Poland and Russia started off the war with bad blood. On top of that, the London Polish government couldn't seem to get along with Uncle Joe. Meanwhile, President Edouard Benes of Czechoslovakia was as much at home in Moscow as he was in London. So it goes. Let's not hash over all the things that Poland has done. Nor should we blame Poland entirely. Russia has been most provocative. But the hard fact is that Poland has got to live with Russia, and that's that. Poland, by her trouble with Russia, thus has succeeded not only in putting herself in a hopeless position, but she is endangering the peace of the world.

"We Poles are proud," say the Poles. But so are the Scotch, the Finns, the Dutch, the Liberians, and everybody

else. In other words, the Poles can give in a little, like anybody else. It may well be that they'll have to give in more than anybody else, before it is all over.

It is apparent then, that Russia knows Poland's record, doesn't like it, and isn't going to put up with any more nonsense.

Meanwhile, the Americans and British don't like the Russian way of foisting the Lublin Committee on the world. They think there are

more graceful, fairer, better, way of doing it.

Then just as you think that perhaps the American-British diplomats might get some place, the Russians throw all the Polish democrats in jail, and trump up some stupid charge against them. To us it seems utterly cruel, stupid and meanly vindictive to lock up some innocent Poles, but that doesn't help the Poles a bit, rotting away in some Soviet prison.

Now must it be forgotten that a great number of people are, for religious reasons, deliberately fanning the flames of dissent between the English-speaking powers and Russia. You note it in Quebec, for instance, and you hear people there saying: "There's going to be a war yet, between the Russians and the rest of us."

Then you ask: "Would you go and fight?"

And they'll reply, surprised and hurt: "Oh, no."

So there we have it. Nobody from Kenora or Kindersley or Kennebunk or Kankakee, from Keswick or Kingston wants to go and give his life for Poland, stopping a Russian bullet in the Pripyet Marshes. The Soviets know that too, and that is why they can afford to be tough.

As far as can be seen, from what went on at the convention, we, the Americans and British, will take the Lublin Committee, and like it. There may indeed be a face-saving gesture wherein we ring in a couple of so-called democrats. But these lads will only last a few months, and when they have served their purpose, Uncle Joe will boot these token politicians out. What's more, we'll be looking the other way when he does it.

We're not going to war over Poland—that's flat. Poland will come out of all this very badly, but neither Britain nor Uncle Sam wants to burn itself further trying to pull Poland's chestnuts out of the fire. At the same time, we all feel sorry for Poland. But we come back to the same old argument: "Does anybody want to fight the Russians over Poland?"

So then, we come into the final innings at San Francisco. How has the game gone? As far as I can see, things have gone far better than appear on the surface.

As a matter of fact, San Francisco is going to be a success. I am sure of it. Nobody is going to get all he wants, but everybody's going to get something he wants. Nor will anybody fail to get far more security, than he had a chance of getting before. The trouble was that too many delegates arrived as glorified pan-handlers for their respective countries. Their feet had hardly hit the airport till they were making demands. It was notable that Canada arrived quietly, asked for nothing. That didn't mean to say that Canada wanted nothing. Premier King, turning up unexpectedly at a press conference one day, said bluntly: "We want this conference to be a success."

He went on to say later that his government had certain ideas to put forward, but he wasn't going to advance them immediately, and that likely some other countries would suggest most of them. Ultimately Canada had her say, but she in no way antagonized anybody because she adopted a moderate attitude.

Too many nations regarded Frisco as a place where you got something. Instead, it should be regarded as a place where a country gave up something. Canadian Confederation, for instance, was not a grab bag, but a constitutional reform where every province gave up something. The new League to be a success, is to be drawn up that way.

Our own Canadian delegates have been well chosen. The leader, Mackenzie King, is too well known to require more comment here. I will say though, that he made a fine impression at the plenary session, when he presented Canada's case. It was a combination of wisdom and moderation. Deftly, he suggested things without demanding them, and altogether left a good taste. Apotheosis of his address, it seemed to me, came when he instanced Canada's 4,000 miles of frontier, without a gun, a guard or a gate on it, and said it stood as a model for the world. He was applauded for that.

Gordon Graydon, Opposition Leader in the Commons, was a happy choice. Gordon Graydon is as shrewd as they make them, equally at home in the traditional smoke-filled committee room, or in an air-conditioned barnyard. For all his years at law, or in the glossy corridors of Ottawa, Gordon Graydon has never lost the cow stable touch. This finagling of politicians at Frisco was right up his ally. He'd just light up another cigar and love it all.

M. J. Coldwell, C.C.F. leader, did not of course speak at a plenary session. Only Mr. King could do that. But M. J. made a good impression. Mr. Coldwell and I might not agree on politics entirely, but I can think of no finer Canadian to send to an affair like that than Major James William Coldwell. Let's put it this way; if they said Coldwell was going to represent Canada all alone, I'd be quite satisfied to let him do it. In things like this, the C.C.F. leader is superb.

Hon. Dr. J. H. King, Senate leader, combines the wisdom of age and political sagacity. He is a good anchor man. Dr. King was in British Columbia politics a quarter century ago, graduated to Ottawa in the 1920's, and rose quickly to be leader of the Senate. Not spectacular the Doc is a shrewd politician, a great judge of human nature, and a person not likely to make any mistakes.

Hon. Louis St. Laurent, Minister of Justice, is a man who started out to learn politics at sixty, after making a reputed million at law. St. Laurent is brilliant both in English and French. His real talent would be international law. For instance, he and John Diefenbaker, M.P. for Lake Center, and special Progressive Conservative observer there, could sit down and have a real feast of reason. Their knowledge of international jurisprudence would be so vast and so kaleidoscopic as to embarrass the ordinary lawyer. On top of that, St. Laurent knows French, naturally, and is a handy man to turn a deal with the French, the Belgians, or the Latins.

Mrs. Cora Casselman is a woman with a great deal of common sense. Not particularly aggressive, she has few enemies, and this same lack of color also prevents her from having the warm adherents other lady politicians have. By contrast with the magnificent oratorical skill of Left Winger Dorise Nielsen, or the socially entrenched and ladylike Senator, Cairine Wilson, who would also have graced such an affair, or again, violently different from the argumentative and scolding Agnes McPhail, Mrs. Casselman is a splendid choice because she represents the inarticulate housewife of Canada perfectly.

Senator Lucien Moraud, French-speaking big-time lawyer and business man from Quebec province, and the French nominee to Frisco from the Senate, adds ballast. Probably the outstanding business man of the Canadian seven, he would be a mighty handy man to have around for a number of reasons. Senator Moraud might not be spectacular, but he's a powerhouse of usefulness.

Naturally you cannot mention the official delegates, without giving honorable mention to Canada's diplomatic Big Three. They are L. R. Pearson, Canadian Ambassador to Washington; Hume Wrong, brainy, seemingly omniscient counsellor minister and assistant to the Under Secretary of State for External affairs; and Norman Robertson, the silent but erudite Under Secretary himself. Canadians should get to know these men better, for it is practically on the shoulders of this extremely competent trio that most of Canada's foreign policy rests. I am always annoyed that Canadians don't know these brilliant, important, self-effacing men better.

NOW then, how is this San Francisco Conference going to come out. Let's start with Britain. Britain is happy about the whole thing, because she has United States in the league with her, this time. Last time, she had to go it alone, as France faltered and fell, in the middle 1930's. True, her formal defeat was in June, 1940, but she was a political liability long before that.

United States is glad, because she wants to be in the new league. She is sorry she was not in the other one, but realizes that she could not be, at the time. Thus you see that politically the

late President Roosevelt was far more clever than Woodrow Wilson. For while the brilliant Woodrow took nobody but nonentity Republicans to Versailles, Roosevelt appointed Senator Vandenberg as the No. 2 on the delegation, and the fact is that Vandenberg has become the strong man of the American forces. Not too far behind him either is Governor Harold Stassen of Minnesota, touted most frequently as the 1948 Republican presidential candidate. The Republicans, it would seem, are solidly behind the new league, and it goes without saying that the Democrats want this to succeed.

Most important, the Yanks don't want to admit failure. They want the new League to be stamped "Made in San Francisco." They will therefore make sure that the league succeeds; so that the Americans can take credit for it. Britain will be only too happy to let Uncle Sam take all the credit he wants.

Lastly, on this point, if Britain needs United States, it is equally true that thinking Americans know that United States also needs Britain.

That brings us around to the Russians. Basically, the Russians want a good league, were always piqued that they were left out of the old one for so long. Molotov, when he stopped off at Edmonton airport enroute back to Russia, said he was well pleased with the way things were going at San Francisco. This he said to intimates, and that really means something. (Your correspondent has his spies everywhere!)

Russia wants England to bolster her in Europe. She can talk all she likes, but she could never have flattened the Germans, alone. At least the top men in the Politburo know it, if the Russian man on the street doesn't. Russia also needs both Britain and United States in the Pacific. Therefore, she has got to strike some kind of deal to stay with us.

Let us now suppose that Russia is greedy, hungry, and wants more territory. What can she want? She will take a slice of Poland, and no one will stop her. She has already gobbled up Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia. Then there is a chance she will ask for the Dardanelles. As far back as 1922, Kemal Ataturk regarded this as a foregone conclusion, hence his decision to abandon his European capital, and retreat to Asia, and found Ankara.

Russia can take the Dardanelles and not get much fight out of Britain or United States. We don't want her to have them, but we won't try to stop her.

Out on the Pacific, she likely will want back, what the Japs grabbed from her in 1904. She might also annex some part of Manchukuo that the Japs now hold. Again, who's going from Boston or Brandon to stop her doing that?

I BELIEVE there has been far too much talk, and a great deal too much deliberately vicious propaganda, about Russia. We've got to live with Russia, and that's that. As a neighbor, she's not what we have been used to. But she does not invade British territory like the Germans do, she doesn't bother English-speaking countries, and she seems anxious only to gather around herself a group of satellite soviets. Since anything is better than the political situation as it existed in Roumania, Bulgaria and Hungary as far as we were concerned, before and during the war, it doesn't seem any concern of ours if Stalin decides to keep these countries in line.

Britain played Pontius Pilate in the late 1930's, not perhaps without some reason, and washed her hands of everything and everybody in Europe. That doesn't exactly give us a mandate to dictate to the Kremlin. Again I come back to the theme, that we've got to get along with Russia.

If we stop being suspicious, maybe we'll get somewhere. But certain religious authorities have a lot to be responsible for, if they persistently and deliberately and maliciously fan the flames of Soviet suspicion. That's the best formula for World War III we have today.

The big nations have not agreed to let themselves be disciplined by the other two big powers. That is natural enough. I can hardly imagine the British relishing the Russians and Yanks coming in to settle what we consider a British dispute. This goes the whole

way round. But to me, this all seems a specious argument, an academic case. These big countries are not going to declare war; they're out for peace.

I still insist however, that all this fretting about big powers being unwilling to have themselves disciplined is a waste of time. What is the use of being a big power if you can't be your own boss! Again, none of the big powers wants any territory that may result in a fight. Britain is trying to give away colonies and create them into Dominions; the Americans want to get rid of much of what they have, away from the mainland. Russia, as we pointed out before, wants nothing that anybody wants to fight about. Why then, all the bother about covenants and whereases and such?

Finally, and I do mean finally, peace never lasts forever. The history books prove that. No one really expects that San Francisco's document will outlaw war forever. It may however do for us, what Waterloo did for Europe. Nobody had much taste for fighting for a long time after Napoleon found Wellington plus Blucher too much for him, and as a result, the 19th century in Europe was largely a century of peace.

The Anglican prayer book tells the story. It asks:

"Give us peace in our time, O Lord!"

Peace in our time—that's all we can ask for, and from San Francisco, peace in our time is all we hope for.



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In England Now

Peace comes at last and our thoughts turn to the soldiers' return and postwar living told in leaves from a diary

By JOAN L. FAWCETT

Tuesday, April 3, 1945. "When the war ends, the serviceman's first desire will be the things he has been dreaming of for years: home, family, liberty, civilian clothes, the privacy of normal life." Mr. Arthur Bryant wrote that in the Sunday Times last week. England is seeing the end of the German war getting closer each day—any day it may be here with us—an almost undreamed of reality. And we civilians are terribly anxious that the returning serviceman shall not find disillusionment this time. This time surely with all the memories of the last war still in our minds, we shall make a success of the peace. Something as vital as war must be put in the place of war, for Mr. Bryant goes on: "when these (his desire for home and family) have been satisfied, he may find like his predecessor in 1919 that something is still lacking. He will miss the comradeship, the strenuous sharing, the sense of common purpose which service life, for all its hardships, gives and civilian life often fails to give. Above all, I believe, he will want a chance to render service to the community and play some part in shaping its affairs."

For four years the Forces have been taught, alongside the arts of fighting, the arts of social life; there have been lectures, brain trusts, classes on all forms of citizenship, until many thousands of young people are alive mentally as they never were before the war and they will want to use all this extra aliveness to some purpose. They have also been trained to a new understanding and appreciation of music, literature and the other arts.

What will be the answer? Mr. Arthur Bryant thinks it could be found in the Community Centre, which would create a "local institutional life transcending class and party bounds." The Minister of Education recently recognized the need for these Centres, some of which were already in being before the war, and "has accepted responsibility for their provision." Englishmen are good at this kind of club life but in modern times there has been little chance to practise it but now "the widespread desire to commemorate our war effort in some form that may assist the returning soldier as well as honor the dead suggests a way in which community centres could spring out of the Armistice."

This is an opportunity to be grasped and made the most of, for if it passes it will be a long time before we are all so keyed up for communal effort as we are at the moment. And we are used to all pulling together for an impersonal purpose now, which is not normally the way. Peace is in the air and we are all poised to heave sighs of relief and release, and to join with our fellowmen in rejoicing.

Last night the farmer's wife from across the road came knocking at the door, asking if we did not think that it was time we all got together and planned for the village peace-day holiday, that we have been told we shall get as soon as the Governments have decided that organized resistance is over in Germany. Nobody wants to give up their war effort or to settle to peace before the time, but it is, I think, a right idea for unless some sort of plan is in being there will be so little time later that the day will perhaps pass unsung.

She suggested that we should have a meeting next Monday evening and pool all our ideas. We are going to suggest having sports and amusements in the garden with perhaps races for the older children in the field, and cakes, ices, beer and tea free for everyone. Followed in the evening by a dance in the village

room. We should all contribute something out of our rations towards the food and I believe we can get an extra ration of such difficult things as sugar and tea from the food office.

In the meantime we are shorter of food and clothing in England than at any time during the war. Actually it is difficult to notice many signs of either shortage in the shops yet but we are assured by the papers that it is true and we must go carefully. We have shipped so much of our food supplies and clothing to liberated Europe. Our present 24 clothing coupons which came into use on February 1 have to last until the end of August instead of July as they would normally have done. This does not give you much headway when you consider that a coat and skirt or a long coat takes 18, a cotton dress 7, a vest or pants 3 each, fully fashioned stockings, when you can get them, 3, and shoes 7. You can get unfashioned stockings at 1½ coupons a pair, which most of us are coming to. They really fit all but the thinnest of legs if you wash them after every other wearing. And we are getting quite clever at making clothes out of other things besides the customary yards of material. I made myself quite a smart black evening skirt from a satin bedspread I once bought in my wilder, younger days and never used. The only food that has gone off the market by order lately is rice. The dear old English rice pudding looks like changing its status from the mainstay of the children's lunch to a luxury dish for the lucky few with a well-stocked cupboard. As a compensation oranges come in regularly and we have been told that there may be some bananas!

Thursday, April 5, 1945. A sale at the vicarage today. The vicar died some time ago and now the family are leaving and are selling their surplus furniture. It was all out on the lawn looking strangely naked and despondent in the sunshine. Crowds of people came from all over the country in carts and on bicycles and a few in cars. A sale is a big attraction, now that there is so little new furniture to be had. I was looking for beds. For when we return to our own home after six years of war, we shan't have enough things to sleep on. When I came here to my father I had only the one small girl sleeping in a cot, now there are two large children both needing a good sized bed. However there was nothing that I liked well enough to make it worth struggling through the crowd of eager people until I could catch the auctioneer's eye and bid more than six pounds. Both the single beds fetched this and the double one quite a bit more. A carved oak table fetched £30, an upholstered chair £5, a set of bathroom fittings £25, and a ponytrap with rubber tires £45.

The vicarage itself is a large bare house, designed for the days of servants and large families. For the next year the C.O. from the Aerodrome and his young wife are renting it and are going to live in part of it. They have been searching the neighborhood for months looking for somewhere to live—just themselves and their baby daughter—but with no success until they heard of this place. As they say, philosophically, the summer is coming and they will have a garden and can forget the rooms they aren't living in and the vast larders and cellars that they won't need. Houses are a major problem in England just now and even those there are to be had are getting a bit delapidated after six years of no decorating or refurbishing.

Turn to page 68

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The Countrywoman

Listeners

By PATRICK MORELAND

On a night when fireflies come
Glimmering up the wooded hill,
In a moon-bewildered hush
I can hear the whippoorwill.
Someone I have never seen
Something I have never heard
Listens with me in a wood
To the heartbreak of a bird.

I meant to do my work today
But a brown bird sang in an apple tree
And all the leaves were calling me
And the wind went sighing over the land
Tossing the grasses to and fro
And a rainbow held out its shining hand.
So what could I do but laugh and go.

—RICHARD GALLIENNE.

"I have an understanding with the hills at evening when the slanting radiance fills their hollows, and the great winds let them be, and they are quiet and look down on me."—from *After Sunset*, by GRACE HAZZARD CONKLING.

Miss Christmas in Canada

A WELCOME visitor to this country during the past month was Miss Elizabeth Christmas, who came bringing a special message of thanks from the Women's Institutes of England, Wales, Scotland and Northern Ireland to the Women's Institutes of Canada. Miss Christmas made a flying trip, crossing from east coast to the west by airplane at the end of April, and making short stops ranging from four days to less than a week in each province as she worked her way eastward again. Her trip was under the auspices of the Wartime Information Board, in collaboration with the Federated Women's Institutes of Canada.

Her stay was all too short. The time she had here was packed with travel and meetings. But in spite of the shortness of her visit and all the busyness connected with keeping up to the schedule for her, she made many new and warm friends. They have a memory of a charming and vivid personality. She identified herself quickly and easily with the groups, both rural and urban, with which she met. Her sincerity and eager interest in Canada and Canadians brought a quick response wherever she went. It is a matter of regret that even larger numbers of women in this country could not have had the opportunity to meet and hear her; that she was not able to stay long enough to attend the provincial spring conferences. She expressed the wish that she might be able to drop in to a local meeting of a W.I. here and see for herself just how the meetings are conducted. She took time out on a long motor drive in Manitoba to visit a one-room rural school, Grand Valley near Brandon, to chat with the teacher and the pupils—a day I suspect which will live long in the memory of the teacher and her 20 pupils.

"It is touching that you have tried to share our experiences. You have done so much for us. I hope that when the war is over that a long book will be written telling just all you have done," she said in speaking of the many gifts sent by members of the W.I. to Britain during the dark war years; gifts of jam, garden seeds, blankets, quilts, clothing, articles of comfort and even sums of money for those whose homes had been bombed out. She paid high tribute to what Canada had done in its vast shipments of grain, meat, cheese, eggs and milk and to the way that the production of these vital foodstuffs had been increased in spite of shortages of labor on the farms.

The Women's Institute idea was transplanted from Canada, the first local being formed in Wales in 1915. There are now over 600,000 members in 5,870 branches in England and Wales. There are over 900 Scottish rural W.I.'s and many branches in Northern Ireland. The Institutes in Britain do not now receive government grants of money. The newest local is probably one formed recently at Trinidad. Malta has been making enquiries concerning organizing one.

"With us," said Elizabeth Christmas, "the W.I. is a centre of stability. When things were the blackest, just after Dunkerque, it was most heartening to drop into a meeting and find the members engaged in planning a conference eleven months hence. The W.I. is doing much to make democracy really function—it is something more than theory. It is working for the betterment of the rural community, thinking of improvements in health, plumbing, the planning of better meals and other such practical matters. It is an

Visitor expresses gratitude of British women for many gifts sent from Canada

By AMY J. ROE

educational factor in developing for its members skills, crafts, household jobbery, music and drama. When food has been strictly rationed and in short supply housewives had the hard task of feeding the family and helping to keep them healthy. The W.I. helped by spreading ideas on how it is possible to eke out rationed food. Through the jam and meat pie schemes they have been of direct and important aid. In Scotland the W.I. had a wartime van going about giving instruction on the growing and storing and cooking of food. It did such a good job that the government took over the van and continued the idea.

"The social cup of tea served at meetings is an outward and visible sign of inner and spiritual grace. The members come from many different types of home. The lady from the mansion and the working woman are members in equal standing. Three members of the Royal family, the Queen Mother, Queen Elizabeth, and Princess Elizabeth are Women's Institute members.

Miss Christmas told of co-operative effort on the part of members in such things as making potato market baskets, in making several thousands of fur-lined coats for Russian sailors. There was the Jam Scheme, whereby over 6,000 tons of jam had been made from fruit which otherwise might have gone to waste because its owners either did not have the help or the necessary sugar to preserve it. The W.I. took over the work, were granted extra sugar and then sold the jam to local stores, from where it was bought back by members on a point value (20 points to a pint). The Rural Meat Pie Scheme was another successful enterprise. Volunteers did the work once a week. The pies were sold for 4d. and helped to eke out the all-too-short meat ration.

She explained in detail the system of rationing and pointed with pride to the fact that ration coupons had always been honored in Britain. It took two forms: 1, Basic—dealing with meat, fats, cheese, sugar; 2, Points—covering almost all other foods, clothing, household linens and soap. Bread and dried foods (when you could get the latter) were practically the only foods not rationed. The national wheatmeal loaf is made from about an 80 per cent extraction flour "rather grubby looking but highly nourishing." There are no synthetic vitamins added now, although there were formerly.

A highlight of Miss Christmas' stay in Quebec was the presentation by her to the officers of the F.W.I.C.



Miss Elizabeth Christmas, general organizer of the National Federation of Women's Institutes of England and Wales.

on behalf of the Federated Women's Institute of England and Wales of a beautifully illustrated, hand bound leather book, with a message from Lady Denham, D.B.E. "We ask the Women's Institutes of Canada to accept this book in appreciation of all the kindness and sympathy which they have shown to us during the years of the war." Along with the book was another from the Scottish W.I. also beautifully bound and in cream leather. These books and some of the handicraft accompanying them will likely travel across Canada and be seen by members in each of the provinces.

Saving Child Life

THE evidence is piling up of what can be done to save the lives of infants and mothers through proper diet and care. It has been accumulating swiftly during war years. Perhaps it is because so many millions of men and women have faced death and starvation that we have become acutely aware of those things which affect the renewal of life, as reflected in the saving of mothers and babies.

Ellen Wilkinson, speaking over the radio in May, from San Francisco, where she was attending the World Security Conference, illustrated this point from the experience of her own constituency. She is member of the British House of Commons for Jarrow and is Parliamentary Secretary to Hon. Herbert Morrison, Minister of Home Security. She is also secretary for the Distributive and Allied Workers. She pointed out that the death rate for infants in the poorer districts of Jarrow before the war had been as high as 369 per 1,000 births, while in the better parts it had been 68 per 1,000.

The infant mortality rate for England in 1943 stood at 54 per 1,000 living births—an all-time low. The policy wisely adopted and carefully carried out in spite of rationing and short supplies, of providing adequate milk, eggs, cheese, fruit and vitamins for expectant and nursing mothers and babies has gone far to bring these encouraging results.

No Project Too Small

By PEG DEEDER

REHABILITATION Planning Councils all over Canada are energetically working toward securing postwar jobs for everyone. The work being accomplished is inspiring, and gives us true cause for hope. Now, more than ever before in our history, is each individual called upon to use his brains. None of us can afford to sit complacently back and "let George do it." Neither can we afford to give way to pessimism, and scoff at those who are buckling down to the job of reconstruction.

Women, in the postwar era, are destined to play a great part in the preservation of peace, which can only be maintained if all the peoples of the earth are happy and prospering. No constructive plan is unworthy of consideration, no matter how small it may appear in the vast, over-all picture. Here is what some women in one small rural area are doing about it.

Mrs. Benton, who lives on a chicken ranch, has an industry all blueprinted, and is just waiting until the materials she needs are available. You see, Mrs. Benton makes delicious mayonnaise, and after the war she intends to manufacture it for the trade, right in her own kitchen. She says, "Why should our local storekeepers import salad dressing from hundreds of miles away, when folks like mine so well? I can employ a girl or two to start, and who knows? Maybe my little business will grow until I employ many people. It has been done, you know!"

Mrs. Hanson, her neighbor, is not to be outdone. She has a large berry garden, and she intends to start a jam and jelly factory. "Berries in this country go to waste by the tons," she says. "I'd like to know why we can't make jams and jellies as good as anything on the market. Folks say I make the best black currant jam they ever tasted. I've got a canning outfit and I'll put up a good product. Sure it will be small to start, but I'll wager the business will grow to include many of the fruit growers of the district, and provide jobs for a lot of people."

Mrs. Douglas, an elderly woman, makes delicious old country cheese for her family on the dairy ranch. She has talked the family into the idea of putting this product on the market. "If the business expands we can employ a number of people," they say.

A widow with five children, Mrs. Spencer, has four acres of rich land. She intends to raise bulbs and flower seeds.

Mary Harkin, just out of high school, has taken a dressmaking course. She intends to open a shop in the village.

Continued on page 70

NEW BLOOD FOR CANADA



Typical of future new citizens of Canada: (1) English wife of Canadian soldier serving in Italy, on her way to Calgary. (2) Before leaving London, wife and son of C.A.S.C. private being interviewed by a medical officer, Director of the Canadian Wives Bureau. (3) A young newcomer gets his first view of his Manitoba aunt, while his English mother fondly looks on. Her husband, a Canadian sergeant-major, was killed in action at Melfa River Crossing. (4) David, son of Scottish mother and Canadian soldier, takes a serious view of his new home. (5) On their way to Saskatchewan, the English wife of a navyman, now in the Pacific, treats her son to his first cone.

THE scene is the special reception room of a big mid-western Canadian railway depot. The time, early morning of a winter's day.

A little crowd of men and women are anxiously waiting. All at once a train rumbles into the station overhead. The waiting people grow more tense. You could hear a pin drop.

Suddenly a soldier appears at the door. He carries a baby in his arms. Behind him is a timid, tired-looking girl.

"Jones!" calls out the soldier. "Mrs. A. M. Jones!"

An elderly man and woman rush forward. The girl stares at them uncertainly for a moment and they stare back at her. Then smiles break over their faces. The man takes the baby from the soldier and commences to fondle it. The woman gathers the girl into her arms.

"So you're my new daughter Marian!" she cries. "Welcome to Canada, my dear!"

Soon they are talking and laughing together like old friends.

Again the soldier calls out a name.

"Adams! Mrs. R. B. Adams!"

Some more people run forward and greet another young woman.

The soldier calls more names, one after the other, and the same warm welcome takes place. Soon the quietness is all gone. There is a constant buzz of conversation, little shrieks of laughter, and here and there a few tears.

These new arrivals are British girls who have come to make new homes in Canada as the wives of our Canadian fighting men. Similar groups are arriving in this country from Britain almost every week. Many of the young women will live in our Canadian cities and towns. A large number, however, are destined for farm homes, some of these farms being situated in the thinly populated districts of our prairies.

It is reported that around three thousand of these British brides, accompanied by over two thousand of their young children, have already arrived in Canada out of the some twenty-five thousand British girls who have married Canadian service personnel since the war began.

Much more is being done for the British brides of Canadian lads in this present war than was done for the British girls who married Canadians during World War No. 1.

ONCE a British bride announces her desire to proceed to Canada, she is given every opportunity, before leaving the Old Land, to become familiar with the conditions of life that await her here. Clubs of wives of service personnel have sprung up all over the United Kingdom; classes and lectures are regularly held; pamphlets and booklets of information and advice are widely distributed. There is also the Canadian Wives' Bureau, which was recently created at Canadian Military Headquarters in London. Here two trained social service or welfare workers—both Canadians who have resided in the United Kingdom for some time—are employed and a close liaison is maintained with numerous British boards and organizations. It is interesting to note, in this connection, that Lady Tweedsmuir, widow of our former Governor-General, has for some time headed one of the Committees working to assist the British war brides. Lady Tweedsmuir has done much useful and valuable work in helping to pre-

pare the girls for the life they will lead in Canada.

The actual mechanics of getting a British war bride over to this country are complicated, and many of the details connected therewith cannot, for security reasons, be told. An interesting story could be written about the pre-embarkation "red tape" alone. So much of this has to be untied before the prospective passenger to Canada is able to leave her own shores. She must first show her marriage certificate; she must then successfully pass a medical examination; and, perhaps most important of all, she must produce a letter or cable giving satisfactory evidence that she has a definite place to go to in Canada, where she will be made welcome and properly taken care of and so on and so forth.

In transporting these British brides, the government does the best it can under the difficult conditions of war. It gives them free passage from their own homes in Great Britain to their final destinations in Canada. It does, however, warn them quite frankly and earnestly at the outset of the possible dangers and discomforts they may have to endure en route, particularly on the voyage over.

Voyaging across the sea to Canada in wartime is far from being the pleasurable experience it often was in peacetime. Liners have now been stripped down to bare essentials, in order to make room for berths, and yet more berths, so that the largest possible number of "bodies" may be conveyed from one shore

to the other in the shortest possible time.

"And we certainly were 'bodies' all right," one newcomer wryly remarked, when she was telling me about her own trip. "Indeed, we expected to be 'corpses' by the time we got across. Ours was a veritable nightmare voyage. We were crowded into stuffy, blacked-out cabins. There was no possibility for exercise or entertainment. We had to carry our life-belts around with us all the time and we had to attend lifeboat drill no matter how we felt. And I can tell you," she added, with a reminiscent shudder, "most of us felt awful! We were all deathly sick not only because of the rough weather—and it was one of the stormiest trips of the year—but because most of us were worn out from excitement, anxiety and tension even before we started."

NO discrimination is made on account of the rank of the girl's husband. Each must take her chance on the accommodation available.

Occasionally a husband and wife manage to travel on the same ship. But it is usually apart, husband "bunking in" with his fellow service men and the wife with her sister brides.

One young woman, between tears and laughter, recently confided to me: "My own voyage over was really my honeymoon, you know. But a fine honeymoon it turned out to be! My husband and I were both horribly seasick, and we only saw each other for brief periods when Jim was able to get a special pass to visit me!"

"It seemed like heaven when we at last reached 'the promised land,'" commented another girl. "We soon found that our troubles were more or less over. Everything was so beautifully arranged. Before disembarking we were assembled with our children on the ship and were

Wives and children of our overseas men find warm welcome in Canadian hearts and homes

by

KATHLEEN STRANGE

FAMILY ALLOWANCES

AND INCOME TAX

THE following announcement will help to clarify the relationship between Family Allowances and Income Tax credits for dependent children. Family Allowances are payable from July 1st, 1945, and the registration of children is now taking place.

The Family Allowances Act was designed to help equalize opportunities for all children, and when the Act was passed, Parliament approved the principle that there should be no duplication of benefits by way of Family Allowances and Income Tax credits for the same child. An amendment to the Income War Tax Act will be made to deal with this duplication. In the meantime, however, the Government

proposes, for the last six months of 1945 during which Family Allowances are payable, to remove duplication by adjusting the income tax credits received for children.

It is natural that parents in the low income groups will be expected to receive maximum benefits from Family Allowances. Partial benefits will be received, however, by parents with incomes up to \$3,000.

The table below shows the effect of the adjustments which the Government has decided to make. For convenience and simplicity the benefits received by each income group are shown as a per cent of the Family Allowances received. The table shows:

(a) Heads of families receiving incomes in 1945 of \$1200 or less will benefit to the extent of the full amount of the Family Allowances received. As they are not required to pay income tax, there is no duplication to remove.

(b) Heads of families receiving incomes in 1945 in excess of \$1200, but not in excess of \$3,000, will *in effect* retain the full value of their present income tax credits and in addition a percentage of the actual Family Allowances received.

(c) Heads of families with incomes in excess of \$3,000 will retain their full income tax credits for children if they do not receive Family Allowances. These taxpayers may, however, apply for Family Allowances to protect themselves against a possible decrease in income at a later date which might bring them into a lower income range where they would benefit from Family Allowances. In such cases if the income remains in excess of \$3,000, the income tax credits for children would be reduced by the full amount of Family Allowances received.

TABLE SHOWING EFFECT OF ADJUSTMENT FOR 1945

AMOUNT OF TAXABLE INCOME	Percent by which taxpayers will benefit from Family Allowances in addition to present income tax credits, for 1945.	
	Not over \$1200	100%
Over \$1200 but not over 1400	1400	90%
" 1400 " " " 1600	1600	80%
" 1600 " " " 1800	1800	70%
" 1800 " " " 2000	2000	60%
" 2000 " " " 2200	2200	50%
" 2200 " " " 2400	2400	40%
" 2400 " " " 2600	2600	30%
" 2600 " " " 2800	2800	20%
" 2800 " " " 3000	3000	10%
" 3000		0%

NOTE:—This table applies to married persons and others having the status of married persons for income tax purposes. For the relatively small number of single persons supporting children and not having married status for income tax purposes, and for members of the Armed Forces, special tables can be obtained from the Regional Director of Family Allowances in each provincial capital.

NOTE THESE TWO EXAMPLES

Family with two children, ages 6 and 8, with total income during 1945 of \$1200.

TOTAL FOR SIX MONTHS OF 1945

First Child . . . \$36.00	
Second Child . . . 36.00	
	\$72.00

As this family does not benefit by way of income tax credits, it receives and keeps the full amount as stated above.

Family with two children, ages 6 and 8, with total income during 1945 of \$1950.

TOTAL FOR SIX MONTHS OF 1945

First Child . . . \$36.00	
Second Child . . . 36.00	
	\$72.00
Amount refundable, being loss of income tax credits	28.80
	\$43.20
Amount retained (60%, see table)	\$43.20

Family Allowances will be paid in full

In all cases, those who apply for and are eligible to receive Family Allowances will receive them in full, month by month. See scale below:

SCALE OF MONTHLY ALLOWANCES FOR THE FIRST FOUR CHILDREN

For each child

Under 6	\$5.00
From 6 to 9 (inclusive) . .	6.00
From 10 to 12 (inclusive) .	7.00
From 13 to 15 (inclusive) .	8.00

Where there are more than four children under 16 in the family, the monthly allowance for each child after the fourth will be reduced in accordance with the provisions of the Family Allowances Act.

As far as is possible, to take care of the adjustments necessary to avoid duplication of benefits, current income tax deductions at the source will be adjusted to take into account the new situation when Family Allowance payments commence. This will avoid placing an awkward burden on the taxpayers at the end of the year.

FAMILY ALLOWANCES ARE NOT TAXABLE

Special attention is drawn to the fact that the income ranges used in the table above refer to *taxable* income, and any amounts received as Family Allowances should not therefore be included in calculating income for this purpose because Family Allowances are *not* taxable.

Family Allowances are also additional to dependents' allowances for servicemen's families and military pensions.

For children registered after July 1st, 1945, Family Allowances will be paid as from the month following the month when registration is made. Family Allowances are not paid retroactively.

REGISTER NOW!

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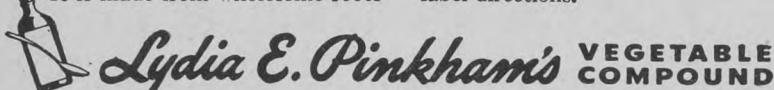
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"The Store for Young Canada"

EATON CO.
WINNIPEG
CANADA

EATON'S

put through the necessary immigration tests—that is, we had a medical, our passports were examined, and so forth. Our children were fitted with tags, which gave each one's name and destination, its feeding schedule, and notes of any special care required. Then we were given our railroad tickets and berth and meal tickets for the train. What a thrill it was, when finally we got off the ship, to set foot for the first time on Canadian soil!"

The wives are met at the foot of the gangway by a detail of army and air force, who carry their babies and their hand baggage for them.

"The Red Cross people came and relieved us of our children," another young wife volunteered. "They took them to the Red Cross Port Service Rooms, where they washed, changed and fed the babies and amused the older children with toys, crayons and books, and gave them milk and biscuits. All this permitted us mothers to go below to have our luggage checked and passed through the customs."

The soldiers and airmen then carry the children and the hand baggage to the train and help the women to find their berths on the pullman. There are V.A.D.'s on the train equipped with hampers of extra clothes (many of the children are improperly clad to meet the rigors of our winter weather), medical supplies, playing cards, cigarettes and toys. All of this certainly helps to make the train trip more pleasant and comfortable for the newcomers.

In Montreal the Red Cross Society has set up a nursery and a special rest room and welcome canteen for the convenience of the mothers who are passing through. Red Cross workers, in fact, meet the young women at all the big centres en route and at least one V.A.D. accompanies them right across Canada. All the girls realize that they owe a deep debt of gratitude to the Canadian Red Cross Society for its fine work on their behalf.

These newcomers to Canada react to their new environment in interesting ways. One and all are excited at being here and almost all are delighted with this country—at first!

They marvel at the bright lights and the safety of our big cities—"It's so wonderful! No blackouts! No bombs!" They are struck with the abundance and variety of our food—"The oranges! The bananas! The ice cream!" They are thrilled at the prospect of being able to buy clothes and cosmetics without coupons—"Now I can get a completely new outfit!" They are charmed, too, by the spontaneous friendliness they meet on every hand—"Canadian people are so hospitable! I hadn't been in Canada any time at all before I felt right at home!"

This initial excitement and satisfaction usually lasts for about a week. Then the young women begin to settle down—and their spirits often begin to go down, too.

Settling down and adjusting oneself to new conditions is a difficult process even under normal circumstances. In wartime, and in a strange land, it is often a most trying experience.

It must be remembered that for most of these British newcomers Canada is almost like a "foreign" country. They may speak the same language as the Canadians, but they soon find that many things are completely new to them. Then the majority of these British wives do not even have their husbands with them, to introduce them to their new families and to the Canadian way of life.

Almost all of them, too, will have to dwell, at least for some time, in their husbands' homes. There, as a rule, they have but little contact with young people of their own age. They are thrown into contact instead with people of another generation and often of another sphere of life. The story is told, for instance, of one young English girl who married a Canadian lad from a Mennonite family. The husband was killed and his parents sent for the young widow to come to live with them in western Canada. The girl arrived on the husband's farm to find that his people spoke only German and still lived in the severe, old-world fashion of their sect. It is inevitable, of course, under such circumstances, that "in-law trouble" develops in many cases. No wonder that the social service people in most big cities are kept busy trying to find homes, or even rooms, out of Canada's acute housing shortage, for those young women who "simply can't get along with Joe's folks," and who want, at any cost, to be "on their own."

YOUNG women going to live on prairie farms will undoubtedly have special problems of their own to contend with. Many of them are quite unfamiliar with farm life of any sort and, despite what they may have been told about it, Canadian farm life will come as somewhat of a shock to most of them. A few will face extreme loneliness and hardship; almost all will face much hard work.

In many of our country districts kind-hearted Canadian women have already appointed themselves as "foster mothers" or "big sisters," to look after these British wives who have come to live among them and to help them to learn Canadian ways of farm life. They will be needing help and advice for a long time to come.

An interesting venture in Winnipeg, which it is hoped will help the newcomers to settle down, and which might well be copied in every city in Canada, is the British Wives' Club. This organization offers a pleasant meeting place for the young women, enables them to become acquainted with other girls in like circumstances to themselves, and provides them with an effective safety valve for pent-up emotions and energies. Speakers on Canadian topics regularly address the club and so the members are able to learn more about Canada. They are also already working for the Canadian war effort and intend to assist in community welfare projects even after the war is over. Blood donor groups have been formed, knitting for the Red Cross is under way, and plans for holding social affairs have been made.

An interesting feature of this club, which should particularly interest rural



After eight months in hospital after bailing out over the African desert, a Manitoba Flight-Lt., his English wife and son are home.

wives, is the country membership. In order that British girls living in isolated districts may have the benefit of the club, each city member has adopted one country member, keeping her informed of the activities of the club and performing for her any services, such as shopping, etc., that the country member may require.

One hears some complaints, among Canadians, about the British girls "picking off" our men. Well, I do not think myself that the Canadian girls have much to worry about on this score. They have done quite a little "picking off" themselves—among the British, the Australian, the New Zealand and the American boys who have been stationed here! The whole problem, indeed, seems to cut many ways. It is said that over fifty thousand young women of different nationalities, in different parts of the world, have already applied for transportation to the various home countries of the service men they have married in this war. A pretty fair exchange, it may be found to be, all around.

A few of our lads, it might be mentioned, have also found brides in such countries as Iceland, Holland, Belgium and Liberated France. Our government, however, makes it rather difficult for its service men to marry foreign girls. The "red tape" to be cut in these cases is so great that all but the most persevering quickly become discouraged, and so it is

Chocolate in the Menu

There are many ways in which to use this nutritious food

CHOCOLATE is an old favorite in Canadian menus and may be used in a variety of dishes. It is obtained from the seeds of the cacao trees which flourish in Mexico, the West Indies and South America. The roasted seeds are ground at a constant temperature and the resulting liquid is molded into cake chocolate. Some types of chocolate have dried milk, sugar, cocoa butter and flavoring added before they are molded.

A nutritious food as well as a flavoring, chocolate is about 50 per cent fat and eight per cent starch and also contains protein, calcium, phosphorus and iron. It has a higher fat content than cocoa and slightly lower percentage of the other nutrients.

Always melt chocolate over hot water as it scorches easily. Also a smoother blend will be obtained if it is melted slowly.

If you wish to substitute cocoa for chocolate use 3 tablespoons cocoa and 1½ teaspoons shortening for each ounce of chocolate called for.

Mochalate

1 sq. (1 oz.) unsweetened chocolate	1½ c. milk
4 tsp. granulated sugar	Few grains salt
	1½ c. freshly made strong coffee

Melt the chocolate over hot water. Add the sugar, milk and salt and heat over hot water. Beat with a rotary beater until frothy. Add the coffee, blend thoroughly and serve. Grated nutmeg or whipped cream may be added if desired.

Chocolate Sponge

2 c. hot milk	2 T. granulated gelatin
2 sq. (2 oz.) unsweetened chocolate	½ c. cold water
5 T. granulated sugar	1 tsp. vinegar
½ tsp. salt	2 egg whites

Combine the milk, chocolate, 3 tablespoons sugar and salt. Cook over hot water until the chocolate is melted. Add the beaten egg yolks and beat until smooth. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until the yolks are thickened. Soften the gelatin in the cold water, add to the hot mixture and stir until dissolved. Stir in the vinegar. Make a meringue of the whites and remaining sugar. Fold in the hot mixture, chill until firm and serve with cream or custard sauce.—D.J.M.

considered that many marriages that might not have much chance of succeeding are forestalled.

Some people worry about the future of these marriages between our Canadian boys and the girls of other lands. They recall the old adage that to marry in haste is often to repent at leisure. That there will be some hasty and ill-considered unions there is no doubt. But then, we have these in peacetime also. We have to take into account the fact that the urgency of war inevitably speeds up marriages and that courtships are often telescoped from months into weeks and even into days. So far as these Canadian-British marriages are concerned, however, in talking with many of the young women who have already arrived, I find that the majority of them had known their husbands for quite some time before being married. Some of the young couples have already been married for several years—and the marriages are still going strong!

The British girls, who are undertaking the job of wifehood and motherhood in a new and strange land, are all most worthy of our warmest understanding and tolerance, our deepest friendship and help. Let us see to it that we each and everyone of us do our part to make the way easier for them and for the future generation of good Canadian citizens of whom they will be the mothers.

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Magic's Mocha Layer Cake

GOT A CAKE-HUNGRY FAMILY — but an almost-empty sugar tin? Then try Magic's luscious, yummy-rich Mocha Layer Cake—it doesn't call for so much as a speck of precious sugar!

All cakes call for Magic, though, to help insure that "m-m-delicious" flavor, that fluffy, super-fine texture. Pure and dependable, Magic makes all baked dishes taste better—helps protect precious ingredients, cuts food waste. Follow the advice of Canada's leading cookery experts always bake with Magic!

MAGIC MOCHA LAYER CAKE

½ cup shortening	¼ tsp. salt
¾ cup white corn syrup	2 eggs, unbeaten
2 ¼ cups sifted cake flour	¾ cup milk
2 ¾ tsp. Magic Baking Powder	
1 ½ tsp. vanilla extract	

Work shortening until creamy. Add syrup gradually, beating continuously. Stir in ¼ of sifted ingredients. Beat in eggs, one at a time. Add remaining flour mixture alternately with milk, beating after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in 2 greased 8" layer cake pans in 375°F. oven 30 min. or until done. Top and fill with



Mocha Icing: Combine whites of 2 eggs, ½ cup corn syrup and 4 tablespoons strong Chase & Sanborn coffee in top of double boiler. Cook over rapidly boiling water for 7 minutes beating with egg beater. Remove from fire, add 1 sq. melted chocolate and continue beating until mixture stands in peaks. Shave ½ sq. chocolate in thin pieces over top.

Something for the Brides!



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3 Two hearts that beat as one . . . even over the dishpan! Pyrex ware is so easy to wash. Food and strong flavors never stick to its slick smooth surface. It washes sparkling clean in a jiffy with less soap and hot water!



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1 You can't go wrong giving a bride Pyrex ware. You could buy her more expensive gifts, but you can't find many that will give her as much day-to-day pleasure, plus real help with her cooking. The dish that sparkles here in her hands is the new Pyrex "Flavor Saver" pie plate. It's lovely and it's extra deep to keep juices and flavor inside the pie and out of the oven. Ten-inch size.

Picnic Ideas

Right choice of foods to take and equipment handy adds to pleasure of an outing

By DORIS J. McFADDEN

PICNICS can be the best or the worst of meals. Enjoyable ones don't just happen. A successful picnic is the result of careful planning and selection. However, even well planned picnics may prove to be the worst of meals to the person who does the work. Planning must include tricks that will produce a "pick-me-up" or mother will dread the picnic season.

This year we will be doing more picnicking than ever. Being short of gas and tires we will have a picnic close to home rather than tripping off to some far-away resort for the week-end. Then, too, it will be wise to carry picnic food along to fairs and similar events as so many restaurants are closed. The person who travels unprepared may expect to be amongst the hungry for that day.

For a quick get-away, keep a picnic hamper ready packed with essentials. The "hamper" may be only a cardboard carton or anything else that is convenient. The secret is to have it lightweight and always ready to go at the drop of a hat.

In your hamper you should permanently instal the following: leak-proof salt and pepper shakers, a can-opener, a bottle-opener, a paring knife, a slicing knife; sugar spoon, serving spoons, a knife, a fork and a spoon per person, a canister of tea and one of coffee, and cheesecloth for tea and coffee bags, a jar of sugar, paper serviettes, cups and paper plates. Be sure to include enough plates to accommodate everyone and leave a few over for serving purposes.

Just before starting, slice the bread ready for serving and slip the slices back into the waxed paper. Tuck the bread into the hamper along with a jar of butter, a jar of salad dressing and a jar of cream.

Take along a good supply of old newspapers to spread under the picnic cloth and also to sit on. It's wonderful what they will save in dampness and dirt on your clothes and table-linens. If you don't like spreading the lunch out on old mother earth, carry along a dozen or more bricks and three or four smooth boards. Use the bricks as props and place the boards across them to make an outdoor table.

These things are essential to all picnics regardless of the menu.

Some like to take along their dinner and cook it over the camp-fire. Steaks, sausages, wieners, chops, broilers, fish and bacon may be broiled by hanging from a "cross-bar" over the fire, or on a broiler rack if you have one. To fry meats you should have a frying pan with a long handle and also a long-handled fork. Watch out that the fat in the frying pan does not catch fire.

Stews, baked beans, soups, etc., may be reheated over the camp-fire. Use old saucepans or pots that you don't object to having blackened.

Small boneless hams, chicken, clams, eggs, potatoes and corn (in the husks) are quite out-of-this-world when roasted in the hot coals of a bonfire. The majority of picnics though are salad meals and if the beverage is hot it is made over a bonfire or carried in a thermos.

Salads that are prepared ahead of time must be ones that are not injured by time or shaking. Potato, cooked vegetable, chicken or fish salads are suitable but it is less work not to prepare the salad beforehand. Instead, wash tomatoes, celery, radishes, cucumber, lettuce, etc., and carry-in sealers or wrapped in waxed paper. Break head lettuce into chunks. Shredded lettuce doesn't carry well and whole heads are awkward. Shredded cabbage carries well but not for too long a time. It is always better to carry the salad dressing separately. Chilled carrot and turnip strips fit easily

into jars and add colorful, tasty touches. Tuck a jar of pickles into a corner of the hamper. When you arrive, spread all out on the picnic table and let each person be his or her own chef.

Unless you carry potatoes raw and cook them on the spot, the only satisfactory ways of carrying them are either in salad or as potato chips. Served with a cream cheese spread potato chips are a delicious addition to your salad.

Hard-cooked eggs are practically a necessity to most picnics. Place the eggs in boiling water, set the pan in a warm place and allow the eggs to remain in the water 45 minutes to one hour. On removing them from the hot water, plunge immediately into cold water and leave until cool. An egg which is cooked slowly is more digestible and more tender than one which is cooked quickly.

Eggs carry best in their shells so why not just pop them into the hamper as is? Each member may then prepare his own egg according to his taste at the moment.

The choice of cold meats for picnics is practically unlimited. Besides the cold roast or fowl from the day before there is a great variety of ready prepared meats and canned meats on the market which are suitable. If you have a supply of home-canned meat or fowl in your cellar all you need to do is slip a sealer or two into the hamper. Or, if you have planned the picnic enough ahead of time to prepare one, homemade meat loaves are tops. These may be carried in the loaf pan in which they were baked and sliced off as needed. Many also enjoy cold cooked sausage or wieners with their picnic salads. Finally, don't forget about that old favorite, cold ham.

For dessert the simplest idea is to carry along fresh fruit. The only preparation needed is to wash the fruit before hand. Another advantage is that it makes no inroads on your sugar supplies. Home-made or commercially canned fruit also travels well and requires no immediate preparation except to open the can. With the fruit some kind of cake or cookies seems to be required. Drop cookies carry better and are quicker to make than any other kind. Quick-breads and cakes with baked toppings are the most suitable along that line. Elsewhere in this issue are some recipes for quick-breads and ideas for toppings for uniced cakes which will make congenial picnic companions. Good picnickers also are corn breads, gingerbreads, loaf cakes, etc.

If you have time for baking, two crust pies are good travellers. Turn another pie plate over the top for protection and try not to tip them upside down.

The usual picnic beverage seems to be coffee either made on the spot or carried in a thermos. If you have no thermos an excellent substitute is to put the hot beverage in a sealer, wrap in layers of hot newspapers and pack in a large tin pail. The same idea may be used to carry cold beverages.

To make picnic coffee, allow two tablespoons coffee to each cup water, put the coffee in a bag and tie loosely to allow for expansion. Add the water, set over the fire and bring just to the boiling point three times, removing from the fire each time the boiling point is reached. Remove the coffee bag and serve steaming hot.

Make bags for tea in the same way, allowing half to one teaspoon tea to each cup water. Bring the water to the boil over the fire, drop in the tea bag and immediately remove from the heat. As soon as the tea is steeped, remove the bag and serve.

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Cooking over an open fire outdoors, is a special delight.

Notes On Camping

Take care to keep your stuff dry and thus increase the pleasure of an outing

By DOROTHY MORRISON

If you plan to camp in a tent this summer you should know the importance of making plans for keeping things dry. Nothing can spoil a camping trip more quickly than a drenching rain that wets your clothes, food, wood and matches—that is if you don't know the tricks of keeping dry. Old campers remain in the woods in spite of wet weather and feel a little sorry for the folk who go scuttling home as soon as rain starts to fall.

Here are a few leaves from an old camper's notebook.

Take plenty of warm clothing and bedding to camp. Ignore the scoffing of people who ask you if you are bound for the North Pole. Flannelette sheets and heavy sweaters are not out of place at a lakeside even in July. When it starts to rain put on your raincoat and rubbers. Don't plan to be "tough" by ignoring the rain, for if the weather doesn't clear you'll have a bad time drying those soggy sweaters.

If you are camping in a tent it is often convenient to keep the food outside in a cupboard by the stove. A sheet iron stove with apple boxes nailed to a nearby tree furnishes your outdoor kitchen nicely but food stored in these cupboards must be kept dry. A collection of large screw top jars is of the greatest value here. Flour, meal, sugar, rice and so on can each be stored in its own labelled glass jar. Canned goods are already in waterproof containers, but after a rain the cans should be dried to prevent rusting.

YOU should have a store of matches in a can or jar in your cupboard and the matches you carry with you should be in a water-proof container.

When you leave camp for a hike or a boat trip be sure that you have taken precautions against a possible rain-storm during your absence. All cushions, sweaters and bedding should be put in the tent before you leave. A small supply of dry wood should always be kept in the tent unless you have a tarpaulin to cover your woodpile. As a last precaution see that all tent flaps are closed securely so that you will be sure of coming home to a dry bed.

If you sleep on the ground you will need a ground sheet. Without it your bedding is apt to become moist and uncomfortable.

Careless campers may get along quite well for awhile but sooner or later they will learn the wisdom of using "an

ounce of prevention," for once everyone is cold and wet "the pound of cure" may be unavailable.

WHEN camping in the bush away from a regular camping ground you should take precautions against falling trees. Choose for your camp site a spot near which there are no dead trees which might crash on your tent in a storm. Or if such a site cannot be found cut down any dead trees that are close enough to your camp to be a menace. Any dead tree whose height is greater than the distance of its base from your camp is dangerous and should come out the first day. Storms often come up suddenly and there is real danger if you are near dead trees which may snap off and fall with a tremendous crash.

The trees should be felled by someone who knows how to judge the way a tree is likely to fall and how to make it fall that way. While the felling is going on all other campers should "go away back and sit down."

Barrel Cache

THERE are many types of small caches which can be devised beside the dug cave. There is the barrel or heavy puncheon cask. The method is much the same as for a hidden or cave cache. The hole need only be dug to contain the barrel and allow 1 1/2 feet for coverage; or two or three if thought best, depending on the likelihood of strangers visiting the spot.

Be sure to use a water-tight barrel. It is sometimes well to dig a hole somewhat larger than the barrel and stuff dry twigs and trees around the outside of the barrel, depending on the amount of rain likely to seep down over it.

Be careful to know exactly by blaze or natural signs just how far the cask is from your cabin, and just how many feet distant. And the exact direction.

It is usually best to bury supplies at least 50 feet from the dwelling, on account not only of men finding it, but also wild animals. In British Columbia many of their mountain cabins have been broken into by bears, the tin flour bin extracted and the bear's paws digging in until satisfied. Then a great scatter of flour all over the place.

A very good idea in placement is to put your cache on an oblique line from the house. More likely to escape notice. In the wilds, of course, supplies are always left to help lost strangers.—Clay Alexander.

Satisfying... Tasty!

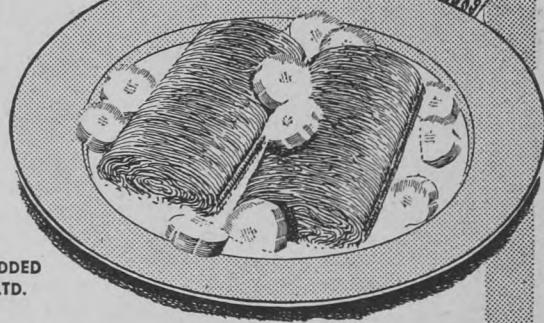


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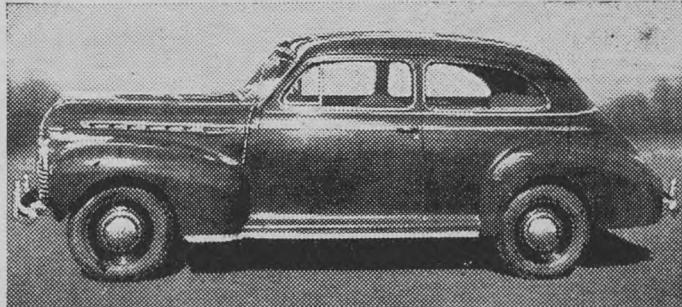
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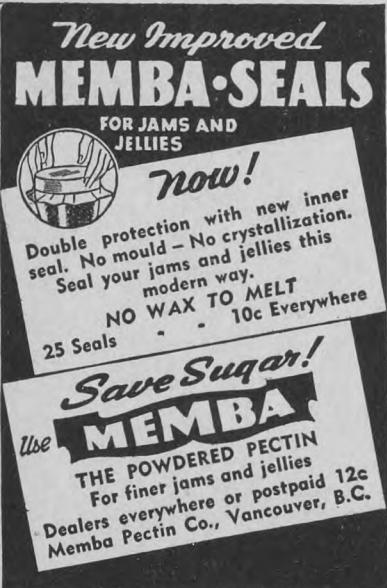
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IN ENGLAND NOW

Continued from page 60

But in spite of all these difficulties we are having a lovely spring with lots of fruit blossom and soon some fresh vegetables and the hens are laying. It is dreadful the way our minds always gravitate back to food even when we are trying to write about the spring sunshine!

May 10, 1945. The peace at last! The day we have all been waiting for so long. During these glorious days of May, in the most perfect weather we have had for many years, we are happy in the thought that there is no more fighting in Europe. No longer do the bombers go streaming out over our heads day and night, with their purposeful hum. Now you can hear the small sounds of the countryside again. There is still some flying, of course, and at night but there are long gaps now with nothing but stillness.

And we have no blackout now either. It feels so strange to leave one's windows uncurtained after dark; we keep looking at the blackness beyond the glass with apprehension. After nearly six years of carefully and fearfully shutting in the light it is difficult to let it stream out again.

The suspense of last week was intense. I went up to London on the Thursday. The train was very full but punctual. London itself was crammed. I suppose so many people had come up in the hope of being there for the great V-E Day. Hundreds stood about in places like Piccadilly Circus and Whitehall just waiting for something to happen, and in all the hotels everyone stopped talking to listen to every news bulletin. Your greeting to anyone you met was: "Any more news?" Berlin had fallen on the Wednesday but now Himmler and Doenitz were giving out contrary reports

of the likelihood of surrender so it was difficult to try and guess when it would come. Rumors were everywhere: first it was to come on Thursday night, then I was told on good authority that it would be Sunday, others said it could not be delayed so long. When I went down to Westminster, workmen were fixing great banks of arc lamps outside the Houses of Parliament, and groups of people were watching other men arranging something on the balcony of the Home Office.

Inside Westminster Abbey, crowds of soldiers, mostly American, walked round in the comparative quietness. The guide's voice droned on to one group while another lot wandered round preferring to look for themselves. The young Americans asked me where Kipling was buried. I tried to think quickly but could only direct them to the poet's corner. Many people stood quietly round the tomb of the Unknown Warrior wondering—thinking what? in this momentous time.

Outside all was bustle and rush again. A wild wind blew in the sunshine. There were less buses than usual because of the bus strike but it wasn't particularly noticeable unless you wanted a special number and then it seemed a terrible time coming. All the taxis of course were full. I felt as if I had walked miles before the end of the day and in fact I probably had. Occasionally bombers circled low over the buildings and everyone looked up and smiled. I wondered if they would let all the workers get home before they announced V-E Day, otherwise it was going to be difficult for them not to get stranded. This thought had struck an old woman behind one of the counters at which I shopped. "I 'ope they lets us get back 'ome," she said. "I want to be safely sitting with me glass 'o beer before it comes. Otherwise we'll be 'ere all night. I've never seen London so full, never." Everywhere red, white and blue emblems were for sale, in the shops and on the hawker's barrows.

By Friday the excitement had increased. I saw one or two editors and all

the offices were in a state of indecision, waiting for the news. Would it come today? Would they be at their offices tomorrow? Work was difficult to organize and for once seemed pointless. By Saturday it was worse. London shops shut at one o'clock and all the assistants were longing impatiently to be off home to get some food in before the news came that would shut down everything for two days. One girl said that she felt just as if she was going to the dentist!

I caught a train home in the afternoon and was glad to think that I was going to be back with the family to hear the great announcement. I would like to have been in London if my husband could have been with me but it is definitely the sort of news you want to share with your family.

The expected news did not come on Sunday and the day passed quietly but by Monday afternoon we had heard from a friend that all London offices were closing and that the flags were out. And then at 8 p.m. came the announcement on the wireless that the Prime Minister would tell us the great news at three o'clock the following afternoon and that His Majesty the King would speak at nine o'clock. The next day was to be a holiday. We looked at each other and knew that already really it was over.

At breakfast on Tuesday one felt as if one ought to be saying "many happy returns of the day" or something equally festive. I went out early into our little town to shop. The food shops were opening for two or three hours after all and I thought with relief of the shop girls who had been so bothered. There was a great rush for fish, vegetables and bread before everything closed down. All the flags were out across the streets, the sun shone and all the young people queued up for ice-cream. Tiny's eye grew larger and larger as he saw all this gaiety. I bought a long streamer of flags for the front of the house, much to his delight. In the afternoon, I took both children round in the car to see as many flags as they could. Every village was bedecked with them, fluttering from the tops of trees and from chimneys, strung across from house to house. The smaller the street the greater the decoration it seemed. It was amazing where they had all come from.

In the towns the people had at once begun to flock to the churches. Most churches had a service that night and in the bigger ones they started again the next morning and went on every hour throughout the day but even so there were queues of people waiting to get in. It was a most terrific country-wide reaction of thanksgiving to the news of peace.

The next day, Wednesday, we had a service here at our little village church at eleven o'clock. Never has it been so full; chairs were borrowed from the cottages and put down the aisle to make more seats. The two, small bells rang out and we sang with all our might. It was a perfect day with a sun like the middle of summer. I had tried vainly in the morning to send a telegram to my husband but could get no answer from the telegraph girl but eventually he rang me up at lunch time after having tried since four-thirty the previous afternoon. It just made the day right.

I took the children out to tea with friends in the afternoon and then went along to church again in the evening, where a fresh crowd of people had collected. And then home to supper and bed. Like many thousands upon thousands of British people, my feet ached and I had a wonderful day, never to be forgotten.

Kipling once answered Tennyson's praise with the words: "When a private is praised by his general he does not presume to thank him, but fights the better afterwards."

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Consider The Lilies

There is danger that the western red lily will disappear unless we take steps to preserve it

By LLOYD T. CARMICHAEL



The western red lily, floral emblem of Saskatchewan.

WHEN Saskatchewan first selected the western red lily (*Lilium umbellatum*) as the floral emblem of the province, it was a fairly common plant across the prairie. In late June and early July its orange-red flower along the roadside, in low sandy soils, peering above the green grass of the meadows, was a most attractive sight. Loved, admired and easily recognized by all, it was eagerly sought after—and picked. Its red-tinted tawny bells rendered the landscape attractively gay. As if conscious of their glory, the large bright blossoms grow erect on tall stems, an invitation to all to look and admire. The temptation was too great—it must be gathered; it must be taken home.

With no thought of harm being done, the motorist, on a leisurely run in the refreshing coolness of a long summer evening, would stop. The entire family, with joyful enthusiasm, would run here and there, breaking the plants off at the ground level, picking great bunches, filling their pails, their arms and even the back seat of the car. Arriving home they confiscated every available vase and fruit sealer and jar, crowding the delicate plants together, like prisoners in an enemy concentration camp, until the natural beauty of the mass entirely disappeared and the individual lilies hung their heads in shame, never to look upwards again towards the blue sky and the setting sun.

The lily is still our floral emblem, but where is it? Year by year they gradually have been disappearing. No longer do they wave a prairie welcome to our visiting tourists, travelling along our trunk highways, but have retreated back and back to hidden meadows and lonely trails.

This is an appeal to those who love nature to protect the lily before it is too late. Those who have gathered it so indiscriminately little realized that in picking the flower they were destroying the plant, even although it is a perennial. Into the flower the lily puts its supreme effort. After blossom time, the leaves, through their photosynthetic efforts, build up the necessary reserve food supply for another year. When the flower is picked it is nearly always broken off low down and the leaves are taken with it—and so the bulb remains depleted and the roots die or require several years to regain strength enough to produce more flowers.

We have made many mistakes, recognized to our sorrow only when it was too late. We have over-gunned the ducks, drained the swamps, and then

wondered why the game birds were disappearing; we have killed to the last bird the myriad passenger pigeons; we have slashed our forests with no thought of the future; we have turned valuable prairie land into a dust bowl; we have eliminated our natural buffalo population and have hunted to extinction species after species. Thousands follow with keen interest the return of our song birds to the land of their birth. Their habits, notes and plumage are studied in detail. They have learned to use the camera and the field glasses instead of the shotgun. In the same way let us all learn to enjoy our wild flowers where they grow—let us admire their beauty and fragrance in

Mother Nature's own setting.

Every province in Canada has a floral emblem. Alberta has the wild rose; Manitoba, the crocus. The idea is as old as history itself. The oldest of the national flowers is the violet, which was adopted by the city of Athens in the days of its glory. Then comes the shamrock of Ireland, though the leaf and not the flower in this case is chosen. Each plant or flower, like each national flag has a tradition behind it, recalling days of glory and achievement and bringing back to people, the world over, remembrances of home. And so, the thistle of Scotland, the leek of Wales, the rose of England, the fleur de lis of France and the maple tree of Canada hold a proud and peculiar place in the affections of the people concerned.

O PHELIA in Hamlet says, "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance." All flowers are for remembrance and we want national flowers to help us to remember. Our flag is the dearest of all national emblems. Its value as a symbol need not be emphasized here. To our heroic boys in all parts of the world today it means hope, freedom, comfort and home. For after all for each one of us "our country" centres on our home.

To the writer as a child the greatest thrill of spring was the first appearance of the adder's tongue and the spring beauty, braving the cool evenings, to drink in next day the springtime sunshine and the soft breezes of the maritimes. They still spell home and winding forest paths and fresh green meadows. The young men of the prairie, today, enduring countless hardships on foreign soil, turn their thoughts longingly towards home, towards the familiar scenes of boyhood days, and think of the crocus, the wild lily and the prairie rose, which in their care-free hours meant so much to them.

The western red lily, like other such emblems is to keep us in remembrance of our home and country. Such flowers should be the heritage of mankind for all time. They are in danger of destruction. We have no right to deny future generations the joy of their presence—no right to rob our children of a heritage which is as rightfully theirs as ours. Admire the delicate beauty of our floral emblem, but refrain from destroying it.

My thoughts lie fallow and my dreams lie deep
Beneath the field of time, the soil of sleep.
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—GILEAN DOUGLAS.

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THE COUNTRYWOMAN

Continued from page 61

Whole families are talking together and planning for future operations. Many farm families have sons and daughters who will return soon from the wars. The conversation in such a family might run something like this:

Dad: "It's sure going to be good to have the boys home again to take over the farm. This big place is getting too much for me."

Mother: "But you can't retire, Dad, you'd go crazy!"

Dad: "Don't figger on retiring; but I've always had a hankering to try my hand at growing and testing these new varieties of grain and grass seed. I'm going to reserve me a small piece of land and turn the rest of the big wheat acreage over to the boys. Then I'm going to raise registered seed—just what I can handle myself—and have me some fun. Good money in it, too, if you go about it the right way."

Mother: "I wouldn't be surprised to see you turn into a second Luther Burbank! It's a grand idea, Dad, and it will give the boys a chance to gain initiative, and make their own place in the world."

Dad: "They'll make their places all right! These kids who went out and licked the toughest enemy in the world will be able to come home and lick any little problem they run up against."

Mother: "Of course they will, if we just see to it that they have their chance."

Isn't it inspiring? Everyone planning for the future; everyone determined that war and depression shan't happen again. A few of us can't do it; but the united citizenry of every city, town, village and farm working and planning together can and will do it!

Wash Day A-LA-H—

I AM a prairie farm wife, and I wouldn't have missed the experience for any-

thing, except perhaps, almost any other occupation I can think of.

Did I hear you say you pitied the poor farm wife? No need to do that: think how rich we are in experience if in nothing else. If denying oneself builds character we'll soon have such a surplus the government will need to bonus us to keep the supply from getting too great.

Now take today for instance. It was washday. My dream of a perfect washday would be like the one in the magazines, where the washing-machine is washing away as the lady of the house sits curled up in an over-stuffed chair reading True Story, or something equally edifying.

But is that the way washday runs at our house? Not at all!

Perhaps I have myself to blame; for I am one of those creatures who is sometimes spoken of by her neighbors as being too fussy. It doesn't pay to be too fussy on a farm, not if you want to keep what little mental balance you have.

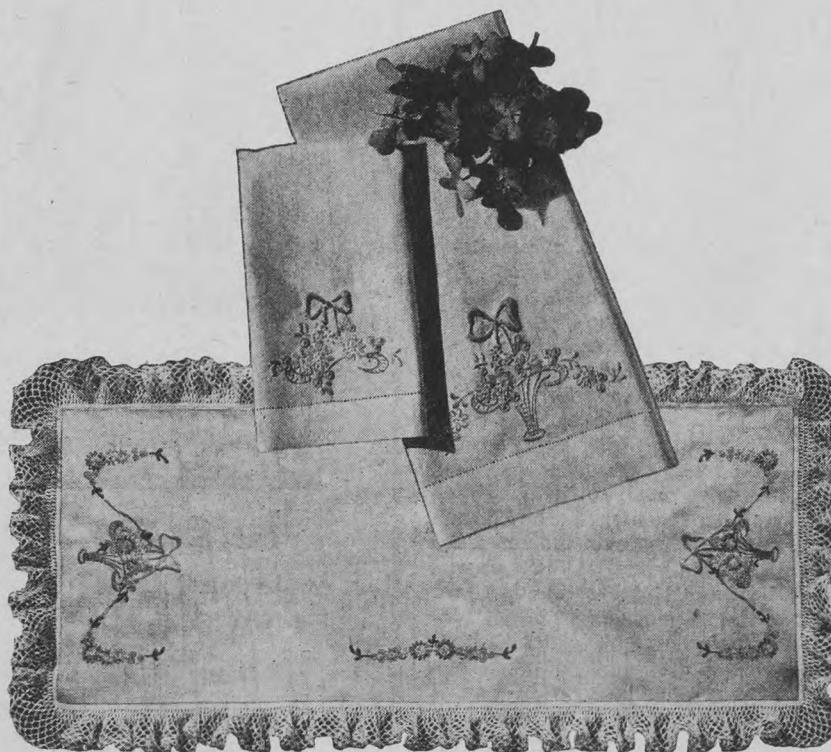
But to get back to my washing! Do you remember those old washing machines that you pushed and pulled on the handle for all you were worth, while the clothes inside tied themselves into knots? You thought they'd gone out in grandma's day. Well, they didn't. We have one at our house. But it's not a total loss at that, for you work off some of the cussedness that's been simmering inside you by too much thinking of the ordinary things you would like to have in your home, but which each year dangle a little farther from your reach.

I don't get started at the wash until the family has breakfasted, the two older boys off to school, the baby bathed and put to sleep, my favorite morning radio program listened to, the washing machine hauled out of its storage in the porch into the middle of the living-room floor, the water ladled out of the boiler into the machine; by which time it is well past ten o'clock.

Now that the water is in the poor old tub, her faults begin to show up. She has done duty for nearly 30 years, and ought to have been given to the salvage committee long ago. But we'll keep her

Matched Linens

By ANNA DEBELLE



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An unusually attractive scarf, fingertip towels and guest towels. Each is stamped on nice quality Irish embroidery linen and instructions for crocheting the lace are included. We do not supply the crochet cotton. The scarf is No. 712, 70 cents, threads 20 cents. Fingertip towels are No. 717, 35 cents each, threads 5 cents. Guest towels, each 18x24 inches, are No. 716, \$1.25 a pair, threads 20 cents. Address orders to The Country Guide Needlework, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

until the new modern types are available on the market—not by choice.

The bits of rag stuffed in her sides here and there work out during each wash until there's quite a puddle, but as if to even things up the old shack which has stood so long without a solid foundation sags to the north and drains the water to that side of the room to be mopped up later—but you do waste a lot of water that way.

The next little set-back is the wringer, it is not exactly a late model and has a way of letting the grease off bearings work onto the rollers and from there onto the clothes.

At last the first batch of clothes is ready for the line. There was no wind all morning, but suddenly it has decided to blow, and does it blow from the north or south? No, it has chosen due west and my clothes if they stay in my hand long enough to get pinned on the line, don't billow out in the sunshine but wrap themselves snugly about the line.

Why is it that my husband, too, decides to leave his tractor in the field on washday and sneak up on me without warning. He did it again today, as much to his discomfort as mine.

It was the middle of the afternoon now and I had reached the stage where the last rag was on the line. My steps were getting slower and slower. I sat down to view the scene from the rocking chair. It was too much.

I had closed my eyes for a few seconds to shut out the puddles on the floor, and forgot about the water to be carried out in pails, the dishes still to be washed, and that any minute two rowdy boys would be prowling about for a snack, when a musical car horn sounded at the door.

In the best of humor nothing rouses my ire more than to be thus summoned to my door by a salesman or a corpulent collector, and I was not in the best of humor.

To greet me at the door was a tall, under-nourished looking gentleman who had a book to sell, and—this was a case for Ripley—believe it or not the subject of his book was "Hell."

I forgot the precise language acquired as a school-mam:

"Brother," I said, "You're telling me! I can get more first hand information on that subject in one day, living right here on this broken-down farm than I am apt to find in your entire book!"

But I bought the book, partly to be rid of him, but mostly for a little pleasant reading on my future status.—Mrs. P.W., Sask.

Handy Scouring Brush

ONE of my household "pets" is a small brush with tough, strong fibre bristles and a smooth handle. Dealers call it a sink brush but I use it for a variety of jobs. The handle is a great advantage as it keeps one's hands out of the water or away from a strong solution.

I buy two or three of these tools at a time and put them to different uses. One I allot to the cream separator as the strong bristles are splendid for reaching corners and seams in the milk things. Another I hang on a nail for use when scrubbing vegetables. When it comes to cleaning out the brine barrel, I reach for another brush and find it excellent for this job.

After a certain length of time, I replace these brushes with new ones, but they are still good for other purposes. One I use for the galvanized sink in the men's wash room, another for scrubbing out the chemical toilet, another for the pails that hold waste water from the kitchen, and still another for cleaning the fountains in the poultry house.

After I have finished with a brush, if it is still in good condition, it finds its way down to the tool shed where it is good for clearing off shavings from the work-bench or for removing loose paint from a building, prior to applying a new coat. That is what might be termed, getting one's money's worth!—Margaret M. Speechly.

Holding a Firm Line

For beauty's sake under-chin lines and body contours must be smooth and firm

By LORETTA MILLER

WOMAN-POWER wields the mighty weapon against sagging underchins and out-of-line figures. The weapons in this instance being three brushes powdered by elbow grease and used for the purpose of warding off or overcoming the inroads of time.

Women who rebel against exercising as a means of keeping the underchin in line and the body contours firm, will rejoice in today's suggestions. For it is thorough scrubbing which replaces exercising, and is done for the purpose of stepping up circulation which, in turn, destroys fatty tissues, or, when used as a preventive measure, prevents its developing.

If you're at an age when even the shadow of a sagging chinline or flabby body threaten, you will find it well to heed the preventive measures described today. But if shadows have already made their appearance over throat and underchin, if your jaw droops and if fine surface lines show around the eyes; and if your body is losing its firm contours, by all means begin this corrective method at once. You'll find it well worth the single hour it will require each week. In addition to keeping the contours under control, the skin of face and throat will be kept or made beautifully smooth.

I suggest that you follow this schedule at night just before going to bed. First, remove all makeup from your face, using the skin-cleansing method best suited to your skin. When you have rinsed off all soap and soil, or removed all soiled cleansing cream, moisten a complexion brush with hot water, rub it over your cake of soap, then scrub-massage this lather over your face and throat. Use a light circular or rotary movement, working from low on your throat upward over the lower region of your face. Continue this scrub-massage until your skin is pink and feels warm. Let the soap remain on while you apply the following routine: Use a soft-bristled toothbrush, well lathered, for scrub-massaging around your eyes and over your forehead. Be especially generous with this if light surface lines around the eyes are present or if you have frown or squint lines. Then rinse off all soap with warm, then very cold, water. Pat the skin dry.

If your complexion brush is too harsh on your skin, or if you cannot find these brushes in your local stores, I suggest that you get a man's regular shaving brush and trim the bristles until they are about one inch long. Or, if you wish, use a tooth-brush over your throat and lower facial region, as well as around your forehead and eyes. Also, if you're determined that your skin cannot stand soap and water, use a good lubricating cream, in place of the lather, and scrub it well over your skin.

Flabby upper arms often give away a woman's age. But even their contours can be kept or made youthfully firm by employing a body-scrubbing brush, lots of lather, and the right amount of elbow grease. Lather the brush and, using plenty of vigor, move the brush firmly over your arms and shoulders. The soap may be left on while you go through the next step, or it may be rinsed off at once.



Firm, smooth contours of throat and chin makes for beauty.

This entire routine may be done in a bathtub of water or, if you wish, the same results will be accomplished without even stepping foot inside the tub. Next, use a rather stiff-bristled brush, lots of lather and, employing a goodly amount of elbow grease, scrub-massage around the waistline, over the hips and thighs. Be particularly liberal with the scrubbing over any area that seems flabby or out of proportion. Scrub until the skin reddens and feels warm. This means that circulation has been sufficiently stimulated and that fatty tissue is being destroyed.

If ankles appear too heavy for the size of your legs—and don't mistake heavy bone structure or temporary puffiness for heaviness—use a stiff-bristled hand or body brush well lathered and scrub, scrub, scrub. Scrub every area of your feet, for health's sake as well as for their good looks.

Scrubbing is a splendid aid in warding off or overcoming callous spots on the soles of the feet, over the heels or on top of the toes. It also aids in keeping the cuticle in line. So, for healthy as well as pretty feet, be sure to scrub them every day.

When you have completed scrub-massaging your entire body, use warm water for rinsing off all soap. Then, if you can "take it" get under a shower and let a spray of cool water bathe your body. Cold water is a natural astringent aid and will give you a fresh feeling. It will also help firm the flesh and strengthen the muscles.

The light patting of a towel over the entire body adds the final touch of freshness to a thoroughly scrubbed body. Dust on talcum, slip into bed, and you'll feel relaxed for a night's sleep.

Don't make the mistake of using vigorous scrubbing with a coarse-textured washcloth in an effort to accomplish the same benefits. The too harsh rubbing of a washcloth or towel over the face and throat pulls the skin and does little except to stretch the skin and make it red. Scrubbing with a brush touches only the skin, but stimulates circulation under the surface, and helps firm the flesh, strengthen the muscles and refine the skin.

Don't judge too quickly whether or not you can apply today's suggestions. If the method seems a bit harsh, modify it to suit your individual needs. If the bristles of whatever brush you use are too stiff for comfort, soften them a little in hot water. Then, if they seem too harsh, perhaps it will be well for you to use a man's shaving brush without trimming off the bristles. If your skin rebels against soap, use lubricating cream in its place and scrub-massage gently.

Use soap on your body, of course. Take care to employ elbow grease every day as your scrub yourself from head to toe. It's a simple, inexpensive beauty "treatment" any girl or woman can practise. Results won't be noticeable for a month or two, to be sure, but from then on you'll find your skin taking on a finer texture and the contours of face, throat and underchin will look firmer, eye areas and forehead will be smoother and the body will look years younger. Use this scrub-massage method to erase the visible signs of the years and to safeguard your present youthful appearance.

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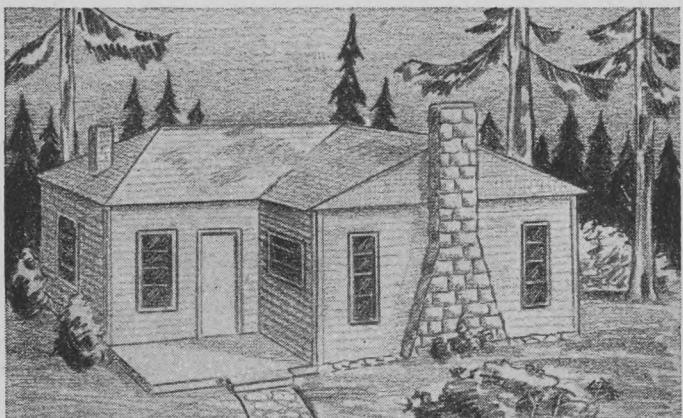
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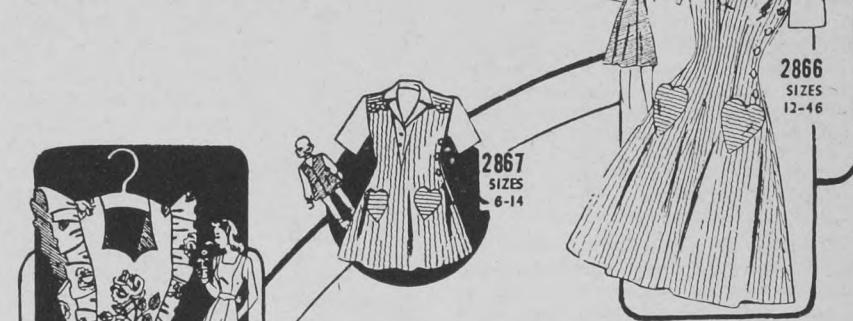
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THE COUNTRY BOY AND GIRL

Horses Feeding

By SHELAGH S. JAMESON

I like the sound of horses feeding in the barn at night.

They seem so happy and contented With mangers full of hay, sweet-scented. I like to hear the steady crunching, The rhythmic sound of measured munching,

To see the shadows loom by lantern light.

It always seems so peaceful and so right, The pleasant sound of horses feeding in the barn at night.

Daffy-Down-Dilly's Disappointment

By MARY E. GRANNAN

ANNIE was reading her Mother Goose book. She liked to read the rhymes; they sort of sang along all by themselves when she read them. Annie wondered about a lot of them. She wondered why Boy Blue went to sleep behind the haystack when he should have been attending to his work. She wondered how Betty Blue lost her holiday shoe. Shoes were so easy to take care of if you put them side by side when you took them off. She wondered why Doctor Foster went to Gloucester in the shower of rain. And now she was wondering what made Daffy-Down-Dilly "come up to town in fine petticoat and a green gown."

If I'd known at the time, that Annie was wondering, I could have told her. Daffy-Down-Dilly heard that the Queen of Hearts was going to make some tarts on a summer's day, so Daffy-Down-Dilly said to her sister, Daffy-Up-Dilly, "Daffy-Up-Dilly, I'm going to town to see the Queen. She is going to make tarts, and she makes better tarts than anyone I know." And Daffy-Down-Dilly smacked her lips, which was really very rude."

Daffy-Up-Dilly shrugged her pretty shoulders and said, "But how do you know the Queen of Hearts will give you any of her tarts? You know how much the King like tarts. He'll probably want them all for himself."

Daffy-Down-Dilly laughed, and said, "Oh, no, he won't. I'm going to dress in my very best petticoat and my green gown, and when he sees me looking so pretty, his heart will melt, and he will say to me, 'Daffy-Down-Dilly, please, please, eat some of these delicious tarts the Queen made for me!'" And Daffy-Down-Dilly laughed again and said, "So of course I shall oblige him."

And she dressed up in her very best petticoat and her green gown and she went to town. She smiled as she went up the castle walk. The fragrance of the tarts that were just coming out of the oven reached her. She could hardly wait to knock at the castle door. She felt like running around to the kitchen and helping herself as the delicacies came out of the oven. But she restrained herself and in good time she was sitting in the throne room talking with the King. And just as she expected the King said, "Daffy-Down-Dilly, I have never seen you looking so lovely. Your green gown is very becoming, and the swish of those silken petticoats is just like music to my ears."

Daffy-Down-Dilly smiled and thanked the King and said sweetly, "And the smell of those tarts of yours is just like music to my nose."

The King laughed heartily and called the Queen to tell her the great joke. "Queen," he said, "you should hear what Daffy-Down-Dilly just said." And the King slapped his royal knee and laughed again.

"What did she say," asked the Queen. "I said her petticoats' swish sounded like music to my ears and she said your tarts smelled like music to her nose. Imagine anyone smelling music!" And the King went into fresh gales of laughter.

"Perhaps," said the Queen, "Daffy-Down-Dilly might like to taste one of your tarts . . ."

"Yes, yes," said the King. "Bring them in, and we shall have one with tea."

HOW you love to ramble in the outdoor world these fine June days! You are curious "to look in" on your friends the birds and animals as they work busily setting up housekeeping. An old nest is being tidied and repaired or a new one built, eggs are laid which will later hatch into gaping hungry mouths for busy parents to fill. A striped gopher pokes his head out of a hole, runs along the ground, sits up, then darts away. All this you watch as you sit motionless a few feet away. Sometimes you want to laugh but that would end your game of watching.

Do you ever give your own special names to the places you visit on your rambles? It will add fun and pleasure to your outings. You could use the name "Bird Hollow" for the circle of trees where you found so many birds' nests. The slough with the hawk's nest in the nearby tree becomes "Hawk Slough." "Green Bush" is a grove of poplar trees on the edge of the pasture. "Stamping Ground" is the name for a patch of bare earth where the horses stamp in the shade of the trees when the flies are bad. Each place will suggest its own name by what you find there or what you do there.

When you return home you can describe your outing perhaps like this, "I walked north to Hawk Slough and found a muskrat house, then I went on to Bird Hollow where I made this whistle. I circled around Stamping Ground and came home through the Green Bush." Soon you will find that all the family is using your special exciting names.

And the Queen returned to the Royal Kitchen. In less time than you could say Daffy-Down-Dilly she was back crying, "The tarts . . . the tarts! They have been stolen by the Knave of Hearts. I saw him disappearing over the garden wall with the whole tray of them. He left not one."

The King was so angry he followed the Knave. I don't know what he did to him, but I do know that Daffy-Down-Dilly who came up to town in a fine petticoat and her green gown went back home without tasting the tarts.

If Annie is still wondering what made Daffy-Down-Dilly go to town, will you tell her the next time you see her?

Cat-Tails

I WONDER if there are many country children who have not at some time gathered cat-tails from some marshy spot. Their long, flat, sword-like leaves, and the brown spike at the top of the stem which is really the flower, add a decorative touch to the landscape. These flower spikes, or cat-tails, remain on the plant all winter, but are broken off by spring winds and the soft down helps the seeds to sail away to new homes.

Grandmother's parlor was often decorated with a stiff bouquet of cat-tails, which it must be admitted, had as much claim to beauty as some of today's decorations. But woe betide the day when an overripe cat-tail shed its fuzz over the room!

The dictionary gives *Typha latifolium* as their botanical name, but country people commonly call them flags or rushes, other names are reed mace and candlewick. Their history goes back to Bible times, for was not Moses hidden in the bulrushes, and bulrushes belong to the cat-tail family. In fact in England that is the common name for them.

Though that is probably the earliest recorded use, down through the years there have been many uses found for the leaves, the cat-tail heads and even the roots.

The Indians recognized their value, weaving the leaves into baskets, mats, and toys for their children. The soft down from the heads was used to pad the cradle-boards and to line their children's moccasins for extra warmth. They used the young sprouts in spring as we use asparagus, and stored the roots, which are rich in starch, for their winter food. Russia and some other countries still use them for food.

Perhaps the early white settlers were copying the example of the Indians, at any rate they too wove from the rushes, baskets and mats, also seats for chairs. The pith, was in early times, used as a wick hence the name candlewick. A mace is a sceptre and children love to carry the heads of cat-tails when playing, so the name reed mace. They too were sometimes used as torches.

Coopers often used the slender leaves when making barrels as a packing between the staves; these swell when wet, making the barrels water-tight. In later years the down from the heads has been used for filling mattresses and pillows and in upholstery.

you will probably find the soft, pretty, brown lining is fuzz from the cat-tail. Red-winged blackbirds live and chatter constantly in a cat-tail swamp in spring and if you are able to investigate you will find their nests cleverly built about a foot from the ground and anchored securely to adjacent reeds. Some of the nest material too is part of the leaves. Muskrats too are said to use it in building their homes and for winter food.

But the war has brought a greatly increased use of this swamp plant. Now that kapok from the East Indies is not available for marine mattresses, to fill life preservers, and for airplane insulation, manufacturers began to look for a substitute.

They tested the down from heads of cat-tail and found that in life preservers it will maintain buoyancy for a hundred hours. They found also that it is very satisfactory as insulating material and filler for quilts, and as a deadener for sound-proofing. Perhaps even now other uses have been found for this wild plant. A factory has been set up which is able to turn out five tons of this fuzzy product in a week.

Thus cat-tails have graduated from being a children's plaything and of very limited use, to an important commercial product, and hitherto unproductive swamp lands will reap a profitable harvest.—Ada B. Turner.

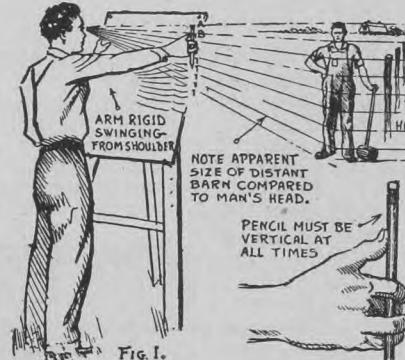
Ann Sankey

Animals too make use of cat-tails. Birds use the soft down from the heads in nestbuilding. If you are fortunate enough to find a hummingbird's nest

DRAWING

(No. 2 of series)

By CLARENCE TILLENIUS



IN making a drawing of any object, I say the human figure, you will find it a great deal easier to make a fairly correct drawing if you do not at first attempt to draw the figure in its entirety by looking at it and judging the proportions with the unaided eye. Some system of judging the relative proportions of the various parts will be of considerable help to you. The unit usually used in measuring the human figure is a "head," i.e. the distance from the top of the head to the chin.

Suppose you are drawing a man standing. Holding your pencil (or a straight stick) as in Fig. 1, slide your thumb up until the distance on the pencil (AB) corresponds with the length of your model's head. This is now your unit of measurement. Without bending your elbow, let your arm swing down and count the number of units in the figure. Remember the arm must be kept straight and the pencil held perfectly vertical, so that the distance from the pencil to the eye does not vary, otherwise it is impossible to get even an approximately true measurement.

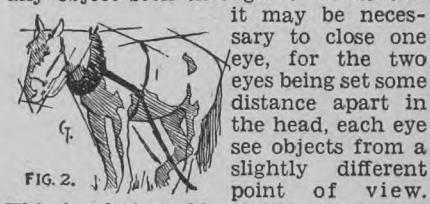
Suppose the figure to be $7\frac{1}{2}$ units high, which is average. You would mark off on the paper the height you wish the figure to be—say 15 inches—and divide it into $7\frac{1}{2}$ equal parts. Now this unit, once decided on, can be used to measure any part of your model. For example, the length from the point of the shoulder to the ends of the fingers would be so many units, the width across the shoulders would be so many, etc. After many years of practice it is possible to dispense with this aid, and judge of proportions with your eye alone but for the present you will find

it of great value in getting your drawing to look right in proportion.

Another merit is that it will keep you from beginning a drawing so large that there is not room on the paper for all of it. This is a very common error and a bad one, but you having mentally divided the model into so many units high and so many units wide will be able to judge exactly what size the drawing shall occupy on the paper.

At the same time, remember that the reason for measuring and comparing the various parts is that the figure as a whole shall look right. The silhouette or big shape of the model is the thing to get first, so, after you have marked off on your paper the width and height of your drawing, half close your eyes and try to see the outline of your model as though the prominent parts were joined by a series of invisible straight lines (Fig. 2). You can judge the angle and direction of these lines by holding the pencil vertically or horizontally against them.

It will give you a better understanding of drawing if you remember that you can sit down in front of a pane of glass, and holding your head perfectly still (so that the angle of vision does not change), with a small brush filled with paint trace on the glass the outline of any object seen through it. To do this



This is what enables you to judge how near or how far away an object is.

Now the surface of the glass is flat, like your paper, yet you have, by tracing objects on this flat surface done what artists call "reducing a round object to the flat," i.e. on a surface with only two dimensions, length and breadth, you have rendered a scene which has three dimensions, length, breadth and depth. What makes this possible? Perspective. Perspective, very simply stated, means that distant objects look smaller to the eye than similar objects close at hand. Thus a man standing fifty yards away might appear no longer than the head of a man of equal size standing close to you. The distant barn in Fig. 1 is an example of this.—Clarence Tillenius.

Ad. Index

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June, 1945.

THE COUNTRY GUIDE, Winnipeg, Man.

From the items numbered I have selected the following in which I am interested in the literature, etc., offered.

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P.O. _____

Prov. _____

Numbers _____ Please print plainly.

straight from THE GRASS ROOTS

HERE'S telling it to the Gnawzies with patriotic fur-vor! J. C. Law, of Choice land, Sask., arranged the details, and took the picture. The bear skin is six feet across and eight feet long. The large timber wolf pelts are each 88 inches long. Just to complete the ensemble the coyote, which had been caught in a trap and has become quite



tame, was led in with collar and chain and had his picture taken against the furry background. Mr. Law tells us that timber wolves have become quite numerous around those parts and the same is true of elk, deer and moose, both there and in the Fort La Corne game preserve.

* * *

H. C. YOUNG, of Frys, Sask., suggests that we run a limping limerick contest, using the names of western provinces. It seems to us like a good idea. And just to start the ball rolling, he sends in a couple of limericks, from which we have deducted the last lines, and here's the one on his own province:

A sturdy young lad in Saskatchewan,
Remarked to a cockney or such a one,
I've frozen my nose,
My fingers and toes,

Now who can supply the best line to finish the limerick?

* * *

THE freakiest of all freak accidents that have come to our notice was reported by the Hanna Herald. A freight train struck a cow, and cut her in two. She was due in a few days. Frank MacLachlan of Hanna discovered the calf lying on the right of way. Upon closer examination it was found to be very much alive and was soon on its rather wobbly legs giving forth a healthy bawl. The section foreman was notified and he came with his speeder and took it to the section house where it was adopted by another cow. By last reports it was coming along fine, none the worse for the tragedy which claimed the life of its mother.

* * *

AND did the camera do things in this picture! In the first place the original was sent in by H. C. Height, of Barriere, B.C. But the caption on the photograph read Kamloops. Do our eyes

deceive us, and is that a roaring mountain torrent? Is that far bank a towering peak in the Rockies? Do those stunted little trees grow in British Columbia? Do jackfish lie gill to gill in water that rushes through narrow rocky gorges on its way to the Pacific? We have heard fish stories that were decidedly fishy but this is the first one we have actually seen the picture of. Anyway, we are glad to get, at last, a photograph of the one that got away.

* * *

WHEN a swarm of bees swarms how far will it swarm? David M. Howie, of Lac Magloire, Alta., was visiting a trapper friend, Nick Diduck, on the Big Smoky, in the Peace River Country, Sec. 34, Twp. 79, S. 34, T. 79, R. 23, W. 5th to be exact. It was in March and they were sitting with the door open when a bee flew in. Nick caught it in a towel and carried it outside and it flew away to the south. Nick told him that the bees had been visiting him every month when it was mild. Last fall he cut down a hollow tree north of his shack and got a few stings and 60 pounds of honey. The nearest beekeeper would be about five miles away as the bee flies. Which brings us back to the point, how far will a swarm of bees swarm.

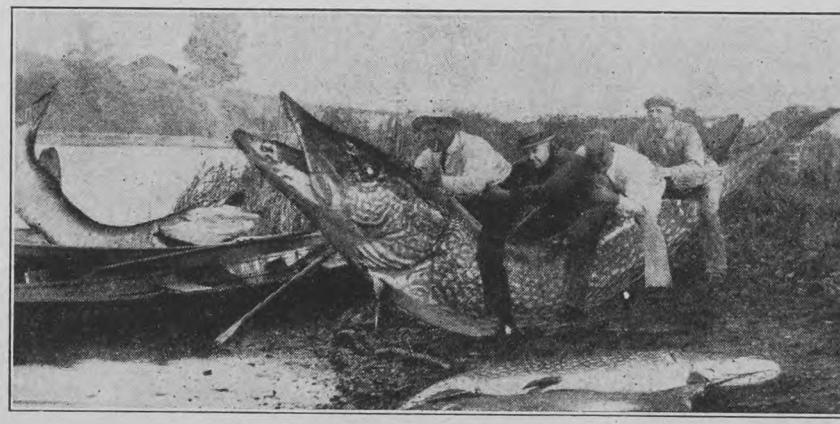
* * *

CHARLIE RICHARDSON, of Douglas, Man., sends in a clipping from the London Daily Mirror. It appears that Victory Gardeners over there also argue about the size of their vegetables. At least that is what we would gather from this letter from a Tynesider:

Surrey parsnips! Pooh! They're nothing, as the following story will show. A certain Tyneside colliery village was noted, far and near, for its parsnips. I say "was," because they don't grow them any more. It began one summer, when the men were looking forward to a record season of whopping parsnips. When their hopes were at the highest, the plants suddenly withered and died. It was not until months later, that the reason was discovered. The pit ponies down below had chewed off the roots. Can Surrey beat this?

* * *

The Channel Islands are a long way from British Columbia, but many former residents of those islands long occupied by the Germans live on the west coast and it may be of general interest to know that letters to them from their island relatives and friends indicate that the dairy herds of the Jerseys remain practically intact. Indeed, the number of cattle has actually increased during the period of occupation. There have been losses, however, on the Guernsey Islands.



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JUNE, 1945

Practical Books and Bulletins

"A Country Guide Service"

22. Hardy Fruits, by G. F. Chipman—25 cents postpaid.
23. Farm Workshop Guide, edited by R. D. Colquette—Illustrations and instructions for gadgets, and practical farm plans—50 cents postpaid.
50. The Countrywoman Handbook, Book No. 1—Kitchen Labor Savers, Home Decorating, Pattern Reading, Getting Rid of Flies, Bugs, and Beetles, etc., etc.—25c postpaid.
52. The Countrywoman Handbook, Book No. 3—Nutrition (foods necessary for proper quantities of vitamins, calories, minerals, etc.), Canning Meats and Vegetables, Curing Meats, Drying Vegetables, Storing Vegetables, etc., etc.—25c.
53. Farmer's Handbook on Livestock, Book No. 4—Livestock Nutrition, Livestock Pests and Diseases, etc., etc., etc.—25 cents postpaid.
54. Farmer's Handbook on Soils and Crops, Book No. 5—Types of soils. Erosion control. Weed control. Forage crops, etc., etc., postpaid 25c.

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10. Hair Problems.
11. How to Use Powder, Rouge, and Lipstick.
12. Mouth Hygiene.
13. Getting Ready for a Permanent.
14. Use and Care of Hair Brushes.
15. How to Choose Toilet Soap.

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Machines with a Mission!

Glen Ranney

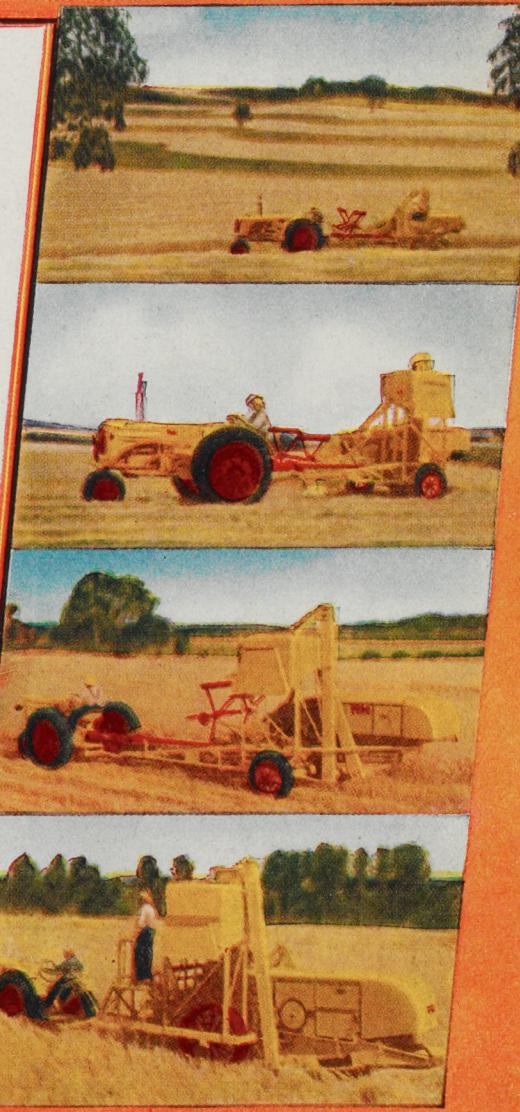
TODAY, as always, all of a farmer's work is in VAIN if the harvest is not made. In years gone by, farmers everywhere were almost entirely at the mercy of the uncertainties of weather . . . this was true during plowing, harrowing, seeding, planting, cultivating and haying, but, often weather affected the farmer most at HARVEST time. Not so long ago, storm clouds in the sky always meant a delayed HARVEST. Weather still varies, BUT INTO these UNCERTAINTIES OF NATURE came modern farm machinery and HARVESTORS. Modern combines can do nothing to control weather, nor have the conditions required for good harvesting changed. What farmers can gain from using modern MM HARVESTORS is that they can do so much more in any given time when the weather is right. More can be done in a shorter time and the whole job completed in one operation, requiring far less manpower. MM HARVESTORS are *dependable*, and they get and save all possible grain, beans, etc. Records show that many "down" crops have been saved by MM HARVESTORS, that would have gone largely to waste had other or older methods been used.

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